WIT

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PREFACE.

Nuggets of wit from the world's richest mines.

R. S. RHODES.

CHICAGO, June 1st, 1898.

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BY H. DELAY.

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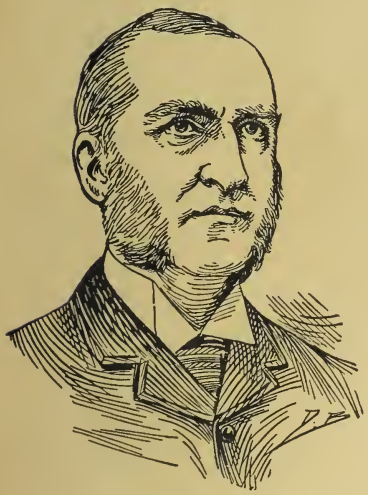
A BUSINESS WITH HER. P. 24.

Wit

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW'S STORY.

ONE WHICH HE WON'T TELL THE NEXT TIME HE GOES TO CHICAGO.



CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

"There was once a prominent man in Chicago who, like all others out there, had a very exalted opinion of his town. He died, and when he reached his eternal home he looked about him with much surprise and said to the attendant, who had just opened the gate for him: 'Really, this does great credit to Chicago. I expected some change in Heaven.'

"The attendant eyed the Chicagoan for a second and then observed: 'This isn't Heaven.'"

DEPEW'S EXPERIENCE IN OFFICE-SEEKING.

Chauncey M. Depew says that he has had personal experience in seeking office—not for himself, however, but for others—from every Republican President. He said that Mr. Lincoln would always listen attentively to what he had to say, and then tell a funny story. On his way back to the hotel he would think over the story, and finally see that it landed his candidate way out of sight.

Gen. Grant always received an application for office as toasts to the memory of Washington are drunk—standing and in silence.

President Hayes listened for a while, then broke out into lamentations that the attention of the President of the United States should be diverted from the great affairs of state to distribute patronage. Then he would make a memorandum in a little red book which was to remind him not to do it.

Gen. Garfield would put his arm around your neck, tell you how much he loved you, and then forget what you had asked of him.

President Arthur would listen with polite attention to all you had to say; then he would refer you to some man in New York whom you were never able to find.

President Harrison would sink down into his chair till you had presented the claims of your candidate, and then change the subject.

Of President McKinley's peculiarities in this respect I am not prepared to speak from personal experience.

MR. IRVING'S STORY.

On one occasion, shortly after Queen Victoria's visit to her castle at Balmoral, Mr. Irving, who was traveling through the country, met an old Scotch woman, with whom he spoke of her Majesty.

"The Queen's a good woman," he said.

"I suppose she's gude enough, but there are things I canna bear."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Irving.

"Well! I think there are things that even the Queen has no recht to do. For one thing, she goes rowing on the lak on Soonday; and it 's not a Chreestian thing to do!"

"But, you know, the Bible tells us——"

"I knaw," she interrupted angrily. "I 've read the Bible since I was so high, an' I knaw ev'ry word in 't. I knaw aboot the Soonday fishing and a' the other things the good Lord did; but I want ye to knaw, too, that I don't think any the more, e'en of Him, for a-doin' it."

A SOFT ANSWER TURNS AWAY WRATH.

Charles Burleigh, in the midst of a political speech, was struck full in the face by a rotten egg. Pausing to wipe away the contents of the missile, he said calmly: "I have always contended that my opponents' arguments were very unsound." The crowd roared, and he was no longer molested.

M. TWAIN'S DIPLOMACY.

At a recent dinner party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy discussion, in which Mark Twain took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him, and exclaimed:

"Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion?"

Twain replied gravely: "Madame, you must excuse me. I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places."

HE COULDN'T GO THE GRASS.

They tell a good story on a South Georgia statesman who went to Charleston in the old days and stopped at a hotel.

A waiter brought him some shrimps, which the Georgian stowed away as best he could. In a moment the waiter reappeared with a stand of celery.

"No," said the Georgian, shaking his head solemnly, "I have tried your bugs and I don't like them, and you can bet yer life I don't want none er your grass!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A BUSINESS WITH HER.

A careful housewife, upon entering her kitchen, said to the colored cook:

HE COULDN'T GO THE GRASS. P. 24.

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"Great goodness! Jane, you must be more careful. You are not clean enough in your cooking."

"Lady," replied the cook, as she took up a piece of beef that had fallen on the floor, "I sees dat yer's gwine ter ack foolish wid me. Ain't yer got nothin' ter do 'cept ter fool roun' out heah?"

"It's my business to come out here occasionally."

"All right, den; hab it yer own way, but I wanter say one thing: Ef yer wants ter 'joy yesse'f at de table an' eat wid er 'comin' apertite yer'd better stay outen dis kitchen. Yas," she added, as she wiped a dish with a dirty rag, "yer'd better not nose roun' heah, fur cookin' is er bus'ness wid me, an' when er pusson is 'gaged in bus'ness, foolishness is awful troublesome."

How He Struck Them Both.

Mrs. De Boggs—Did you take Johnny to school, Jeremiah?

Mr. De Boggs—I did. An excellent school it is, Matilda. The scholars are models of deportment, the curriculum is first-class and the professor a man of ability. At least that is the way he struck me.

Johnny (with a groan)—You ought to have stayed about an hour and seen how he struck me.

A Gilt on the Tariff Question.

"Julia, I don't see why you are going to marry Harry Bascomb. He hasn't any money and it is not likely that he'll *ever* have any."

"Fanny, I'd scorn to marry for money. Harry is handsome and a fine athlete. He would bring to me a sense of protection—"

"O, that's all right, Julia. Every one to their mind. You may marry for protection; I intend to marry for revenue."

She Obtained a Seat.

As sharp a woman as Jake Sharp himself, says the New York *World*, entered a car on his new Broadway line yesterday and found herself the only female passenger. All the seats were taken. The woman's face was flat as though made out of muddy paste, with one cheek-bone considerably higher than the other. A thick nose and a wide mouth with bluish-black lips made picturesque the lower part of the face, and nature had enveloped it all with a dark, yellowish, freckled skin. The passengers saw all this with a single glance and settled themselves comfortably in their seats.

The woman stood a moment at the door. Her small, black eyes glared viciously straight ahead.

SHE OBTAINED A SEAT. P. 26.

Suddenly she strode to the center of the car and deliberately planted herself on the lap of an old man.

"Madam," he expostulated, "you forget yourself."

"If you don't like it, get up and give me your seat," she replied, composedly. A twinkle of mirth not unmixed with malice glistened in her eyes.

"Madam, I can't have you sitting on my lap," said the old man, and he gave her a push. The woman wheeled around and seated herself on the lap of a sickly looking man on the other side of the car. "Oh, oh, my toe!" he howled. "Say, you are stepping all over me!"

She jumped up and took a seat on the lap of a 300-pound German passenger.

"Excuse me, madam," said he. On his face the perspiration was rolling down. "If you was got up I give you my place. I was sweating awful."

The woman secured a seat at last and she glanced triumphantly at the passengers. Not one of them dared to lift his eyes to the woman's face after this. They stared out of the window or kept their eyes rooted to the ground. The woman signalled the conductor to stop at Chambers street, and as she flounced to the door with a spiteful look she exclaimed: "You are a nice set of gents, you are. You can't tell a lady when you see one.

Next time I hope you won't forget your manners."

The conductor found a small bundle where the woman had been seated. He opened it and discovered a scrub-rag, a scrub-brush, and a cake of soap.

A New Disease.

"Bromley, is it true that you lost your hired girl?"

"Yes, Mr. Dusenberry, she died."

"Ah! What of?"

"Corroboration."

"Of *what?*"

"Corroboration. She wanted to know whether there was really any risk in lighting the fire with kerosene."

Bostonese for the D. T.

The Boston girl never refers to delirium tremens as the jim-jams. She drops decorously into slang by calling it the tight squeezes a la James.—*Hatchet.*

"Sold" Both Ways.

"Did you take those boots of mine to be soled, Larry?"

"I did, sor; and see the thrifle the blag'yard

gave for 'm!—said they was purty nigh wore through!"

A G. OF THE P. QUERY.

Why does the "girl of the period" make the best housekeeper? Because she makes so much bustle about a little waist.

BARS WELL-NAMED.

A bar in the river and a bar on shore have the same name, because water is scarce in both places.

"NOT" FOR REMEMBRANCE.

A girl went to the wharf to see her sailor sweetheart off the other day, and as the ship started he called back, "Don't forget me Sally." Whereupon she tied a knot in the corner of her handkerchief to remind her to remember him.

A BOY "FORTY-NINER,"

A day or two since a lad some eight years of age said to his mother, "Mother, which are we, Catholics or Episcopals?"

"We ain't any of them," said a younger brother, chipping in; "we're Percific Coast Pierneers."

Too High-Toned Hired Men.

"Yes, I come in after a hired man," said the old farmer as he sipped his root-beer on the market yesterday, "but I've got disgusted and shan't try very hard to find one."

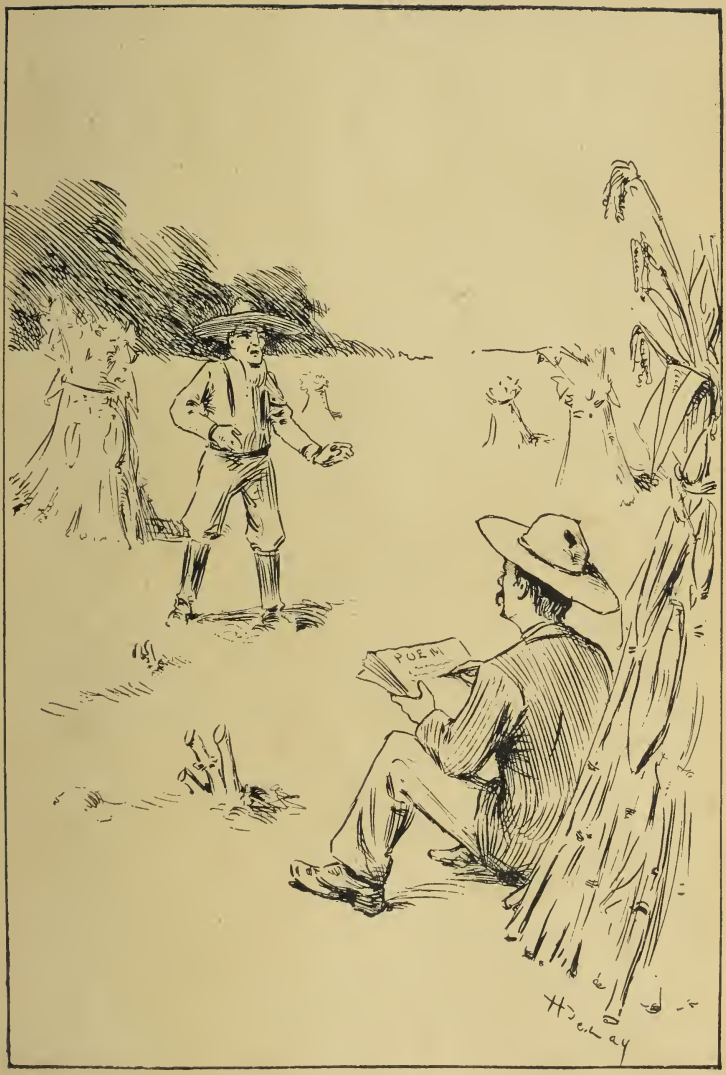
"What's the matter with hired men?"

"Too high-toned and important. Why, I had one last spring who rigged up an umbrella over the plow so as not to get tanned, and he refused to eat with the family because we stuck our knives in our mouths! At the end of a week he quit. Said that labor was ennobling and so forth, but the landscape in that vicinity offended his taste."

"Yes."

"Wall, I took on another, and he put on cuffs and polished his boots before going to work, and he quit at the end of a fortnight because we didn't have a pianner in the house. Why, that chap never got up till 7 o'clock, and he insisted on going to the village to get shaved and perfumed up every other evening.

"The third one quit me yesterday. He wanted stained glass in his bedroom winder. He wanted me to buy him a guitar. He wanted to paint all the roofs red and put pea-green on the corn-cribs. He suggested a hog-pen with a parlor to it, and he spent two days of my time trying to arrange a way for the windmill to milk the cows. I found him



TOO HIGH-TONED HIRED MEN. P. 30

writing poetry in the corn field, and because I spoke up sharply he quit the job, polished up his boots, and sent for a coupay to bring him to the city."—*Detroit Free Press.*

TOUGH ON THE GEESE.

"Waiter," said a gentleman in the dining-car, "have you any gooseberry pie?"

"No, sah; hain't carryin' any this yeah; sah."

"Why is that?"

"Well, you see, sah, they's sca's this seasum. Las' winter was so cole an' stormy that it was mighty tough on de geese."

A TELLING TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a young one. The young one took off his apron and started out of the door.

"Yo's gwine to get a drink, Jim?" asked the elder.

"Dat's what I's gwine to do."

"Go and get yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I was young. When I wuz fust married dah was a ginmill next to de shop wha' I wucked, and I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen de dollah 'a half I eahned. Well, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, and who shood cum in but de man wat kep' de likker shop.

"'Gib me ten or twelve pounds po'terhouse steak,' he said.

"He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had left.

"'What do you want?' said de butchah.

"'Gib me ten cents wuf of libber,' wuz my remark.

"It wuz all I could pay fur. Now you go and git yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man wat sells yo' de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de bar eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff fo' thirty yeahs, and I am eatin' po'terhouse, myself."

Old Ned's Banking Experience.

AFTER BEING A DEPOSITOR HE LOSES CONFIDENCE IN THE CONCERN.

Old Ned Daniels came to the city several days ago, for the purpose, he told a friend, of depositing his money in a place of safety. He was afraid, he declared, that some of his neighbors, knowing that he had money, might rob him. Those who heard him talk thought that he had at least possessed several hundred dollars. Reaching the bank, he said to an official: "Mister, I wants ter 'posit some money in dis heah house. Ken I put $10 in heah?"

"Oh, yes, you can put in any amount."

OLD MAN'S BANKING EXPERIENCE. P. 32.

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"No, I kain't."

"Yes, you can."

"I says dat I kain't, fur I hain't got any ermount. Er haw, haw, I got yer dat time. Wall, now, put dis $10 back in dar furs afe keepin'."

The official took the money and handing the old negro a small book, said:

"Give me your signature."

"I ain't got er one, boss. Lef' 'em all at home, I thinks."

"Write your name here."

"Oh, yes, I ken do dat."

After much labor he wrote his name. He was greatly pleased with the performance, and after he went outside he stood for a time, grinning with satisfaction. One of his country acquaintances accosted him:

"How're yer, Bruder Ned?"

"Why, bless me, ef dis ain't Bruder Rodney. Whut yer doin' up heah, man?"

"Oh, nuthin' much. Jes knockin' roun' er little. Whut yer doin', yesse'f?"

"W'y I'se got ter be er man o' biggest sorter 'portance. Yer oughter seed me jes now."

"What wuz yer doin'?"

"Writin' fur er bank. Mor'n dat, I put some money in de bank."

"Now, look heah, man, I tought dat yer done had more sense dan dat. De fust ting yer knows de bank gwineter be broke, an' er white man gwineter run off wid yer money."

Old Ned was troubled. He had heard of bank failures, and now he regretted that he had placed so much confidence in men who were strangers to him, but remembering that he could get his money, he went to the bank, and addressing a man who was counting money behind a network of wire, said:

"Look heah, yer got dat $10 yit?"

"What $10?"

"De money dat I put in heah jes now."

"I don't know. Come around some time when the bank's open."

"Ain't de bank open now?"

"No."

"I say it is. Wa'n't open I couldn't git in heah."

"Go on away, I tell you. If you don't go I'll call a policeman."

"Oh, I'll go. Rob er man, an' den want ter 'rest him fur it."

"Come around to-morrow, old man."

After a sleepless night, Old Ned went to the bank. The same man whom he had seen on the previous evening stood behind the network of wire,

SUDDEN WEALTH. P. 38.

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still counting money.

"Wall, sah, I'se heah."

"You'll have to wait until the bank opens."

"Look aheah, ain't it open yit?"

"No."

"Dis heah is the wust house I eber seed. Ei pusson ken git inter hit jes as well when it's shet ez he ken when it's open. I want that $10 now. I'se tired o' foolin' wid dis heah 'stablishment."

"Go on, old man, and come back after awhile."

"I'se dun been erway an' I'se dun come back arter a while. You folks hab dun stole dat $10 an' is now libin' on de fat o' de lan'. Oh, yer needn't ter laugh. I'se gwine erway, an' stay er few minits an' den when I comes back I wants sat'sfackshun."

About an hour afterward when he returned the bank was open.

"I want dat $10."

"Well, make out a check."

"How make out er check?"

"Here, I'll fix it for you. Now sign your name to this," he added. "Here you are," handing him the $10. "Now go on away and don't come back here any more."

"Dat 'vice am onnecessary, sah. I'll neber come heah ergin. Dis heah is too much o' er open an' shet bus'ness ter suit me. Dis ain't de same

money I put in heah, an' I wouldn't be s'prized ef it wa'n't counterfeit. Dis settles me wid de bankers, 'ca'se I ain't had no peace since I'se been runnin' wid 'em. Good day. Yer's foolin' wid de wrong man when yer foolin' wid me."

—*Opie P. Reid.*

His Reputation Upheld.

Father—No, sir; it shan't be said of me that I wanted my gals to get spliced so bad that I had to go out and lasso 'em and bring the young men in.

One of the girls—No, father! Nobly said! Give me the lasso!

A Shrewd Girl.

A piece of evidence in a Quebec breach-of promise case was a cuff with an offer of marriage written on it. One night, while the defendant was holding the plaintiff's hand and whispering fervid words, he popped the question in manuscript on the smooth linen of her wrist. She was sentimental or shrewd enough to keep that article out of wash, and now it is of practical value.

The Girls of Cherryvale.

Kansas, the land of corn and contentment, is prolific also in fair women and brave men. Your

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HE WILL NOT COMEIN ALL THIS RAIN. P. 38.

Kansas girl is as plump as a partridge, as coy as a quail; healthy, hearty, active, independent and happy as the big sunflowers of which that State is so justly proud. And there is a spot in Kansas where female loveliness seems to have been crystalized and concentrated, as it were. That elysium is very appropriately named Cherryvale. Cherryvale!—Vale of Cherries! Name suggestive of coral lips and rosy cheeks. Name full of sweet and juicy promise. One's mouth waters when he attempts to pronounce the luscious word, and he thinks of ruby treasures half hidden in bright foliage, delicious, but hard to get. And the maidens of this modern paradise are just as pretty and sweet and plump as the fruit of whose praises we sing, for, in the language of a newspaper printed in that Utopian village, "Neither bustle nor corset is worn in Cherryvale."

Pluck of a Baptist Lover.

It was raining in torrents, and Evangeline stood by her window looking out into the night. "Why dost thou wait here, Evangeline, my daughter?" inquired the mother.

"I am waiting for Gabriel, mother," replied the girl, tenderly.

"He will not come, my dear, in all this rain."

"Yes, he will, mother mine. Gabriel does not fear a little wet like this. He is a Baptist."

In ten minutes Gabriel was in the parlor asking for a drink of water.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

SUDDEN WEALTH.

Old gentleman (to tramp, to whom he has just given a nickel)—Now, my friend, what will you do with all that money?

Tramp (gazing awe struck at the nickel)—I think I'll put part of it in the bank, sir, and the rest I'll spend for a peach-blow vase.

THE IMPRESSIONIST.

Oh, pluck me a pink from a dizzy profusion
Of posies, exotics, and mints;
And let me enjoy this delirious illusion—
This mad conflagration of tints.

I see it, I feel it, no limit can bind me,
This pleasure is surely too much;
Somebody must hurry, and hustle and find me—
Or I shall collapse at a touch.

To tell it to others is out of my power,
Just what is the matter with me;
It thrills me, and fills me, this peep at a flower,
And makes me too giddy to be.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

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A STRIKE OF OTHER DAYS. P. 39.

A Strike of Other Days

BURDETTE.

These strikes by the school children are nothing new. But they don't develop and bring out and down the strong hand of the ruling power as they used to. Among the sunny memories of my own school days there glows, bright and soft as a summer sunset, the picture of the great strike at Hinman's, in Peoria, away back in 1853. Hinman's was the greatest school in the West. The dear old man was Superintendent of Public Instruction, Board of Education, School Trustee, County Superintendent, Principal, assistant, and janitor. He had a pleasant smile, a firm temper, and a slate frame. He also carried about his person a grip that would make a blacksmith's vise crawl into the scrap heap and hide itself. We used to have general excerises Friday afternoons, at which we were wont to recite in vociferous concert the multiplication tables, the States and Capitals, and such thrilling rhetorical excerises as "Will you *walk*? or *ride*?" and "They tell *us* to be MODERATE, but *they*, THEY—are torevelinpro FU-sion!" It was thrilling. But after we had learned all these chants "by heart" and could chant them off with our eyes shut, "Old Hinman" introduced an innovation—"speakin'

pieces." Upon that we struck. We endured it three weeks and then we determined to boycott the whole business. All the boys went into it. Bill Smith and Hub Tuttle, Rob Gregg, Ed Easton, Steve Bunn, Bill Rodecker, Hen Keener, and all the big boys, too. The first boy called on to "speak" was to announce the strike, and as my name came pretty well up in the alfabet, I stood a good chance of being a leader, a distinction for which I was not at all ambitious, because of tender years and of a ruddy countenance and sensitive feelings. But a boy named Allen, who was called ahead of me, flunked, and said his piece, "Hohenlinden," although we made such suggestive gestures at him that he forgot half of it and broke down and cried. When I was called I refused to speak. Being pressed for a reason, I said, in faltering accents, that "there wasn't goin' to be no more speakin'." When the old man, with unfeigned surprise, asked me who said so, I said "all of us did." Then he said there would be "a little more speaking" before the close of the session, and so he led me out upon the rostrum. Then and there, with feelings which I now shudder to recall, I did my first song and dance act. I had often before performed my solitary cachuca to the lascivious pleasing of "Old Hinman's" slate frame, but never had I accompanied myself with words. Boy

like, I had selected for my piece a poem expressive of those peaceful virtues I most heartly despised, so that my performance at the inauguration of the strike ran somewhat like this:

"O, not for me (whack!) is the rolling (whack!) drum,
Or the (whack, whack!) trumpet's wild (whack) appeal. Boo hoo!
Or the cry (Boo hoo) of (whack) war when the (whack) foe is come,
Or the (Ow!) brightly (whack) flashing steel" (whack, whack).

I cannot convey to the most vivid imagination the gestures which accompanied the seven stanzas of this beautiful poem. Suffice it to say that they kept pace with the old man's peculiar system of punctuation until at last, overcome with conflicting emotions, I went sobbing to my seat and wondered why an inscrutable Providence had given to the rhinoceros the hide that the eternal fitness of things had evidently prepared for the school-boy.

But I forgot my own sorrows and dried my tears in the enjoyment of the play, as my compatriots developed it. Mr. Hinman, who had been unusually gentle and self-restrained with me, lost his temper with the boy who followed me, and there was a sound of revelry for the next hour. He shook boys until their teeth rattled so you couldn't

hear them cry; he hit Mickey McCann, the tough boy, one whack with a skate strap and Mickey ran out and rolled in the snow to cool off; he hit Jake Bailey across the thighs with the slate frame and it hurt so that Jake couldn't howl—he just opened his mouth and gasped and forgot his own name; he pushed Bill Haskell into a seat and the bench broke; he shook Dan Stevens so that his feet didn't touch the floor for five minutes; he ran across the room and reached out for Lem Harkins, and Lem had a fit before the old man touched him; he whipped the two Knowltons with both hands at the same time, and the Gibbon family, five boys and a big girl, he hit all at once with a girl's skipping rope and they raised such a united wail the clock stopped; he kept the atmosphere of that old schoolroom full of dust, and splinters, and lint, weeping, wailing, and gnashing of teeth, until his old arms ached and all hearts wearied of the inhuman strife and wicked contention, and then he stood up before us, in a sickening tangle of strap, and cane, and slate frame, rattan and skipping rope, and asked, in clear, triumphant tones:

"WHO says there isn't going to be any more speakin'?"

And the boys of that school rose up as one being and shrieked in tones of anguish:

"NOBODY!"

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RIPE LIMBURGER. P. 43

And I, who led that strike and was its first martyr, I have been "speakin" ever since.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Ripe Limburger.

"They didn't pick that stuff quick enough, did they, mamma?" asked a little boy, as he passed a grocery where several cakes of Limburger were taking a breathing spell outside.

"The May Queen" Modernized

AFTER TENNYSON—A LONG WAYS.

You must get my gum-shoes, mother, and my other winter things,
To-morrow'll be a sample day of our Chicago springs;
Of all the chilblain time, mother, the roughest, rawest day;
For I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May.

There's many a wise, wise girl, they say; but none can head me off;
And will I be the May-queen sure? Well, I should rather cough.
You know it's done by vote, mother—I fixed that yesterday;

So I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
And might thereby miss all my chance of capturing the cake;
But I must get some boneset tea and liver-pads so gay;
For I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May.

As I came through the tunnel whom think ye I should meet
But Robin, with his tooth-pick shoes and ecru pants so sweet;
My heart was very sad, mother, all through the matinee;
But I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May.

They say he is dying all for love—(such stories make me lame)—
And that ever since I fired him out he's never been the same.
They say I'm cruel-hearted, but I'm only making hay;
For I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May.

Little Effie shan't go with me to-morrow to the green;
She's rather too attractive, and your daughter's wise, I ween.
I've been eighteen now for summers three, nor older grown a day;
But I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May.

So wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
Cook ham and eggs and buckwheat cakes, your daughter's heart to cheer.
Let sealskin sacque and waterproof and gum-shoes greet the day,
For I'm to be queen of the May, mother, I'm to be queen of the May.

A Wooden-Legged Man's Joke.

Speaking of wooden legs, there is an old soldier employed in the government service in this city who has had some experience with an artificial limb, his meat one having been taken off at the knee. Among the most amusing was one with a sleeping-car porter. This pampered railway tyrant rarely earns his quarter all round by his pretense of blacking shoes and flipping dust from his vic-

tim's back, but it is the habit of this wooden-legged man to utilize the darky in taking off that leg and making him earn his hire. On one train he struck an uppish sort of porter—a brother to the insufferable swell who sings out: "Last call for dinnah in the dining cah!" That darky stood around with a languid dignity that would make a street corner dude sick at heart.

The man with the wooden leg made up his mind he would "wake that nigger up" before he chipped in his quarter.

He told a couple of men in the car his purpose and they joined with him. He wears his shoe firmly fastened to the wooden leg, having no need to remove it and having fallen once from a loose shoe. After his berth had been made he went to the dressing-room and unstrapped the leg, keeping hold of the strap, and then got into the berth. Then he called the porter.

"I've got rheumatism and can't bend over," he said, "and I wish you'd pull off that shoe." The porter untied the shoe and tried to pull it off, but it wouldn't come.

"Pull hard," said the passenger.

The darkey gave it another pull.

"Oh, brace against the berth and pull," said the passenger. The porter had blood in his eye. He put his foot against the berth and pulled like a

dentist. The passenger let go the strap and the darky fell back with the shoe and the leg.

"My God, you've pulled off my leg!" shrieked the passenger.

The porter dropped it, and with his eyes bulging and his teeth chattering he broke from the car. He concealed himself in a corner of the baggage car, and pretty soon the two other conspirators came in, pretending they didn't know where he was, sat down on a trunk and talked over the awful condition of the man whose leg had been pulled off, and about the penalty the darky would have to suffer if he should be caught. The porter was of no service to anybody that night, even after they explained the joke to him.

LAW AND ORDER.

Lew Campbell is a pious traveler who handles baking-powder down south. Not long ago he went into a local-option town, and the first dealer he met came back at him.

"Did you know we were only recognizing local-option men, now?" asked the merchant.

"No I didn't know." answered Lew, with a conciliatory smile.

"Well, we are; and before I look at your samples I want to know if you are an advocate of law and order."

"Of course I am," said Lew, with emphasis, "I don't care about the law, but you can bet I'm in for an order every time."—*Merchant Traveler.*

It Was Just the Thing.

Customer—Mr. Pillroller, I want two pounds of alum, right away.

Druggist—Sorry, sir, but I haven't an ounce of alum in the shop; just this minute sold the last. I have a very good article of baking powder, however, indorsed by Profs. —.

Customer—First-rate; give me a pound can. There's a little too much alum in it, but I can make it do.

Commendable Prudence.

Smith (nervously)—Are you sure there are no toadstools among these mushrooms?

Mary (guileless)—They wuz bought for the missus' table, but she told me to try 'em first on the boarders.

No Doubt as to His Condition.

Harry—I hear that you have lost your father. Allow me to express my sympathy.

Jack (with a sigh)—Thank you. Yes, he has gone; but the event was expected for a long time,

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and the blow was consequently less severe than if it had not been looked for.

H.—His property was large?

J.—Yes; something like a quarter of a million.

H.—I heard that his intellect, owing to his illness, was somewhat feeble during his latter years. Is there any probability of the will being contested?

J.—No; father was quite sane when he made his will. He left everything to me.

TELLING TALES IN GEORGIA.

Peyt Norman says he saw twenty-six horses, hitched to twenty-six plows, run away in a cornfield at one time, and they made the corn fairly fly. Buck Wheeler matched this tale with a pet coon that used to watch a lady wash dishes. After she got through the coon would soap himself all over, get in the dish-water, and wash himself over with the dish-rag. Peyt and Buck were immediately arrested under a charge of high treason to truth and brought before the boisterous court. Capt. Judge Johnson, P. M., presiding, found guilty, and sentenced to tell the truth (hard labor) for sixty days, or cider and peanuts for the court. The case will be appealed on technical grounds.

A Boston Child's Wisdom.

Dr. W—— is a well known physician at Dorchester. He has a little son about 5 years old and a daughter about 7. It has been his custom to give the children a weekly allowance of 10 cents each, in return for which they agree to have their playthings stowed away when through using them. Last Friday evening he was approached by Bessie, the little girl, who remarked:

"Papa, I am going to strike. I want 20 cents a week."

"I can't meet the demand," replied the doctor.

"Well, then, let's arbitrate!" said Bessie.

The Earth.

BILL NYE.

The earth is that body in the solar system which most of my readers now reside upon, and which some of them, I regret to say, modestly desire to own and control, forgetting that the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. Some men do not care who owns the earth so long as they get the fullness.

The earth is 500,000,000 years of age, according

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to Prof. Proctor, but she doesn't look it to me. The Duke of Argyll maintains that she is 10,000,000 years old last August, but what does an ordinary duke know about these things? So far as I am concerned I will put Proctor's memory against that of any low-priced duke that I have ever seen.

Newton claimed that the earth would gradually dry up and become porous, and that water would at last become a curiosity. Many beleive this and are rapidly preparing their systems by a rigid course of treatment, so that they can live for years without the use of water internally or externally.

Other scientists who have sat up nights to monkey with the solar system, and thereby shattered their nervous systems, claim that the earth is getting top-heavy at the north pole, and that one of these days while we are thinking of something else, the great weight of accummulated ice, snow, and the vast accummulation of second-hand arctic relief expeditions, will jerk the earth out of its present position with so much spontaneity, and in such an extremely forthwith manner, that many people will be permanently strabismused and much bric-a-brac will be for sale at a great sacrifice. This may or may not be true. I have not been up in the arctic regions to investigate its truth or falsity, though there seems to be a growing sentiment throughout the country in favor of my going. A great many

people during the past year have written me and given me their consent.

If I could take about twenty good, picked men, and go up there for the summer, instead of bringing back twenty picked men, I wouldn't mind the trip, and I feel that we really ought to have a larger colony on ice in that region than we now have.

The earth is composed of land and water. Some of the water has large chunks of ice in it. The earth revolves around its own axle once in twenty-four hours, though it seems to revolve faster than that, and to wobble a good deal during the holidays. Nothing tickles the earth more than to confuse a man when he is coming home late at night, and then to rise up suddenly and hit him in the back with a town lot. People who think there is no fun or relaxation among the heavenly bodies certainly have not studied their habits. Even the moon is a humorist.

A friend of mine, who was returning late at night from a regular meeting of the Society for the Amelioration of the Hot Scotch, said that the earth rose up suddenly in front of him, and hit him with a right of way, and as he was about to rise up again he was stunned by a terrific blow between the shoulder blades with an old land grant that he thought had lapsed years ago. When he staggered to his feet he found that the moon, in order to add

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to his confusion, had gone down in front of him, and risen again behind him, with her thumb on her nose.

So I say, without fear of successful contradiction, that if you do not think that planets and orbs and one thing and another have fun on the quiet you are grossly ignorant of their habits.

The earth is about half way between Mercury and Saturn in the matter of density. Mercury is of about the specific gravity of iron, while that of Saturn corresponds with that of cork in the matter of density and specific gravity. The earth, of course, does not compare with Mercury in the matter of solidity, yet it is amply firm for all practical purposes. A negro who fell out of the tower of a twelve-story building while trying to clean the upper window by drinking a quart of alcohol and then breathing hard on the glass, says that he regards the earth as perfectly solid, and safe to do business on for years to come. He claims that those who maintain that the earth's crust is only 2,500 miles in thickness have not thoroughly tested the matter by a system of practical experiments.

The poles of the earth are merely imaginary. I hate to print this statement in a large paper in such a way as to injure the reputation of great writers on this subject who still cling to the theory that the earth revolves upon large poles, and that

the aurora borealis is but the reflection from a hot box at the north pole, but I am here to tell the truth, and if my readers think it disagreeable to read the truth, what must be my anguish who have to tell it? The mean diameter of the earth is 7,916 English statute miles, but the actual diameter from pole to pole is a still meaner diameter, being 7,899 miles, while the equatorial diameter is 7,925½ miles.

The long and patient struggle of our earnest and tireless geographers and savants in past years in order to obtain these figures and have them exact, few can fully realize. The long and thankless job of measuring the diameter of the earth, no matter what the weather might be, away from home and friends, footsore and weary, still plodding on, fatigued but determined to know the mean diameter of the earth, even if it took a leg, measuring on for thousands of weary miles, and getting farther and farther away from home, and then forgetting, perhaps, how many thousand miles they had gone, and being compelled to go back and measure it over again while their noses got red and their fingers were benumbed. These, fellow-citizens, are a few of the sacrifices that science has made on our behalf in order that we may not grow up in ignorance. These are a few of the blessed privileges which, along with life, liberty, and the pursuit of happi-

ness, are ours—ours to anticipate, ours to participate, ours to precipitate.

He Wanted the Job.

New Boy—Say, boss, going to shut up yer store now?

Hardware Dealer—Yes; right away.

New Boy—Do you shut up everything?

Hardware Dealer—Yes, everything.

New Boy—Say, boss, can I shut up the knives?

Where He Wanted to Play.

Base-Ball Manager—What position do you want to play?

Applicant—Short-stop.

Base-Ball Manager—Have you ever had any experience in that position?

Applicant—Oh, yes; I seldom stop long with any one club.

Nothing Shocking in It.

Attorney-General Garland confesses that he is not a success at poker. Henry Clay was more fortunate. He used to have card parties at the Ashland homestead, and it is not on record that the speculation was a bad one. One day a young

lady visitor from the north, to whom the sight of the poker tables was rather an alarming one, said to the wife of the statesman:

"Mrs. Clay, doesn't it shock you to see your husband playing cards so much in his own home?"

"Oh, no," replied the benevolent old lady, innocently, "he most always wins."

—*Washington Hatchet.*

Something Appropriate.

Litewait—Weally, doncher know, I cawn't think what soht of ovahcoat to purchase for spring, ye know. What would you suggest as most appwopwiate, Miss Clarwa?

Miss C.—Why don't you try a monkey-jacket? —*The Rambler.*

Dirt Cheap.

A small boy reading advertisements, comes to the following: "For sale—Barber shop; dirt cheap." Small boy, with look of disgust on his face—"Say, paw, don't you think it's cheeky in the owner to want to charge anything for the dirt?" This anecdote teaches that the public school system is sadly deficient in the department which should make pupils familiar with the use of elegant commercial terms.

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In Self-Defense.

A young man had been arrested for kissing a pretty girl and she was on the witness-stand.

"You say," said the attorney for the defense, "that the young man kissed you against your will?"

"Yes, he did, and he did it a dozen times, too."

"Well, now, is it not true that you also kissed him during the affray?"

Objected to; objection overruled.

"Now answer my question," continued the attorney. "Did you not kiss the defendant also?"

"Yes, I did," replied the witness, indignantly, "but it was in self-defense."

Case dismissed.

A Partial Excuse.

Thomas Charlton hooked his chin over the prisoner's bar at the police court and regarded his honor with a bland smile.

"Thomas, you are charged with being drunk," said the court.

"I can't deny it," said Thomas, grinning from ear to ear.

"You don't seem to be very sorry."

"I'm happy, yer honor," said the prisoner, giggling.

"What excuse have you for getting drunk?"

"I've got seven of 'em, judge."

"Seven excuses?"

"Yes, yer honor, seven. Now I don't mind telling ye all 'bout it. Ye see, I've got six boys, in my family, and las' night—it's a girl, judge."

Thomas got off.

A Generous Woman.

In a recent suit before a Georgia court a female fortune-teller testified that she knew for a full month beforehand that cotton would go down two or three points.

"I should think you would have invested on a sure thing," observed the opposing counsel.

"Oh, I had a sure thing enough," she artlessly replied. "I was being paid about $20 per day by a ring to predict that wheat would soon make a ten-point jump. I don't want the whole earth."

Young Love's Display.

"I understand your engagement with Miss Fauntleroy is broken off."

"Yes, we had a spat the other evening at the garden gate and parted for good."

"Too bad; but did you not throw her a parting kiss?"

"O, yes; but she muffed it."—*Merchant Traveler.*

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THE PRICE OF RAISINS. P. 59

Excitement in the Churches.

Horace—I see by the papers that there was a "tie-up" in several churches yesterday.

Angelina—Oh, these horrid labor troubles, when will they cease? By the way, though, how could there be a "tie-up" in church?

Horace—Easy enough; the happy couples just walked up to the chancel rails and the minister did the business in fifteen minutes.

The Price of Raisins.

"How much is these raisins wuth?" asked a farmer as he dipped into the box for a sample.

"Five cents," said the grocer.

"Five cents for how many—a pound?"

"No, for those you've got in your hand."

Regardless of Expense.

Mr. Parvenu (to dealer in tombstones)—Yes, sir, I want the very finest kind of a stone you've got. I don't mean to put no slouch of a stone over Mrs. Parvenu. Now, that there one seems to have all the trimmings. I'll jest take that.

Dealer—But that was made for another party and it has the name "Jones" on it.

Mr. P.—Oh, that don't make no difference. Mrs. Parvenu couldn't read.—*The Rambler.*

Paradise Regained.

SWEET LOVE LETTERS FOUND IN A BALE OF COTTON IN A LEWISTON MILL.

The queerest postoffice we ever heard of was developed the other day in the card-room of a Lewiston cotton-mill, where the air is full of blinding dust and shreds of the flying cotton and deafening with the whirr of the shafting and the rattle of the cards. The postmaster was one of the hands employed in the card-room of the Androscoggin mills. The epistle was a sweet, sweeter, sweetest love letter addressed to a girl way down in Alabama, and was found sticking its white envelope out from beneath the iron band of a bale of cotton. The finding and the sequel have a touch of romance.

It happened six weeks ago. A big bale of cotton had been rolled into the floor of the Androscoggin picker-room, and one of the hands was getting it ready for the first operation, when he caught a glimpse of a piece of white paper sticking out from under the band about the cotton bale. It was a letter addressed to a girl in the land of cotton. It was a modest looking letter, just as unassuming as the modern fashionable epistle at present is aiming to be. It was unsealed and had no stamp. It was quite crumpled and sort of dirty and begrimed. Outside it didn't show its real worth, so, in order

to better appreciate it, one of the hands opened it and read the inclosure. It was just what might have been expected—a real ardent southern kind of a letter, burning with the I'd-like-to-eat-you-up kind of love, although, as a matter of fact, written in December. Its writer was evidently an employe on the train on which the bale of cotton with its fellows was journeying to the seaboard. It called his ducky-dear to account for certain alleged little acts of coldness, but was in the main very complimentary to her beauty, her common sense, the size of her foot, and the style of her new winter bonnet.

It appointed the following Saturday evening for a call and was confident that she would be glad to see him. Everything was to be found in the letter required in such an epistle. There is no need to describe it. Our readers of a larger growth know about these things by experience, others by intuition. We may add that few sweeter things ever reached the maturity of stamp and envelope than this.

When the hands had discussed it they began to appreciate that perhaps the card-room might still be a postoffice of delivery, and so one man inclosed it in a note, relating the manner of its discovery, another with cleaner hands than the rest lapped the dextrine on the envelope and slapped it down, and another produced a stamp, and the letter was

dropped into the postoffice and forgotten.

A few days ago, however, came the sequel. A neatly written letter was received in the Androscroggin card-room from the "Alabamy" girl. She thanked everybody sincerely for the care they had taken of her letter, and she added: "If you ever come our way drop in and see us. We will be right glad to see you and will thank you in the bargain."

It is supposed that the absent-minded lover stuck the letter into a cotton bale while about his train work and couldn't find it again, and so the letter sailed the seas over into Maine, came miles by rail, ascended into the region of dust in a card-room of a Lewiston cotton-mill, and then after four months of travel found its way back to the hands of the maiden of its love.

SCINTILLATIONS.

An unmixed evil—Whisky straight.

The oyster persistently refuses to respond to an encore.

We trust the hand-organ man will insist on eight hours as a full day's work.

One industry remains to the poor Indian—that of ticket-scalper to an immigrant train.

"Is that the rebel yell?" asked an Ohioan in front of the Kimball house.

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WHEN THE SHINGLE IS HOT. P. 63.

"No," replied a courteous colonel, "it is only an ice-cream cake man."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The fish have quieted down a little in the river, and no longer crowd one another out on the banks and frighten the children. Still good fishing, however—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

It is said that shingles may be made fire-proof, but you cannot convince the small boy who has had any experience that a shingle is not frequently red hot.

Frederick Schwatka is lecturing on "Arctic Tight Pinches." That is a singular subject. It isn't the arctic that does the pinching with us; it's the confounded shoe.

A dude has sued a skating-rink owner for a lost cane. Such an exhibition of courage leads to the dark suspicion that the dude swallowed it and so acquired a temporary spine.

A citizen of Buffalo inquires: "Why cannot we have a subterranean hotel at Niagara; underneath the American falls?" Probably because that would be running the hotel business into the ground.

It is well to inculcate habits of economy in your children by giving them a toy savings-bank and teaching them to save up all their spare pennies. Besides, you will find the bank convenient to bor-

row from at a low rate of interest when you get hard up yourself.

Chicago proposes to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by holding a world's fair. This is eminently proper. It is pretty generally understood by this time that the principal object of Columbus in discovering America was to find a place large enough to hold Chicago.—*Norristown Herald.*

An editor returning home one morning about 8 o'clock, was met in the hall by his vigilant spouse. "Alas," she said, "that you have been detained by another breakage of the press!" "Nay, not so," he replied; "neither has the press broken down nor have I been detained by getting out the weekly, but it was a small game of 10-cent ante which hindered me." Hearing which, the soul of George Washington turned over in his grave and muttered a silent benediction.

A young gentleman home for the holidays was talking with an old laborer at work in his father's grounds, when the old man said; "Ay, ay, sir, 'tis a fine thing is larnin'. There was no such when I was a boy; I was a big fellow helpin' the family, when all at once school broke out."

A certain Irish M. P. had been describing his travels in the far west and the "virgin forest" there.

"What is a virgin forest?" asked an auditor. "Phwat is a vairgin forest is it ye whant to know? A vairgin forest, sorr, is one phwere the hand o' man has niver set fut, bedad!"

Extract from an oration delivered at the inauguration of a statue by M. Duclaud, member for the Charente: "Yes, gentlemen, Rabelais was one of the men whose form and face deserved to be preserved in molten marble for the admiration of posterity."

A hotel boaster, who was vaunting his knowledge of the world before a crowd of new-comers, was asked by a wag at his elbow if he had ever been in Algebra. "Oh yes, certainly," said he, "I passed through there on top of a stage about a year ago."

Teacher: "Define the word excavate." Scholar: "It means to hollow out." Teacher: Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." Scholar: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

When things come to such a pass in Idaho that men are shot by an angry boarding-house-keeper just because they refuse to eat his fishballs, we don't wonder that young Lochinvar came out of the west.

"It was terribly oppressive at the theatre last night," said Brown; "it was so hot that the blood all rushed to my head." "Well, it found plenty of

room there, didn't it?" replied the unsympathetic Fogg.

Lightning recently struck a telegraph pole and ran along a wire into the office at Coatsville, Ind., when the clerk seated at the instrument, excitedly telegraphed back. "Don't send so fast!"

Said a miserable little Cincinnati boy, who had just received a scolding from his father: "Ma, I wish I'd never been born." "Why, Charley?" "Well, I think I'd been a better boy."

"You see my child, this turtle—one of the wonders of creation—he furnishes the best combs that are made and yet he can not use one, as he hasn't a single hair to comb."

He Talked Too Much.

SAD EXPERIENCE OF AN AMBITIOUS DRUMMER ON A COUNTRY ROAD.

An ambitious young commercial tourist living in one of the cities on the middle Hudson became acquainted with a young lady attending a well known seminary, whose father is an influential citizen of one of the Washington county towns and is reputed to have a solid bank account, says the Albany *Argus*. Having progressed in his acquaintance with the young lady so far as to seek and

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receive an invitation to visit her at her home during her school vacation, he essayed to risk the danger that might attend his reception at the paternal domicile. Having engaged the fastest trotters and the nattiest turnout of the village liveryman our tourist set out.

The ride was about six miles, and after he had journeyed about half that distance he overtook a pedestrian and inquired if he was "on the right road to Mr. Smith's farmhouse?" Receiving an affirmative reply, the drummer asked the farmer to ride. The latter got in the buggy, and as soon as he was seated the young man pulled out his flask and asked his new-made friend to imbibe. It was declined, and the proffered cigar elicited the response that he neither drank liquor nor smoked nor chewed tobacco. To this the sharp young man rejoined by avowing his belief that there never was a man but what was addicted to some of the vices. Meeting with no contradiction on this topic, he inquired of the stranger if he knew Mr. Smith and his standing in the community.

"Yes," replied he, "I know him very well, and I think he is quite fair with his townsmen."

"He's well hooked up, ain't he?"

"Well, he owns one of the best farms in the town, and he prides himself on his stock."

"He has a daughter?"

"Yes, three of them."

"Well, I mean the one that is at school in——? I have met her and am invited by her to call and spend the evening."

"Ah, is that so? She is an excellent girl."

"Well, she is clear mashed on me, and I intend to do my level best to marry her and get a share of the old man's money to set me up in business. Don't you think that a bright business idea?"

"Well, as I said, she is a good girl, and one that loves her father dearly, and obeys him in everything. You could not obtain her hand without the father's consent."

"I'll see about that. I'd give more to obtain the daughter's than the old man's consent," replied the impetuous but undiscerning young fellow.

At this moment they were approaching a stately farm house, and as they reached its front the farmer said: "I live here, and will get out, if you please."

The commercial man gently halted the trotters, and, as the old gentleman reached the ground, he said to him: "Now, how much farther is it to Mr. Smith's?"

"I am Mr. Smith, sir," replied the farmer, sternly, "and you can drive on, for I will not permit you to step on my premises."

Mark Twain on Beecher.

MR. BEECHER'S PHENOMENAL EXPERIENCE IN AGRICULTURAL PURSUITS—RISING FROM AFFLUENCE TO POVERTY.

The great preacher never sleeps with his clothes on. Once, when remonstrated with upon the singularity of his conduct in this respect, and the pernicious effect the example might possibly have upon the younger members of his congregation, he replied with the frank and open candor that has always characterized him, that he would give worlds to be able to rid himself of the custom—and added that the anguish he had suffered in trying to break himself of the habit had made him old before he was 90. Mr. Beecher never wears his hat at dinner. He does not consider it healthy. It does not immediately break down one's constitution, but is slow and sure. He knows one case where a man persisted in the habit, in spite of the tears and entreaties of his friends, until it was too late, and he reaped the due reward of his rashness—for it carried him off at last, at the age of 106. Had that man listened to reason, he might have lived to be a comfort to his parents and a solace to their declining years.

Mr. Beecher never swears. In all his life a profane expression has never passed his lips. But if

he were to take it into his head to try it once, he would make even that disgusting habit seem beautiful—he would handle it as it never was handled before, and if there was a wholesome moral lesson hidden away in it anywhere he would ferret it out and use it with tremendous effect. Panoplied with his grand endowment—his judgment, his discriminating taste, his felicity of expression, his graceful fancy—if Mr. Beecher had a mind to swear he could throw into it an amount of poetry and pathos, and splendid imagery and moving earnestness, and restless energy, topped off and climaxed with a gorgeous pyrotechnic conflagration and filigree and fancy swearing that would astonish and delight the hearer, and forever after quiver through his bewildered memory an exquisite confusion of rainbows and music, and thunder and lightning. A man of high order of intellect and appreciation could sit and listen to Mr. Beecher swear for a week without getting tired.

Mr. Beecher is very regular in his habits. He always goes to bed promptly between 9 and 3 o'clock, and never upon any account allows himself to vary from this rule. He is just as particular about getting up, which he does the next day, generally. He considers that to this discipline, and to this alone, he is indebted for the rugged health he has enjoyed ever since he adopted it.

Mr. Beecher does not go around and get advertisements for The Plymouth Pulpit. If he does it, it is without our knowledge or consent. If such a report has been started, it is an absolute duty to refute it in this article. However, no such report has yet been heard of, and therefore it is not necessary to do more than refute it in a purely general way at this time. Mr. Beecher could augment the bulk of the phamplet to which his sermons are attached if he chose to go around and solicit such a thing. He has no time for such recreation. He has to preach, and he has to make dedication speeches for all sorts of things, and he is obliged to make a few remarks on nearly all distinguished occasions, because very often other men are busy and cannot come. And besides, he has to carry on his farm.

Mr. Beecher's farm consists of thirty-six acres, and is carried on on strict scientific principles. He never puts in any part of a crop without consulting his book. He plows, and reaps, and digs, and sows according to the best authorities—and the authorities cost more than the other farming implements do. As soon as the library is complete the farm will begin to be a profitable investment. But book farming has its drawbacks. Upon one occasion, where it seemed morally certain that the hay onght to be cut, the hay book could not be found

—and before it was found it was too late and the hay was all spoiled.

Mr. Beecher raises some of the finest crops of wheat in the country, but the unfavorable difference between the cost of producing it and its market value after it is produced, has interfered considerably with its success as a commercial enterprise. His special weakness is hogs, however. He considers hogs the best game a farm produces. He buys the original pig for $1.50, and feeds him $40 worth of corn, and then sells him for about $9. This is the only crop he ever makes any money on. He loses on the corn, but he makes $7.50 on the hog. He does not mind this because he never expects to make anything on corn, anyway. And any way it turns out, he has the excitement of raising the hog anyhow, whether he gets the worth of him or not. His strawberries would be a comfortable success if the robins would eat turnips, but they won't, and hence the difficulty.

One of Mr. Beecher's most harassing difficulties in his farming operations comes of the close resemblance of different sorts of seeds and plants to each other. Two years ago his far-sightedness warned him that there was going to be a great scarcity of water-melons, and therefore he put in a crop of twenty-seven acres of that fruit. But when they

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MARK TWAIN ON BEECHER. P. 73.

came up they turned out to be pumpkins, and a dead loss was the consequence. Sometimes a portion of his crop goes into the ground the most promising sweet potatoes, and comes up the infernalest carrots—though I never have heard him express it in just that way. When he bought his farm he found one egg in every hen's nest on the place. He said that here was just the reason why so many farmers failed—they scattered their forces too much—concentration was the idea. So he gathered those eggs together and put them all under one experienced old hen. That hen roosted over that contract night and day for eleven weeks, under the anxious personal supervision of Mr. Beecher himself, but she could not "phase" those eggs. Why? Because they were those infamous porcelain things which are used by ingenious and fraudulent farmers as "nest eggs." But perhaps Mr. Beecher's most disastrous experience was the time he tried to raise an immense crop of dried apples. He planted $1,500 worth, but never a one of them sprouted. He has never been able to understand, to this day, what was the matter with those apples.

Mr. Beecher's farm is not a triumph. It would be easier on him if he worked it on shares with some one; but he can not find anybody who is willing to stand half the expense, and not many

that are able. Still, persistence in any case is bound to succeed. He was a very inferior farmer when he first began, but a prolonged and unflinching assualt upon his agricultural difficulties has had its effect at last, and he is now fast rising from affluence to poverty.

I shall not say anything about Mr. Beecher's sermons. They breathe the truest and purest spirit of religion; they are models of pulpit oratory, and they are proofs that the subject which is the nearest to the interests of mankind can be put to nobler uses than the chloroforming of congregations. Mr. Beecher has done more than any other man, perhaps, to inspire religion with the progressive spirit of the nineteenth century and make it keep step with the march of intellectual achievement and the general growth of men's charities and impulses. It is such men as Beecher that persuade religious communities to progress to something better than witch-burning when the spirit of the time progresses from ox-wagons to stage-coaches, and by and by to steamboats; and who persuade such communities to progress beyond the indorsing of slavery with their Bibles when the spirit of the time progresses to the subordination of the steamboat to the railroad, and the discarding of pony-expresses for the telegraph. He has done as much as any man to keep the people from reading their

Bibles by the interpretation of the eighteenth century while they were living far along in the nineteenth. His name will live. His deeds will honor his memory. He has set his mark upon his epoch, and years hence, when the people turn over the bales and bundles of this generation's ideas, they will find "H. W. B." stenciled on a good many of them.

That Dreadful Drink.

"There is a sad state of affairs in Russia," observed Mr. Snaggs last night. "There has been an increase of 300 per cent. in the number of suicides in the last ten years."

"What is the cause?" asked Mrs. Snaggs.

"It is attributed largely to pessimism."

"That dreadful drink. I wonder the people don't sign the pledge."

Perhaps Not.

De Baggs—Strange young woman, that friend of yours. Very strong-minded, is she not?

Litewaite—Extremely so. But she is going to be married.

"You surprise me! Who is the unfortunate man?"

"Ponsonby of our set."

"Indeed! Does—does he know it?"

A Generous Sister.

"I think," said Christina to Florence,
(Floy was seven and Chrissie just five,)
"That, really and truly, I'm one of
The best little sisters alive."

"And why do you think so?" asked Florence.
"Because," said the curly-haired elf,
"I give you, and give you contin'ly,
All the things that I don't want myself."

Echoes of the Morgan Sale.

"Isn't that a peachlow vase?"

"Yes."

"Buy it at the Morgan sale?"

"No; got it at Macy's bargain counter for forty-nine cents."

"That is a new picture, is it not, Miss Bullion?"

"Yes, oh, yes, indeed. It came from the Morgan sale."

"Who is the artist?"

"Well, well, I quite forget his name."

"What subject does it represent?"

"I'm sure I don't know, but it cost pa $10,000. Isn't it a masterpiece?"

"It is indeed."

"IT COST PA $10,000." P. 76.

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What's in a Name?.

Raids upon Chinese opium dens last night brought to the front Messrs. Ah Good and Long Sin, who confined their claims to the friendship of the pig-eyed smokers by bailing them out of jail. It is not surprising that Sin should be found in a den, but this is one of the first instances of the discovery of Good in a celestial joint.

Sparing His Feelings.

First Boston Novelist—Don't you become greatly attached to some of your most favorite characters, and sympathize with them?

Second Boston Novelist—Oh, yes, but whenever my sympathies become overwrought, I always kill the poor characters and put myself out of misery. —*Merchant Traveler.*

The Puppy was Hungry.

A lady entered a Broadway car holding in her arms a rather bony terrier. She sat down by the side of a good natured-looking Irishman, toward whom the dog began to struggle. The man edged away as far as he could, when the lady to assure him said sweetly:

"Don't be afraid, sir. He's very gentle; he'll not hurt you."

"I know it, ma'am, shure I know it," replied he; "the raison I moved, ma'am, was because I thought he might hurt a sandwich which I have in me pocket."

The other passengers laughed, but the lady poutingly seemed to feel that the prominent rites of her pet had been satirized.

TRUE MERIT REWARDED.

STYLE OF SCHOOL LITERATURE KNOWN THIRTY YEARS AGO.

ONE OF BILL NYE'S SELECTIONS, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF—ARRANGED WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE MATTER OF CHOICE, DELICATE AND DIFFICULT WORDS.

One day as George Oswald was going to his tasks, and while passing through the wood, he spied a tall man approaching in an opposite direction along the highway.

"Ah," thought George, in a low, mellow tone of voice, "whom have we here?"

"Good morning, my fine fellow," exclaimed the stranger, pleasantly. "Do you reside in this locality?"

"Indeed I do," retorted George, cheerily, dropping his cap. "In yonder cottage, near the glen,

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my widowed mother and her thirteen children dwell with me."

"And how did your papa die?" asked the man, as he thoughtfully stood on the other foot awhile.

"Alas sir," said George, as a large hot tear stole down his pale cheek and fell with a loud report on the warty surface of his bare foot "he was lost at sea in a bitter gale. The good ship foundered two years ago last Christmastide, and father was foundered at the same time. No one knew of the loss of the ship and that the crew was drowned until the next spring, and it was then too late."

"And what is your age, my fine fellow?" quoth the stranger.

"If I live until next October," said the boy, in a declamatory tone of voice suitable for a Second Reader, "I will be 7 years of age."

A LARGE FAMILY OF CHILDREN.

"And who provides for your mother and her large family of children?" queried the man.

"Indeed, I do, sir," replied George, in a shrill tone. "I toil, oh, so hard, sir, for we are very, very poor, and since my elder sister, Ann, was married and brought her husband home to live with us I have to toil more assidously than heretofore."

"And by what means do you obtain a livelihood?" exclaimed the man, in slowly measured and grammatical words.

"By digging wells, kind sir," replied George, picking up a tired ant as he spoke and stroking it on the back. "I have a good education, and so I am enabled to dig wells as well as a man. I do this daytimes and take in washing at night. In this way I am enabled to maintain our family in a precarious manner; but, oh, sir, should my other sisters marry, I fear that some of my brothers-in-law would have to suffer."

"You are indeed a brave lad," exclaimed the stranger, as he repressed a smile. "And do you not at times become very weary and wish for other ways of passing your time?"

"Indeed I do sir," said the lad. "I would fain run and romp and be gay like other boys, but I must engage in constant manual exercise, or we will have no bread to eat and I have not seen a pie since papa perished in the moist and moaning sea."

SAVED FROM A HURRIED GRAVE.

"And what if I were to tell you that your papa did not perish at sea, but was saved from a hurried grave?" asked the stranger in pleasing tones.

"Ah, sir," exclaimed George, in a genteel manner, again doffing his cap. "I'm too polite to tell you what I would say, and beside, sir, you are much larger than I am."

"But my brave lad," said the man in low musi-

cal tones, "do you not know me, Georgie. Oh, George!"

"I must say," replied George, "that you have the advantage of me. Whilst I may have met you before, I can not at this moment place you, sir."

"My son! oh, my son!" murmured the man, at the same time taking a large strawberry mark out of the valise and showing it to the lad. "Do you not recognize your parent on your father's side? When our good ship went to the bottom, all perished save me. I swam several miles through the billows, and at last, utterly exhausted, gave up all hope of life. Suddenly a bright idea came to me and I walked out of the sea and rested myself.

"And now my brave boy," exclaimed the man with great glee, "see what I have brought for you." It was but the work of a moment to unclasp from a shawl strap, which he held in his hand, and present to George's astonished gaze, a large 40 cent watermelon, which he had brought with him from the Orient.

"Ah," said George, "this is indeed a glad surprise. Albeit, how can I ever repay you?"—*Bill Nye in Boston Globe.*

Right in Clara's Presence.

"Do you like winter, Mr. Litewaite?"

"Not very much, Freddie."

"Then why do you always go buggy-riding on a cold day?"

"I don't. What makes you think so?"

"Why, sister Clara said that it would be a cold day when you offered to take any girl buggy-riding."

Statistics.

They were talking about expenses and how some men got rich.

Said one: "My butcher and baker have made money enough out of me to build themselves splendid residences."

"And," responded the other, "the barkeepers I patronized have built whole blocks out of what I owe them."—*Texas Siftings.*

An Enterprising Youth.

This is not the only enterprising country in the world. An English advertisements reads as follows: "A young man, sober and reliable, who has a wooden leg and cork arm, is willing, for a moderate salary, to allow his false limbs to be maimed by wild beasts in any reputable menagerie, as an advertisement. No objection to traveling."

RIDDLE.

I never was but always am to be;
None ever saw me, you may never see;
And yet I am the confidence of all
Who live and breathe on this terrestrial ball.
The answer is—To-morrow.

WELSH JAW-BREAKERS.

Welsh names are proverbially of the crack-jaw tendency; but perhaps the palm may be given to the following, which casually occurred in a conversation between a Welsh maiden and an English visitor in a villiage at the foot of Snowden. The visitor inquired:

What is the name of your little cottage, my dear?

Welsh girl—Lletyllifyllyfuwy, sir.

E. V.—Oh. And are your parents living?

W. G.—Yes, sir; but my father works at Dhwarel Caebraichycafn.

E. V.—Well, well. Any brothers?

W. G.—Yes; three, sir. One at Rhosilanerchrugog, one at Llanenddwyncwmllanddwywe, and one lives between Penmaenmawr and Llanfairfochan.

E. V.—It's growing worse, I see. How many sisters.

W. G.—Only two, sir. One is with my aunt at Llanfairmathafarneithaf.

E. V.—My word, what a name! And the other?

W. G.—Oh, she is in service, sir, at Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllgertrobwillandysiliogogogoch.

This agreeable name signifies: "Llanfair," St. Mary near; "Pwll Gwyngyll," White Hazel Pond; "Goger," near; "Y Chwyra Drobwll," near the Whirl Pool; "Dysilio," Saint; "Ogo," cavern; "Gogo Goch," ancient hermit.

It was Only Freddy.

"Good gracious, Lil! There goes one of the funny clowns we saw at the circus out in the street in his ring clothes."

"You silly girl! Any one could tell you came from the country. That is little Freddy Fahnstock in his new spring suit."

Just to Give Color to It.

Dog-Fancier—Well, mum, have you come to buy another pup?

Miss Plantagenet—No, sir, not exactly. Mamma wished to know if you would exchange this dog for a black-and-white one. He is just as good as new,

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BEGORRA! YIS, TACHE THE B'Y TO SPAKE AIRISH. P. 86.

and we are going into half-mourning next week.—*The Rambler.*

THIS STYLE ONLY 1 CENT.

It would be a cold day for Ireland if she should lose her Ulster.

Johnny says he is his mother's canoe, and she is always able to paddle it.

A Connecticut man was divorced one day and married the next. The greater the danger, the greater the fascination it has for some men.

"I can't sing," said the young lady when invited to warble, but she complied upon being further pressed. When she had finished, Fogg thanked her and added, *soto voce:* "I'll never doubt anybody's word again."

A pretty New York female thief disguised herself as a man, and the detectives were unable to find her because she had schooled herself to pass a millinery store without stopping to peep in the window.

A CLASSICAL COURSE.

Private Tutor (to Mr. Coshennigen, a Harlem capitalist)—Would you like your son to pursue a classical course, sir?

Mr. Coshennigen—Phat's that?

Private Tutor—It's a study of the dead languages.

Mr. Coshennigen—Begorra! yis, tache the b'y to spake airish.

While There's Life There's Hope.

Patient—I shall leave my family in your care, Hawkins, and shall trust you to see that they do not want.

Friend—All right, old fellow, I'll see to 'em. Your wife, Marie, and I have been talking over our happy future for some time. Sorry you won't be here to the wedding, old fellow.

Patient (with a feeling that he may still recover)—Ah, well, we'll hope for the best.

Charging for Extras.

"Shave?"

"Yes," and the customer drops into a chair. The operation was performed without chloroform.

"How much?"

"Fifteen cents."

"But I thought this was a 10-cent shop?"

"It is, for a plain shave, but I happened to cut a gash in your chin and used alum on it. Five cents extra for alum."

WHILE THERE'S LIFE THERE'S HOPE. P. 86.

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TIRED OF RAILROADING.

A DARKEY WHO CAME NEAR BEING A CONDUCTOR THROUGH THE STRIKE.

OPIE P. REID.

Old Brockly is disgusted. Having spent the most of his life on a plantation, but having grown tired of a life so slow and uneventful, he came to town several days ago and declared his intention of engaging in some kind of active business.

"Brockly, have you found work yet?" asked the secretary of state, upon meeting the old man.

"Doan talk ter me, Mars' Lias. All I wants now is ter git outen dis blamed town, fur I'se sick o' de place."

"Haven't the people treated you with courtesy?"

"Da mout o' treated me wid courtesy, sah, but da hit me wid er brick, an' chunked me, and punched me wid er rail, an' cussed me an' hurt mer feelin's."

"How did it happen?"

"Wall, sah, I'll tell yer. Shortly arter I got heah, er white man come ter me an' said dat he wanted me ter he'p run er freight train. Said dat nearly all his men had dun went er fishin' an' wouldn' be back fur several days. Tole me dat ef I would come on an' he'p load freight dat he would put me

in charge o'er train in a few days. I thought he was de fines' man I eber seed, an' I didn' see why he kep' on er runnin' arter me, when dar wuz so many idle niggers in de town, but den I thought dat he was sharp ernuff ter see all my good p'ints, so I says, says I:

" 'Gwine ter pay me well, is yer?'

" 'Oh, yas, gin yer good pay.'

" 'An er study job arter de uder fellers comes back frum er fishin'?'

" 'Oh, yas, pay yer well all de time. I likes yer looks, ole man, an' I thinks dat arter while you'll make a fust-rate conductor o'er passenger train.'

" 'Dar ain't no trouble on yer road, is dar?"

"He laugh an' swore dat his road neber had no trouble. Said dat he wanted me 'ca'se he knowd I wuz er smart man. Yer doan know how good it did make me feel, an', thinks I, 'farewell ter de cotton feel, fur I'se gwine ter wuck in de shade frum dis time on. Let de young niggers han'le de mules, fur I'se gwine ter be er big man o'er rail-road, an' make dem young niggers take off dar hats ter me when I goes down in de country on er visit.' Wall, I went down ter de depot wid de white man. I seed er lot er white men an' niggers standin' roun', an' I wondered why da wan't at work makin' money, but when I axed de white man he said da wuz rich jokers dat had made money in de nigger

minstrel business; because dat da wouldn' work, but dat da made fun o' eberybody what did. He tole me ter role some bar'ls o' flour whut wus on de platfo'm an' put 'em on er freight kyar. 'Go er head,' says he, 'an' yer'll be er conductor de fust thing yer know.' I went ter work, an' hadn't mor'n put one bar'l on, fo' er nigger come up ter me an' says, says he:

"Go on erway frum heah an' let dat stuff erlone."

" 'G'way yerse'f,' says I, 'an' let me erlone. I'se gwine ter put dis stuff on de kyar.' He went erway, but putty soon heah he come ergin, wid er whole passul o' de rich minstrels wid him. Da tole me dat ef I didn' go erway da'd make me feel sorry, but I laughed at 'em an' snatched holt o'er bar'l. Jes 'bout dat time, bif, er brick tuck me in de head. I fell like er steer, an' de fust thing I knowed some feller wuz er punchin' me wid er rail. Er nudder feller tuck up er piecer plank, an' I thought dat he wuz gwine ter w'ar me bodaciously out. Da kep' er axin' me ef I'd quit work, an' ez soon ez I could talk I tole 'em dat nuthin would gin me mo' 'joyment. When I got up I looked roun' fur de white man whut had sot me ter work, but he wa'n't nowhar ter be found. Putty soon I l'arned dat de whole fo'ce o' de road wuz on er strike. Dis made me open one o' mer eyes—I couldn't open de udder

one—an' I geddered up mer ole hat an' got erway frum dat place. Oh, yes, da treated me wid er whole lot o' courtesy, but I doan want no mo'."

"Going back to the plantation, I suppose?"

"Yes, sah, ef de Lawd 'ul let me. I'se mighty tired uv bein' a railroad man. De biznez is er little too libely fur er man o' my age. When I wuz er young man I didn' mine being chunked er little, but now I doan like it. Look at dis knot on mer head. Big ez er do' knob, ain't it. Yas, I fin's cotton safter den er brickbat. Now lemme hab er quarter an' I'se done wid yer. Thankee, sah. Good day."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Sorrows of Werter" Revived.

He—The hours which I have in your presence lived have belonged to the happiest of my life. I depart with nameless woe, and will you never forget.

She—Noble friend, long have I struggled, and would gladly have spared you the worst, but I dare not. But I must you let go without consolation and without hope. Forgive me that from you until to-day concealed have I what I should have revealed long since already. I—alas—I am married.

He—So am I.—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

Musical Observations.

ARTEMAS WARD.

My orchestra is small, but I am sure it is very good, so far as it goes. I give my pianist ten pounds a night and his washing.

I like music. I can't sing. As a singist, I am not a success. I am saddest when I sing; so are those who hear me; they are sadder even than I am. The other night, some silver-voiced young man came under my window, and sang, "Come where my love lies dreaming." I didn't go; I didn't think it would be correct.

Isaac's Taste for "Poetry."

MRS. PARTINGTON.

"Does Isaac manifest any taste for poetry, Mrs. Partington?" asked the schoolmaster's wife while conversing on the merits of the youthful Partington.

The old lady was basting a chicken which her friends had sent her from the country.

"Oh, yes!" said the old lady, smiling; "he is very partially fond of poultry, and it always seems as if he can't get enough of it."

The old spit turned by the fire-place in response to her answer, while the basting was going on.

"I mean," said the lady, "does he show any of the divine afflatus?"

The old lady thought a moment.

"As for the divine flatness, I don't know about it. He's had all the complaints of children; and, when he was a baby, he fell, and broke the cartridge of his nose; but I hardly think he's had this that you speak of."

The roasting chicken hissed and spluttered, and Mrs. Partington basted it again.

The Biter Bitten.

A certain violin maker was so skillful that he could perfectly imitate an old violin. A violinist, more eminent than honest, brought him a fine Cremona and said, with a wink: "I want you to make an exact copy of this Amati."

The maker knew who owned the instrument, and promised to have the duplicate ready in two months. At that time the violinist returned, paid the price, and received the two violins. When he arrived home and examined them, he found them both counterfeits. Do you suppose violence was done to his feelings by the clever imitator having kept the true Amati for himself?

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ANOTHER VICTIM OF OVERWORK. P. 93.

Another Victim of Overwork.

"Patrick," called a south side lady, "have you watered the flowers in the conservatory lately?"

"Not this wake, mum."

"Mercy on me! What do you mean by such negligence?"

"Sure, mum, I've been busy every minute of the time. I couldn't find a second to spare for carryin' wather. The conservatory will be the death of me yet, mum."

"Why, what has kept you so busy, I should like to know?"

"Pickin' off the dead leaves, mum."

Baseball Prizes.

For losing an ear, appointment as usher in the grand stand.

A broken finger joint, lay off until it is well.

Scraping skin from elbow in stealing a base, promise of an increase in salary; both elbows, two promises.

Getting second on a long slide (basement of pants must remain intact), autographs of managers.

For having wire from mask driven into the skull, loud applause from directors; for getting killed, set of resolutions, without frame, to relatives.

For twisting the ankle in trying to make an impossible play, a monkey wrench; it will be found a useful implement in such cases.

Bruising the shins, the right to rub them.

For losing the sight of the eyes in trying to catch a fly in the face of the sun, released, with back pay.

For having spike in an opponent's shoe driven through the instep, two day's vacation.

Having teeth knocked out and continuing play, the privilege of being called "tough."

For killing a scorer, a $1,000 United States bond.

For kicking against the umpire's decisions, when he is known to be right, two shoes from a mule; this is an emblematic trophy.

The management, in offering the above prizes, does it for the purpose of encouraging the players to put forth their best endeavors, as by doing so the games will be more entertaining; and with the hope that the dividends will be larger than they otherwise would be.

A Needed Change.

"It's all very well for you rich men to talk about law and order," said a young enthusiast to a Chicago millionaire, "but the more I study the

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"I'D GIVE MY CLOTHES FOR HIS TEETH." P. 95.

more I am convinced that the present distribution of wealth is entirely wrong."

"What do you study?" asked the millionaire, who began life without a cent and is now the owner of one of the greatest manufacturing establishments in the west.

"I study political economy, of course."

"I would advise you, my son, to adopt a portion of my old curriculum. Perhaps you would succeed better."

"Why, what did you study?"

"Domestic economy."

The National Game.

Wife—Do you know why you prefer a game of base-ball to the theatre?

Husband (just from the game)—Shertainly, m' dear (hic). It's more exciting.

Wife—Exactly. You can go out nine times between the acts.

He Wanted the Teeth.

"Ma," complained Bobby, "Tommy Tuff can whistle through his teeth so you can hear him a mile."

"Yes, Bobby," said his mother, encouragingly, "but Tommy's teeth are badly broken and decayed,

which is the reason he can whistle through them. Besides, Bobby, Tommy hasn't any nice new suit of clothes like you."

"I don't care," responded Bobby doggedly, "I'd give him my suit of clothes for his teeth any day."

Bill Nye on the Cow Industry.

A COWBOY COLLEGE NEEDED TO EDUCATE YOUNG MEN TO THIS PROFESSION.

No one can go through the wide territory of Montana to-day without being strongly impressed with the wonderful growth of the great cattle growing and grazing industry of that territory. And yet Montana is but the northern extremity of the great grazing belt which lies at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, extending from the British possessions on the north to the Mexican border on the south, extending eastward, too, as far as the arable lands of Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas.

Montana, at this season of the year, is the paradise of the sleek, high-headed, 2-year-old Texan steer, with his tail over the dashboard, as well as the stock yearling, born on the range, beneath the glorious mountain sky and under the auspices of roundup No. 21.

I do not say this to advertise the stock growing business, because it is already advertised too much,

anyway. So many millionaires have been made with "free grass" and the early-rising, automatic branding iron that every man in the United States who has a cow that can stand the journey seems to be about to take her west and embark in business as a cattle king.

But let me warn the amateur cow man that in the great grazing regions it takes a good many acres of thin grass to maintain the adult steer in affluence for twelve months, and the great pastures at the base of the mountains are being pretty well tested. Moreover, I believe that these great conventions of cattlemen, where free grass and easily acquired fortunes are naturally advertised, will tend to overstock the ranges at last and founder the goose that now lays the golden egg. This, of course, is really none of my business, but if I didn't now and then refer to matters that do not concern me I would be regarded as reticent.

My intention, however, in approaching the great cow industry, which, by the way, is anything but an industry, being in fact more like the seductive manner whereby a promissory note acquires 2 per cent. per month without even stopping to spit on its hands, was to refer incidentally to the proposition of an English friend of mine. This friend, seeing at once the great magnitude of the cow in-

dustry and the necessity for more and more cowboys, has suggested the idea of establishing a cowboys' college, or training school, for self-made young men who desire to become accomplished. The average Englishman will most always think of something that nobody else would naturally think of. Now, our cattleman would have gone on for years with his great steer emporium without thinking of establishing an institution where a poor boy might go and learn to rope a 4-year-old in such a way as to throw him on his stomach with a sickening thud.

The young Maverick savant could take a kindergarten course in the study of cow brands. Here a wide field opens up to the scholar. The adult steer in the great realm of beef is now a walking Chinese wash bill, a Hindoo poem in the original junk shop alphabet, a four-legged Greek inscription, punctuated with jim-jams, a stenographer's notes of a riot, a bird's-eye view of a premature explosion in a hardware store.

The cowboy who can at once grapple with the great problem of where to put the steer with "B bar B" on left shoulder, "Key circle G" on left side, "Heart D Heart" on right hip, left ear crop, wattle te wattle, and seven hands round with "Dash B Dash" on right shoulder "vented," wattle on dew lap vented, and "P. D. Q.," "C. O. D.," and

"N. G." vented on right side, keeping track of transfers, range and postoffice of last owner, has certainly got a future, which lies mostly ahead of him.

But now that the idea has been turned loose, I shall look forward to the time when wealthly men who have been in the habit of dying and leaving their money to other institutions, will meet with a change of heart, and begin to endow the cowboys' college, and the Maverick hotbed of broncho sciences.

We live in an age of rapid advancement in all branches of learning, and people who do not rise early in the morning will not retain their position in the procession. I look forward with confidence to the day when no cowboy will undertake to ride the range without a diploma. Educated labor is what we need. Cowboys who can tell you in scientific terms why it is always the biggest steer that eats "pigeon weed" in the spring and why he should swell up and bust on a rising Chicago market.

I hope that the day is not far distant when in the holster of the cowboy we will find the Iliad instead of the killiad, the unabridged dictionary instead of Mr. Remington's great work on homicide. As it is now on the ranges you might ride till your Mexican saddle ached before you would find a cowboy who carries a dictionary with him. For that

reason the language used on the general round-up is at times grammatically incorrect, and many of our leading cowboys spell "cavvy-yard" with a "k."

A college for riding, roping, branding, cutting out, corralling, loading and unloading, and handling cattle generally, would be a great boon to our young men, who are at present groping in dark and pitiable ignorance of the habits of the untutored cow. Let the young man first learn how to sit up three nights in succession, through a bad March snow storm and "hold" a herd of restless cattle. Let him then ride through the hot sun and alkali dust a week or two, subsisting on a chunk of disagreeable side pork just large enough to bait a trap. Then let his horse fall on him and injure his constitution and preamble. All these things would give the cow student an idea of how to ride the range. The amateur who has never tried to ride a skittish and sulky range has still a great deal to learn.

Perhaps I have said too much on this subject, but when I get thoroughly awakened on this great porterhouse steak problem I am apt to carry the matter too far.

Overheard in Dudedom.

"Why, Awthaw, what makes youah hand twemble so?"

"Does it twemble?"

"It quivaws like a what dy'e call it twee, deah boy, upon me soul it does."

"Well, no wondaw. I've just had a feawful set back. Only think of it, a fellaw spoke to me in the stweet that I don't know; nevaw saw him in me life befaw. I give you me honaw I didn't, and he had the awdacity to stop me and awsk faw a light faw his cigawette."

An Unaccommodating Postmaster.

"You seem unhappy," ventured a hotel loiterer to a glum-looking citizen of the woolly west yesterday.

"Guess you'd be so, too, if you lived where I do. I'm goin' on to Washington to see the president."

"Political trouble?"

"National trouble, sir; international trouble. Don't letters come from all over the globe, say now?"

"Oh, I see; something wrong in the postoffice department."

"Wrong! I should say there was. You see I live at Snag Forks, and Bill Wilkins he's been postmaster for nigh on to six years. At first he done the square thing. When the letters come they was dumped in a candle box on the bar-room

floor, and the boys had no trouble a findin' their mail. But Bill ain't the man he used ter be. He's got as unaccommodatin' as a Texas steer. Fust he moved the box to the counter, and we had to nearly break our arms a-divin' fer the letters. Then if the durned coyote didn't get a new painted consarn with glass in front so we couldn't git at the mail at all, and, as if that weren't insult enough to honest men, he went to work, rigged up a lot of boxes, and hang me if he didn't put locks on to 'em and go to chargin' storage. I just tell you I'll git that Bill Wilkins out of that there place or die fur it, now you see."

Why the Shad is Bony.

When an angel made shad
The devil was mad,
For it seemed such a feast of delight,
So, to punish the giver,
He plunged in the river,
And stuck in the bones out of spite.

But when the strawberries red
First illumined their bed
The angel looked on and was glad;
But the devil, 'tis said,
Fairly pounded his head,
For he'd used all the bones for the shad!

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THE DOCTOR'S PROFANITY. P. 103.

The Doctor's Profanity.

Dr. Sundel was a society swell who liked to air his Latin. He had taken an acquaintance to call on Mrs. Parvenu, and the man had never gone back again, and when the lady saw the doctor she asked him about it.

"Ah, doctor," she said, "where is your friend?"

"Not my friend, madam," corrected the doctor; "he was merely a quondam acquaintance."

"Sir!" exclaimed the lady, in horrified amazement. "I don't know the relation existing, but if you cannot express yourself in ladies' company without profanity, you had better follow your friend."

A Quiet Chat.

J——is a wideawake young business man on State street. Sauntering about at the Art club exhibition recently, he chanced to meet a friend, a deaf mute, who was conversing with a companion in sign language. Greeting J——cordially the deaf mute drew out a pocket pad and pencil and after a brief pencil and paper conversation introduced his companion by the same means and shortly after withdrew.

J——and the gentleman discussed the pictures pleasantly for twenty minutes or more, meanwhile

covering the backs of sundry envelopes and scraps of paper with their pencilings, when a fourth character in this little drama came upon the scene, a friend of J——'s new-made acquaintance.

"Hello, George!" said the new-made acquaintance to the new comer, familiarly, "how do you like the pictures this year?"

"Thunder and Mars!" exclaimed J—— in surprise, "can you talk?"

"Well, I should say so," said the gentleman, equally surprised, as he suddenly put away pencil and paper. "Ain't *you* deaf and dumb?"

"Not by a good deal!" J—— replied, thrusting into his pocket an envelope nearly covered with pencil marks, "but I'll kill Dummy next time I meet him."

A Good Indorsement.

We never speak as we pass by,
Although a tear bedims his eye;
I know he thinks of when he wrote
His name across my three-months' note.

—*Puck.*

Kicking Made No Difference.

"A little story" brings to mind with renewed force the old proverb, "truth is stranger than fic-

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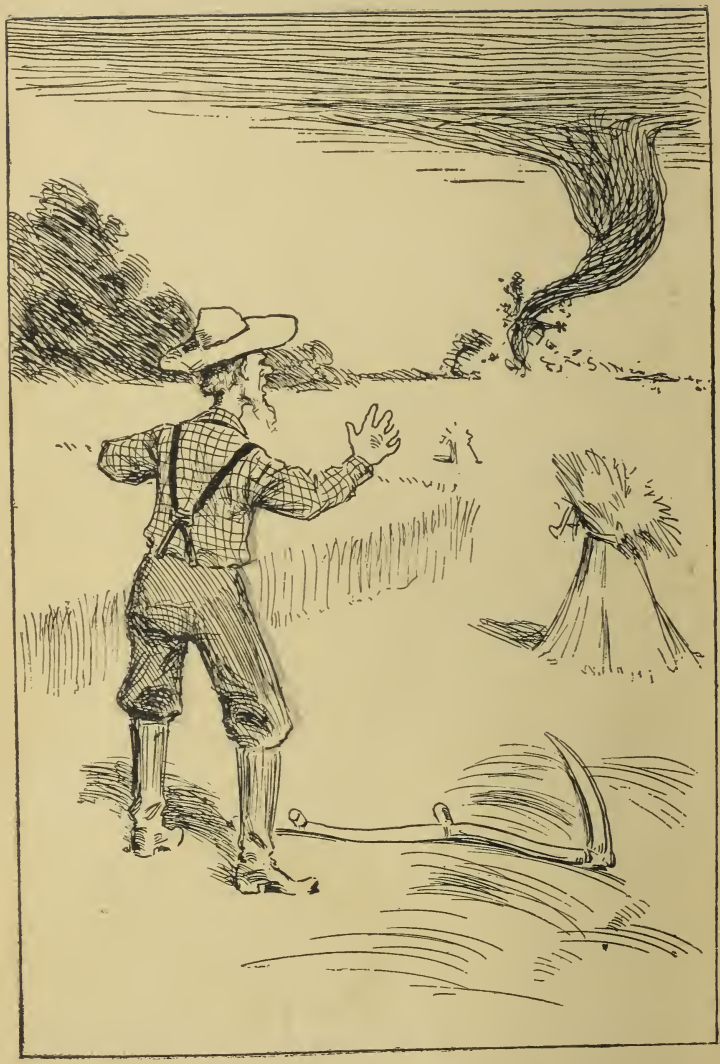

THE CYCLONE SWOOPED DOWN. P. 106.

tion." We were talking of what disposition to make of a kicking cow, when our hired man said:

"I guess I can find a customer for her. There's an Irishman up in R—— who bought a cow from one of our neighbors. He told the Irishman that he must tell him one thing about the cow before he closed the bargain—that the cow would sometimes kick."

"The tender "God-ordained protector" of our sex replied:

"That makes no difference; my wife does the milking."

I have often heard such things told, and have sometimes thought they must have been made up "to point a moral or adorn a tale." But this is a fact; for I questioned the man about it and he said he knew it was true.

CYCLONES.

BILLIE NYE.

We were riding along on the bounding train yesterday, and some one spoke of the free and democratic way that people in this country got acquainted with each other while traveling. Then we got to talking about railway sociability and railway etiquette, when a young man from East

Jasper, who had wildly jumped and grabbed his valise every time the train hesitated, said that it was queer what railway travel would do in the way of throwing people together. He said that in Nebraska once he and a large, corpulent gentleman, both total strangers, were thrown together while trying to jump a washout, and an intimacy sprang up between them that had ripened into open hostility.

From that we got to talking about natural phenomena and storms. I spoke of the cyclone with some feeling and a little bitterness, perhaps, briefly telling my own experience, and making the storm as loud and wet and violent as possible.

Then a gentleman from Kansas, named George L. Murdock, an old cattleman, was telling of a cyclone that came across his range two years ago last September. The sky was clear to begin with, and then all at once, as Mr. Murdock states, a little cloud no larger than a man's hand might have been seen. It moved toward the southwest gently, with its hands in its pockets for a few moments, and then Mr. Murdock discovered that it was of a pale-green color, about sixteen hands high, with dark-blue mane and tail. About a mile from where he stood the cyclone, with great force, swooped down and, with a muffled roar, swept a quarter-section of land out from under a heavy mortgage without injuring the

mortgage in the least. He says that people came for miles the following day to see the mortgage, still on file at the office of the register of deeds and just as good as ever.

Then a gentleman named Bean, of western Minnesota, a man who went there in an early day and homesteaded it when his nearest neighbor was fifty miles away, spoke of a cyclone that visited his county before the telegraph or railroad had penetrated that part of the state.

Mr. Bean said it was very clear up to the moment that he noticed a cloud in the northwest no larger than a man's hand. It sauntered down in a southwesterly direction like a cyclone that had all summer to do its chores in. Then it gave two quick snorts and a roar, wiped out of existence all the farm buildings he had, sucked the well dry, soured all the milk in the milk house, and spread desolation all over that quarter-section. But Mr. Bean said that the most remarkable thing he remembered was this: He had dug about a pint of angle worms that morning, intending to go over to the lake toward evening and catch a few perch. But when the cyclone came it picked up those angle worms and drove them head first through his new grindstone without injuiring the worms or impairing the grindstone. He would have had the grindstone photographed, he said, if the angle

worms could have been kept still long enough. He said that they were driven just far enough through to hang on the other side like a lambrequin.

The cyclone is certainly a wonderful phenomenon, its movements are so erratic, and in direct violation of all known rules.

Mr. Louis P. Barker of northern Iowa was also on the car, and he described a cyclone that he saw in the '70s along in September at the close of a hot but clear day. The first intimation that Mr. Barker had of an approaching storm was a small cloud no larger than a man's hand which he discovered moving slowly toward the southwest with a gyratory movement. It then appeared to be a funnel-shaped cloud which passed along near the surface of the ground with its apex now and then lightly touching a barn or a well, and pulling it out by the roots. It would then bound lightly into the air and spit on its hands. What he noticed most carefully on the following day was the wonderful evidences of its powerful suction. It sucked a milch cow absolutely dry, pulled all the water out of his cistern, and then went around to the waste-water pipe that led from the bath-room and drew a 2-year-old child, who was taking a bath at the time, clear down through the two-inch waste-pipe, a distance of 150 feet. He had two inches of the pipe with him and a lock of hair from the child's head.

It is such circumstances as these, coming to us from the mouths of eye-witnesses, that lead us to exclaim: How prolific is nature and how wonderful are all her works—including poor, weak man! Man, who comes into the world clothed in a little brief authority, perhaps, and nothing else to speak of. He rises up in the morning, prevaricates, and dies. Where are our best liars to-day? Look for them where you will and you will find that they are passing away. Go into the cemetery and there you will find them mingling with the dust, but striving still to perpetuate their business by marking their tombs with a gentle prevarication, chiseled in enduring stone.

I have heard it intimated by people who seemed to know what they were talking about that truth is mighty and will prevail, but I do not see much show for her till the cyclone season is over.

He Ought to Pay Some of Them.

A gentleman met Senator Beck yesterday for the first time in a dozen years, and the greeting was cordial.

"Ah, senator," said the friend, "you don't look a day older than you did the last time I saw you."

"I'm a little grayer, possibly," suggested the senator, with a pleased smile.

"You are looking in excellent health, too," pursued the friend.

"Thank you. And do you know," continued the senator, "that I am 64 years old and I never paid but one doctor's bill in my life, and that for a broken arm?"

"Is that so?" asked the friend in surprise.

"Fact, I assure you."

"Well, senator," said the friend, with a significant smile, "don't you think it is almost time you were paying some of them and preserving your credit?"

The senator moved for an executive session and presented a bill of explanations.

THE FIRST PRIZE.

Fond Husband—Well, my dear what are you sobbing about?

Young Wife—Why, that sponge cake I sent to the agricultural fair has just taken the first prize. Boo-hoo.

Fond Husband—What is there to cry about in that? You ought to feel proud, my dear, of your knowledge of the culinary art.

Young Wife—But you don't understand. The judges gave it the award as the best specimen of concrete sent in. Boo-hoo.—*Chicago Rambler.*

GOOD REASON FOR WALKING SO FAR. P. 111.

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Good Reason for Walking so Far.

Lady of the House (to constant seeker of pecuniary assistance) — Here again, Mrs. Maloney? Now, why have you walked all this distance?

Mrs. Maloney—Shure, mum, if yez knew the agony me feet are givin' uv me ye'd not wondher oi tramped five miles to see yez.

A Child Romancer.

The imagination of a 3-year-old boy is often a stupendous thing. One can't help wondering how much a child of that age believes of his own big stories. This one for example:

"I went out in de front yard dis morning," said Benny, "and I saw a 'nawful big horse up in a tree, and I took a gun and shooted it, and I tooked it into de house and my mamma picked de fedders off it and cooked it for breksit!"

The Two Beaux.

Two beaux had the beautiful maiden,
Two beaux she had waiting upon her;
One vowed that he loved her, the other one praised her,
And the one that praised her won her.

On the Wedding Journey.

He—My dear, are you comfortable over there in the corner?

She—Quite comfortable, darling.

He—You are quite sure you are not cold?

She—Not at all.

He—No draught from the window?

She—None, thanks.

He—Well, then, I will change seats with you?

Wanted to Keep the Watch.

A man came into the store with a battered old watch which he wanted repaired. One of the clerks looked at it and remarked that it was almost past mending.

"Yes," said the other, "but I want to keep that watch. It was given to me by my brother on his death bed, and I want to preserve it as a momentum.

A Cute Sign.

A Clark street justice, who makes a specialty of remarrying divorced couples who have become reconciled, hangs out the sign, "Repairing neatly done."

TAKEN FROM "LIFE."

Tom—How's that cold of yours?

Bert—Oh! I got rid of it.

Tom—What did you take?

Bert—A fresh one.

Diffident Lover—I know that I am a perfect bear in my manner.

She—Sheep, you mean; bears hug people—you do nothing but bleat.

Yes, John Henry, an umpire might be called a man of judgement, but you'd better not let him hear you making any such jokes in his vicinity. He might bat you on the head, base man!

Customer (in restaurant)—I ordered some cheese, waiter.

Waiter—Yes, sah. I done brought it, sah.

Customer—Well, where is it, then?

Waiter—Didn't yo' eat it?

Customer—Eat it? Certainly not.

Waiter—Den I 'spects it must a got away, sah.

EVERYBODY KNEW HIM.

C. P. Kimball, of Chicago, who is the United States consul at Stuttgart under this administra-

tion, is one of the men who delights to tell good stories. He has a large fund from which to draw. I was chatting with him a day or two ago on his return from Germany for a business trip, when something was said about presidential candidates. The comparative obscurity of Mr. Cleveland at the time of his nomination was mentioned.

"That always reminds me of a New Hampshire story," said Mr. Kimball. "I was stopping in New Hampshire for a few days when Lincoln was nominated at Chicago. An old countryman from a little village back in the country had come to town and was in the hotel office when the news came.

"'Who is this man Lincoln?' he asked.

"There was some explanation and the old fellow went on: "Well, I'm afeard theyv'e made a mistake. They ought to have nominated a man that was more ginerally known. They should have come to our town and nominated 'Squire Ichabod Bartlett. Everybody knows him.'"

CATECHISERY.

First small boy—Say, Johnny, where are you in Sunday School?

Second small boy—Oh, we're in the middle of original sin.

First small boy—That ain't much; we're past redemption.

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NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN. P. 115.

NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

Little boy (studying his Latin lesson)—Pa, what does "mort" mean?

Pa (ex-alderman and builder)—Is that word in your book?

Little boy—Yes.

Pa—Well, it means "more mortar," but I didn't know it was a Latin word.

LOTTIE'S LAST CHANCE AND SHE TOOK IT.

There was a wedding breakfast. The groom to the little girl: "You have a new brother now, you know."

"Yeth," responded the little one, "ma seth it wath Lottie's lasth chance, so she better take it."

The rest of the little one's talk was drowned in a clatter of knives and forks.

LEGAL ASSISTANCE.

"I sent you an account of $25 for collection," said a man coming into the office of a Dakota lawyer.

"Yes, you did."

"What success have you had?"

"Sued him last week and got it."

"That's good. Give me the money and tell me the amount of your fees and I will pay you."

"My fees are $50. I have given you credit for the $25 collected—pay me another $25 and we'll be square."

"What!" gasped the man, "I don't see where I make anything by collecting the debt."

"Nothing, my dear sir, from a money point of view, but you have the satisfaction of knowing that a dishonest man has been brought to justice! You can use your own pleasure about paying that $25 now; I took the precaution to commence suit against you for the amount this morning."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

Not a Bad Grip.

"Isn't this road one of the roughest in the whole world?" asked a traveler over a Missouri branch, of the conductor.

"No, I don't think so," was the complacent reply.

"But—great heavens!—good lands!—what do you call this?" shouted the passenger, as he hung to the seat.

"The hind trucks are off the rail sir—nothing more. You can't expect to run on the ties without some little unpleasantness, although the engineer will do his best to reduce it to the minimum."

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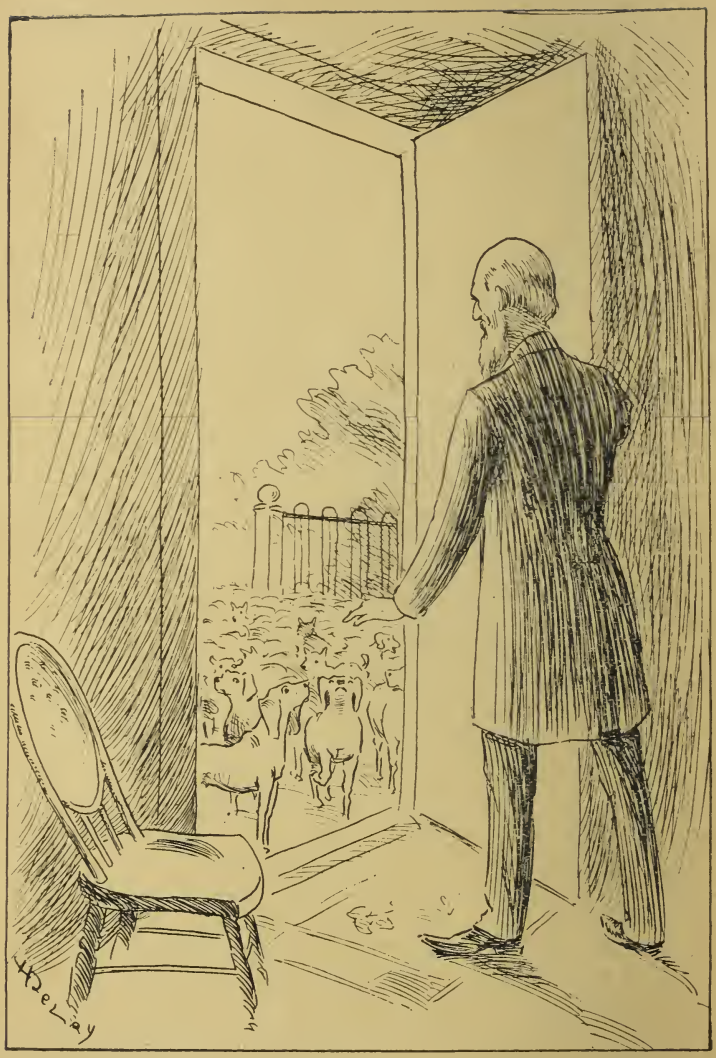

A FAR-REACHING MULTITUDE OF DOGS. P. 119.

Mark Twain's Amusing Sequels to Several Anecdotes.

All my life, from boyhood up, I have had the habit of reading a certain set of anecdotes written in the quaint vein of the *World's* ingenious Fabulist, for the lesson they taught me and the pleasure they gave me. They lay always convenient to my hand, and whenever I thought meanly of my kind I turned to them, and they banished that sentiment; whenever I felt myself to be selfish, sordid, and ignoble, I turned to them, and they told me what to do to win back my self-respect. Many times I wished that the charming anecdotes had not stopped with their happy climaxes, but had continued the pleasing history of the several benefactors and beneficiaries. This wish rose in my breast so persistently that at last I determined to satisfy it by seeking out the sequels of those anecdotes myself. So I set about it, and after great labor and tedious research accomplished my task. I will lay the result before you, giving you each anecdote in its turn, and following it with its sequel as I gathered it through my investigations.

The Grateful Poodle.—One day a benevolent physican (who had read the books), having found a stray poodle suffering from a broken leg, conveyed the poor creature home, and, after setting and ban-

daging the injured limb, gave the little out-cast his liberty again, and thought no more about the matter. But how great was his surprise, upon opening his door one morning, some days later, to find the grateful poodle patiently waiting there, and in its company another stray dog, one of whose legs, by some accident, had been broken. The kind physician at once relieved the distressed animal, nor did he forget to admire the inscrutable goodness and mercy of God, who had been willing to use so humble an instrument as the poor outcast poodle for the inculcating of, etc., etc., etc.

Sequel.—The next morning the benevolent physician found the two dogs, beaming with gratitude, waiting at his door, and with them two other dogs, —cripples. The cripples were speedily healed, and the four went their way, leaving the benevolent physician more overcome by pious wonder than ever. The day passed, the morning came. There at the door sat now the four reconstructed dogs, and with them four others requiring reconstruction. This day also passed, and another morning came; and now sixteen dogs, eight of them newly crippled, occupied the sidewalk and the people were going around. By noon the broken legs were all set, but the pious wonder in the good physician's breast was beginning to get mixed with involuntary profanity. The sun rose once more, and exhibited

thirty-two dogs, sixteen of them with broken legs, occupying the sidewalk and half of the street; the human spectators took up the rest of the room. The cries of the wounded, the songs of the healed brutes, and the comments of the on-looking citizens made great and inspiring cheer, but traffic was interrupted in that street. The good physician hired a couple of assistant surgeons and got through his benevolent work before dark, first taking the precaution to cancel his church membership, so that he might express himself with the latitude which the case required.

But some things have their limits. When once more the morning dawned, and the good physician looked out upon a massed and far-reaching multitude of clamorous and beseeching dogs, he said, "I might as well acknowledge it, I have been fooled by the books; they only tell the pretty part of the story, and then stop. Fetch me the shot-gun; this thing has gone along far enough."

He issued forth with his weapon, and chanced to step upon the tail of the original poodle, who promply bit him in the leg. Now the great and good work which this poodle had been engaged in had engendered in him such a mighty and augmenting enthusiasm as to turn his weak head at last and drive him mad. A month later, when the benevolent physician lay in the death throes of hydro-

phobia, he called his weeping friends about him, and said:

"Beware of the books. They tell but half of the story. Whenever a poor wretch asks you for help, and you feel a doubt as to what result may follow from your benevolence, give yourself the benefit of the doubt and kill the applicant."

And so saying, he turned his face to the wall and gave up the ghost.

THE GRATEFUL HUSBAND.—One day a lady was driving through the principal street of a great city with her little boy, when the horses took fright and dashed madly away, hurling the coachman from his box and leaving the occupants of the carriage paralyzed with terror. But a brave youth who was driving a grocery wagon threw himself before the plunging animals, and succeeded in arresting their flight at the peril of his own.* The grateful lady took his number, and upon arriving at her home related the heroic act to her husband (who had read the books), who listened with streaming eyes to the moving recital, and who, after returning thanks, in conjunction with his restored loved ones, to Him who suffereth not even a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed, sent for the brave young person, and, placing a check for $500 in his hand, said: "Take this as a reward for your noble act,

* This is probably a misprint.—*M. T.*

William Ferguson, and, if ever you shall need a friend, remember that Thompson McSpadden has a grateful heart."

Let us learn from this that a good deed cannot fail to benefit the doer, however humble he may be.

Sequel.—William Furguson called the next week and asked Mr. McSpadden, to use his influence to get him a higher employment, he feeling capable of better things than driving a grocer's wagon. Mr. McSpadden got him an under-clerkship at a good salary.

Presently William Ferguson's mother fell sick, and William—well, to cut the story short, Mr. McSpadden consented to take her into his house. Before long she yearned for the society of her younger children: so Mary and Julia were admitted also, and little Jimmy, their brother. Jimmy had a pocket-knife, and he wandered into the drawing-room with it one day, alone, and reduced $10,000 worth of furniture to an indeterminable value in rather less than three-quarters of an hour. A day or two later he fell down stairs and broke his neck, and seventeen of his family's relatives came to the house to attend the funderal. This made them acquainted, and they kept the kitchen occupied after that, and likewise kept the McSpaddens busy hunting up situations of various sorts for them, and hunting up more when they wore these out. The

old woman drank a good deal and swore a good deal; but the grateful McSpaddens knew it was their duty to reform her, considering what her son had done for them, so they clave nobly to their generous task. William came often and got decreasing sums of money, and asked for higher and more lucrative employments,—which the grateful McSpadden more or less promptly procured for him. McSpadden consented also, after some demur, to fit William for college; but when the first vacation came, and the hero requested to be sent to Europe for his health, the persecuted McSpadden rose against the tyrant and revolted. He plainly and squarely refused. William Ferguson's mother was so astonished that she let her gin-bottle drop and her profane lips refused to do their office. When she recovered, she said in a half-gasp, "Is this your gratitude? Where would your wife and boy be now but for my son?"

William said, "Is this your gratitude! Did I save your wife's life or not? Tell me that!"

Seven relations swarmed in from the kitchen and each said, "And this is his gratitude!"

William's sisters stared, bewildered, and said, "And this is his grat—" but were interrupted by their mother, who burst into tears and exclaimed, "To think that my sainted little Jimmy threw away his life in the service of such a reptile!"

Then the pluck of the revolutionary McSpadden rose to the occasion, and he replied with fervor, "Out of my house, the whole beggarly tribe of you! I was beguiled by the books, but shall never be beguiled again,—once is sufficient for me." And turning to William, he shouted, "Yes you did save my wife's life, and the next man that does it shall die in his tracks!"

Not being a clergyman, I place my text at the end of my sermon instead of at the beginning. Here it is, from Mr. Noah Brooks' Recollections of President Lincoln.

"J. H. Hackett, in his part of *Falstaff*, was an actor who gave Mr. Lincoln great delight. With his usual desire to signify to others his sense of obligation, Mr. Lincoln wrote a genial little note to the actor, expressing his pleasure at witnessing his performance. Mr. Hackett, in reply, sent a book of some sort; perhaps it was one of his own authorship. He also wrote several notes to the President. One night, quite late, when the episode had passed out of my mind, I went to the White House in answer to a message. Passing into the President's office, I noticed, to my surprise, Hackett sitting in the anteroom as if waiting for an audience. The Preident asked me if any one was outside. On being told, he said, half sadly, "Oh, I can't see him, I can't see him: I was in hopes he had gone away.'

Then he added, 'Now this just illustrates the difficulty of having pleasant friends and acquaintances in this place. You know how I liked Hackett as an actor and how I wrote to tell him so. He sent me that book and there I thought the matter would end. He is a master of his place in the profession, I suppose, and well fixed in it; but just because we had a little friendly correspondence, such as any two men might have, he wants something. What do you suppose he wants?' I could not guess, and Mr. Lincoln added: 'Well, he wants to be Consul to London, Oh, dear!' "

I will observe, in conclusion, that the William Ferguson incident occurred, and within my personal knowledge, though I have changed the nature of the details to keep William from recognizing himself in it.

All the readers of this article have in some sweet and gushing hour of their lives played the role of Magnanimous-Incident hero. I wish I knew how many there are among them who are willing to talk about that episode, and like to be reminded of the consequences that flowed from it.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S EARLY LIFE.

Mr. B. P. Shillaber has been writing a bright and graceful article concerning the good old lady

—Mrs. Partington. Her first innocently wise saying was inspired by a remark of one of the newspaper men, on a night when a steamer from England had brought news of an advance in breadstuffs, who said he did not care, as he bought his flour by the half-dollar's worth.—"Mrs. Partington" was then made to say, in the little paragraph that Mr. Shillaber wrote, that it made "no difference to her whether flour was dear or cheap, as she always received just so much for a half dollar's worth." This was copied the next day, and the inducement was thus offered to try again. This meeting with like success, they were kept on, until Mrs. P., as she expressed it, had obtained a "memento" she could not check.—Mr. Shillaber adds: "Mrs. Partington" was an entirely new creation, for I had never seen the 'Rivals' acted, nor read it, and though I knew, from extracts in comic compilations, of Mrs. Malaprop's existence and character, it moved no pulse of my ambition. The real inspiration which prompted the effort to continue the Partington sayings, when the idea took positive form, was the constant hearing of expressions, by very excellent people, that seemed too funny to be allowed to pass into forgetfulness,—queer errors, inadvertantly made, and otherwise."

SPYING.

I sit in the light-house tower
With a spy-glass in my hand,
And to test its wondrous power
I scan the sea and land.

The long day nears its ending
The sun sinks to the sea,
The sunset colors blending
In gentle harmony.

The beach is still and lonely,
No one but me is near,
The glass discloses only
A couple on the pier.

Far out from land they're sitting,
She nestling close to him,
And with ardor unremitting
They spoon in the twilight dim.

Her head upon his shoulder,
She sits in perfect bliss,
And smiles when he grows bolder
And steals from her a kiss.

And I mildly wonder whether
They would sit upon the pier,
And spoon like that together
If they knew that I was here.

IN PERFECT BLISS P. 126.

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A Decided Advantage.

"Yes," remarked a Kentucky man at the Long Credit Hotel yesterday afternoon, "we've never thought much of Chicago down our way, sah, but you folks show mighty good sense in some things."

"I flatter myself we do," returned the host, genially.

"No doubt of it, sah, and what pleases me most, sah, is the way you have of keeping disagreeable things out of sight."

"Yes?"

"Now take your tunnels, sah, what a glorious advantage they are!"

"H'm, h'm; yes—of—course," answered the host, dubiously, "but I don't quite understand what disagreeable thing they keep out of sight."

"Water, sah, water."

What They Said.

We were walking in the woodlands, Loo and I,
And it seemed I'd never seen so fair a sky
As the one that bended o'er us,
Or heard e'er so sweet a chorus
As the birds sang to us as we wandered by.

That we were a pair of lovers well they knew,
For the wood doves started in their mournful coo,

And an old owl who was hidden
In a tapering birch, unbidden,
Remarked: "To-woo, to-woo, to-woo, to-woo!"

I was full of prostestations—most men are—
I compared my love to an eternal star,
When a frowsy old bell wether,
Who had somehow slipped his tether,
Gave a scornful "Bah!" which set my nerves ajar.

Such irrelevancy knocks the romance some,
So I walked on toward the lakelet—hushed and dumb.
There beneath the boughs enlacing,
Paused we for a fond embracing,
And a frog who watched us gurgled out: "Yum-yum!"

I told her all the future held in fee,
Of the money I could hoard as an M. D.,
When a venerable drake
Came paddling from the lake
And cried out "Quack!" derisively at me.

Then I fled in haste that woodland scene away,
And I haven't gone there since, and never may,
For I've reached the sad conclusion
That birds' and beasts' intrusion
In love affairs will make one lose the day!

—*Texas Siftings.*

Mark Twain's Watch.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery, or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgements about the time of day, and to consider its constitution and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by-and-by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow —regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two

months it had left all the timepieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I had ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dice dox into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling, besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned, and oiled, and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains; I failed all appointments; I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by-and-by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again.—He took the watch all to pieces

while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch *averaged* well, but nothing more. For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct avearge is only a mild virtue in a watch and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broke. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days,

but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, and turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there seemed to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it and then gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make out the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my time-piece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then she would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-question him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all

the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—

"She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!"

I floored him on the spot.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) used to say that a good horse was a good horse until he had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it.

HE WAS BOLD AND BAD.

You would think to hear him talk awhile he had fought with bear and crocodile,
And conquered shark, and snake, and chimpanzee;
He was valiant, brave, and mighty, and as tough as lignum-vitæ,
Smart as lubricated lightning lunging through immensity!

He had killed and tanned a cannibal (and he found him very tannable)
And had slaughtered many a murd'rous Esquimo;
He had thrust his livid dagger through the heart's core of the jaguar,
Killed a Patagonian giant before breakfast, "Don't you know!"

But despite Parisian Pasteur, that great hydrophobic master,
A mad-dog through his village once did flee,
And he had such fear of rabies that he overturned two babies,
And in wild, bareheaded fury rushed to climb the nearest tree!

In Mourning.

"Is Miss —— in?"

"No, miss."

"But I saw her at the window when I drove up."

"Very likely, miss, but you see Miss —— isn't receiving to-day. Her terrier died yesterday and her mourning isn't ready."

Could Stand It if Wales Could.

"What are you going to have for supper, Snobson?"

"I want a gwilled mawow bone and some dayvilled kidneys, deah boy."

"That's a pretty heavy supper, isn't it, old man?"

"Cawn't help it, me boy. It's what Wales goes in faw now, and weally, you know, if he can stand it I guess I can."

"AND HER MOURNING ISN'T READY." P. 134.

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If.

If we had lived in younger days,
When minstrels sang their ladies' praise
In listening courts to kings—
What music from the raptured strings
I then had won to name her face
And peerless grace!

In these brave days, when knightly love
Fared forth its constancy to prove—
If we had lived, how gladly I
Had faced the foe and tourney cry
To meet brave death or deathless fame
In her dear name!

But since we are condemned by fate
To walk the earth so sadly late—
I lay aside both lance and rhyme
And in the manner of the time,
To prove what passion in me thrills,
I—pay her bills!

A Knock-Down Argument.

"I had a knock-down argument with the superintendent this morning," said a street car conductor to an acquaintance.

"How was that?"

"He accused me of knocking down fares and discharged me on the spot."

He Was Shocked.

Two seconds wait upon their principal to give him an account of their mission to his adversary.

"You will fight with pistols."

"Will the pistols be loaded?"

"Parbleu, of course."

"With bullets?"

"Certainly, yes!"

Their principal frowns.

"With bullets! But I only meant a friendly encounter, and not a combat of savages."—*Galignani's Messenger.*.

Looking for Company.

The average small boy of the present day is seldom at a loss for something to say, even in the most embarrassing situations. Bobby, a precocious youth of 6 summers, had been indulging in profanity, and in order to escape the punishment for which his mother had made preparations he crawled under a barn and remained there in a state of siege for the greater part of an afternoon. When his father returned at night and learned how matters stood he made his way with much difficulty under the barn in search of the boy. "Hello, pa," said Bobby cheerfully, as his sire approached, "you been swearing, too?"

SECRETS.

"Where goest thou this summer, Fred,
To Europe or the mountains?
Wilt seek the Newport gayeties
Or Saratoga's fountains?"
"Well, no, old chappie, I believe,
Although it's not so tony,
That I shall take, when funds allow,
A day off down at Coney."

"And you, Miss Vere de Vere, which spot
Shalt thou this summer honor?
Shall Venice from a gondola
Have beauty thrust upon her?
Or, say, shall lovers in Castile
Sing sonnets neath thy casement?"
"Hush! Don't let pussy leave the bag;
We summer in the basement."

THREE COURTS.

"My master is courting all the time nowadays," observed a servant.

"Indeed! How's that?"

"At 10 in the morning he's in the police court; at 1 he's in the divorce court, and at 4 he can be found in the tennis court."

He Naturally Felt Playful.

Lawyer (joyfully)—How do you feel now?

Condemned Murderer (who has just been reprieved)—As playful as a child, my boy.

Lawyer (slapping him on the back)—Ah, I see; you have just skipped a rope.—*The Judge.*

They Found Him Guilty.

In defending a client a San Bernardino lawyer recently remarked to the jury: "Gentlemen, you would not send a man to jail for a little thing like this. Why, gentlemen of the jury, if some of you had been punished for the little offenses you have committed you would be in the penitentiary to-day." Strangely enough, the jury found the accused guilty at once.

It Made a Difference.

They began to bore for natural gas in a town in southern Ohio last winter, the business being in the hands of a firm. Inside of two months they declared a dividend of 28 per cent. and formed a stock company. In six weeks after this latter event an assessment of 10 per cent. was levied.

"I want to know how this comes about," demanded an indignant stockholder, "If you made

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TAUGHT THAT FROG TO JUMP. P. 141.

28 per cent. profit by boring down 200 feet, how does it come that you have to assess us at 400?"

"Easy enough," answered the president. "The 28 per cent. was on expectations; the assessment is on stern reality. Somebody's got to pay for those extra 200 feet."

MARK TWAIN'S GREAT FROG STORY.

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result.—I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage, and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon

his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley, — *Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendant genius in *finesse*. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the

spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit *him*—any way so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied.

Well, this-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'lated to educate him: and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump.—And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of ketching flies, 'an kep' him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as fur as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do almost anything—and

I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink he'd spring straight up and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor agin as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do.—You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strongest suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up the money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that have traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kep' the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says:

"What might it be that you've got in the box?"

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent-like, "It

might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain't—its only just a frog."

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, "H'm—so 'tis. Well, what's *he* good for?"

"Well," Smiley says, easy and careless, "he's good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, "Well," says he, "I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

"May be you don't," Smiley says. "Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; maybe you've had experience, and maybe you ain't only an amateur, as it were.—Anyways, Iv'e got *my* opinion, and I'll resk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county."

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad-like, "Well, I'm only a stranger here, and I ain't got no frog; but if I had a frog, I'd bet you."

And then Smiley says, "That's all right—that's all right—if you'll hold my box a minute, I'll go and get you a frog." And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prised his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

"Now, if you're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l's, and I'll give the word." Then he says, "One—two—three—*git!*" and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off lively, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it warn't no use—he couldn't budge; he was planted as solid as a church, and he couldn't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—so—at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, "Well," he says, "I don't see no p'ints about that frog that's any better'n any other frog."

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking

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HE BELCHED OUT A DOUBLE HANDFUL OF SHOT. P. 145.

down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, "I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for—I wonder if their ain't something the matter with him—he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow."—And ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and hefted him, and says "Why, blame my cats if he don't weigh five pounds!" and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—"

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said, "Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain't going to be gone a second."

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas W.* Smiley, and so I started away.

A PRECISE WITNESS.

Justice of the Peace—Did the prisoner strike him with malice aforethought?

Witness—No, your honor. He hit him wid his fisht.

OSCULATION.

What is osculation, dear?
'Tis an aggregation here
Of exquisite sweetness
Making love's completeness;—
Please allow me
To show how ye:—
This—and this—is osculation!

—*Eely O'Malley.*

AN IRISH DEBT.

Sir Walter Scott met an Irish beggar in the street, who importuned for sixpence. The great unknown, not having one, gave him a shilling, and said, with a laugh: "Now, remember, you owe me sixpence."

"Och, sure enough," said the beggar, "and God grant you may live till I pay you!"

COLD IN CONFIDENCE.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you?"

"Is it betraying, you call it? Sure, when I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody in whose ability I had more confidence than in my own?"

TOLD IN CONFIDENCE. P. 146.

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The Bad Little Boy who Didn't Come to Grief.

MARK TWAIN.

Once there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim; though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James, in your Sunday school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious, and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in a grave, and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday School books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim; and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption, or anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise; and she was not pious: moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much

loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep; and she never kissed him good-night; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this bad little boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there, and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good, kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blesed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find is out, he denied knowing anything about it; and she whipped him severely; and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious; everything turned out differently with him

HE HELPED HIMSELF TO SOME JAM. P. 148.

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from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples; and the limb didn't break; and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no! he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange; nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs; and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on—nothing like it in any of the Sunday school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged

the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude, and say, "Spare this noble boy; there stands the cowering culprit. I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed." And then Jim didn't get whaled; and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No; it would have happened that way in the books; but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed; and Jim was glad of it, because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest things that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on

Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look and look and look through the Sunday school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no! You would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday invariably get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday; and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life; that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco; and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua-fortis. He stole his father's gun, and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off.

He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry; and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and

didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quite churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no! he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernalest, wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S GRIP.

"I think," said Mrs. Partington, getting up from the breakfast-table, "I will take a tower, or go upon a discursion. The bill says, if I collect rightly, that a party is to go to a very plural spot, and to mistake of a cold collection. I hope it won't be so cold as ours was for the poor last Sunday; why, there wasn't efficient to buy a feet of wood for a restitute widder." And the old lady put on her calash.

A Neat Reply.

An Irish officer in the French service solicited the king for some favor for a friend. The monarch, being in an angry mood, exclaimed, "I find you Irishmen very troublesome."

"Your enemies, sire, make the same remark," replied the officer, which so pleased the king that the favor requested was granted at once.

Josh Billings' Advice to a New Choir-Singer.

Dear Miss: This is an important epock into your life. The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little.

Put your hair in cirl papers every Friday nite soze to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair. If he is very rich buy some more and build it up high onto your head; then get a high-priced bunnit that runs up very high at the high part of it, and get the milliner to plant some high-grown artificials onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as soprano is the highest part.

When the tune is giv out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good eel.

Whisper to the girl next you that Em Jones, which sets on the 2d seet from the front on the

left-hand side, has her bunnit with the same color exact she had last year, and then put your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solow into it for the soprano. Coff and hem a good eel before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solow shake the artificials off your bunnit, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side, and open your mouth the widest on that side, shet the eyes on the same side just a triphle, and then put in for dear life.

When the preacher gets under hed way with his preachin, write a note on the blank leaf into the fourth part of your note book. That's what the blank leaf was made for. Git sumbody to pass the note to sumbody else, and you watch them while they read it, and then giggle.

If anybody talks or laffs in the congregashun, and the preacher takes notis of it, that's a goot chants for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great eel. The preacher darsent say anything to you bekaus you are in the quire, and he can't run the meetin' house at both ends without the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire, give him the mitten,—you ought to have somebody better now.

Don't forget to giggle.

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THE MEDDLESOME DUCKS. P. 155.

The Meddlesome Ducks.

"Mike, why don't you fire at those ducks? Don't you see you have got the whole flock before your gun?"

"Sure, I know I have; but, whin I get good aim at wan, two or thra others will swim roight betwixt it an' me."

Success With Small Fruits.

BURDETTE.

Formerly the blackberry was regarded as merely a bramble in this country. It is still quite generally so regarded. When a man gets to thinking it is not a bramble, all he has to do is to go waltzing around in a healthy patch, with nothing on him but a cotton shirt and a pair of tow trousers, and he will come out restored to the faith of his fathers. The greatest enemy the blackberry has is boys. Five boys, from town, can eat more green blackberries in a day than would ripen in a week. For many years the great desideratum has been a hardy berry that could resist the premature onslaught of boys from the town. It is a great desideratum still. The Schneider, a variety that was invented by an Iowa horticulturist, is the nearest approach to it. It is a bred from a perfectly green persimmon,

crossed with a dog-wood tree, and still further propagated with a hybrid of wormwood-bush and crab-apple. It is not a perfect defense, but there are very few boys who care to eat more than a quart of them. Nobody else, however, can go past the field where the Schneider is growing, without being attacked with Asiatic cholera, and this tends to weaken the partial success this hardy berry has achieved. Then there is a bug—I do not know the name of it—that crawls over the berries now and then. When you eat a berry that has been glorified by a visit from this bug, you lie down in the briers and pray Heaven to take you home in just about three seconds. And, if you live, you can wake up in the night, along in the middle of the next winter, and shudder as you taste of that berry.

When your blackberries grow too thickly, you will want to thin them out. To this end you must kill some of them. This can be done by digging a well where the plant stands, then turn the farm upside down and let it dry out thoroughly for a couple of years, and then turn it over, upside down, and start a brick-yard on the back of it. This will kill off some of the plants. There may be some shorter and cheaper method of killing blackberry bushes than this, but I never heard of it, and it isn't likely that there is any.

If you want to devote about forty acres of ground to the cultivation of blackberries, plant about three healthy vines in some corner of the field, about the 1st of April. Then, about the 1st of May, the man who owns the farm on the other side of the road will bring civil action against you, and try to collect damages for destruction of his two fields of wheat by a raid of blackberry vines.

It is not known just at what season of the year blackberries ripen. The blackberry has never been known to ripen. If the hucksters and boys should all die in June, it is probable that the berries would ripen some time in July or August. But they have never had a chance to see what they could do at ripening.

The blackberry is so named because it is blue, in order to distinguish it from the blueberry, which is black.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

MARK TWAIN ON THE ANT.

In his "Tramp Abroad," Mark says: "Now and then, while we rested, we watched the laborious ant at his work. I found nothing new in him—certainly nothing to change my opinion of him. It seems to be that in the matter of intellect the ant must be a strangely overrated bird. During many summers now I have watched him, when I ought

to have been in better business, and I have not yet come across a living ant that seemed to have any more sense than a dead one. I refer to the ordinary ant, of course; I have had no experience of those wonderful Swiss and African ones which vote, keep drilled armies, hold slaves, and dispute about religion. Those particular ants may be all that the naturalists paint them, but I am persuaded that the average ant is a sham. I admit his industry, of course; he is the hardest-working creature in the world—when anybody is looking—but his leather-headedness is the point I make against him. He goes out foraging, he makes a capture, and then what does he do? Go home? No, he goes anywhere but home. He doesn't know where home is. His home may be only three feet away; no matter, he can't find it.

"He makes his capture, as I have said; it is generally something that can be of no sort of use to himself or anybody else; it is usually seven times bigger than it ought to be; he hunts out the awkwardest place to take hold of; he lifts it bodily up in the air by main force, and starts—not toward home, but in the opposite direction; not calmly and wisely, but with a frantic haste which is wasteful of his strength; he fetches up against a pebble, and, instead of going around it, he climbs over it backwards, dragging his booty after him, tumbles

down the other side, jumps up in a passion, kicks the dust off his clothes, moistens his hands, grabs his property viciously, yanks it this way, then that, shoves it ahead of him a moment, turns tail and lugs it after him another moment, gets madder and madder, then presently hoists it into the air and goes tearing away in an entirely new direction: comes to a weed; it never occurs to him to go around it. No; he must climb it, and he does climb it, dragging his worthless property to the top —which is as bright a thing to do as it would be for me to carry a sack of flour from Heildelberg to Paris by way of Strasburg steeple; when he gets up there he finds that that is not the place; takes a cursory glance at the scenery, and either climbs down again or tumbles down, and starts off once more—as usual, in a new direction.

"At the end of half an hour he fetches up within six inches of the place he started from, and lays his burden down. Meantime he has been over all the ground for two yards round, and climbed all the weeds and pebbles he came across. Now he wipes the sweat from his brow, strokes his limbs, and then marches aimlessly off, in as violent a hurry as ever."

BRO. GARDNER'S LIMEKILN CLUB.

"Las nite, soon arter de bells struck 'leben," began the old man as the meeting opened, "some pusson to me unknown hurled a ten-poun' rock agin my front doah. By de time I could get outer bed an' git my collar an' neck-tie on de said pusson had made his escape. I has libed in dis town risin' of nineteen y'ars, an' dis am de fust time I war eber disturbed. It shows dat sounthin' said heah agin some of de bad habits which some of our cullud folkses has fallen into has hit de mark an' gone home. I shall, howsumbeber, keep right on talkin' to de bes' ob my ability, and would furder add dat if I cotch any low-down man in de act of bangin' my house wid a rock, I shall, for de space of de succeedin' seben minnits, forgit dat I eber jined de church or rung de bell for de Thursday ebenin' prayer-meetin'. I menshun dis circumstance simply bekase dar was a report on de streets yesterday dat a murderer had broken inter my cabin an' killed de' ole woman an' crippled me for life. We will now purceed wid de straightaiged order of business."

The Committee on Agriculture submitted the following well-written report:

WHAR'AS, Great big red-cored watermellyons from de Stait of Alabama hev made dar 'pearance in market; an',

BRO. GARDNER. P. 160.

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WHAR'AS, De openin' of de mellyon sezun am an occashun fur gineral rejoicin' 'mong de cullud populashun; now, darforte,

Resolved, Dat dis Club does hereby rejoice an' soun' de loud cimball in honor of de event.

The report and resolution were accepted, and the janitor was instructed to see that the next meeting was supplied with at least ten large and well developed specimens of the watermelon tribe.

A communication from the office of the Secretary of the State of Indiana, signed "per Smith," inquired if the Limekiln Club was in harmony with an Indianapolis organization known as "The Dusky Knights of Honor." The said Association had been getting trusted for crackers and herrings on the strength of being a branch lodge of the Detroit Club.

The Secretary was instructed to repudiate the organization, tooth and nail, and to forward a postal card to every Limekilner in Indiana, warning him to beware of it.

Some time since the relations between pastor and congregation in a certain colored church in Michigan became so inharmonious that it became necessary to bounce one party or the other. At a church meeting the preacher was called a liar, and in return he upset a deacon with a blow on the

jaw. It was decided to submit the case to Brother Gardner in the following form:

"'Sposen you was a preacher of de gospel, an' de leadin' elder of your church called you a liar?" Would you hit him or forgib him?"

"If dey wants my opinyun on dat case it can soon be gibben," said the old man as he rose up. "If I war a preacher of de gospel an' de leadin' elder, or any odder elder, called me a liah, an' he war in dead airnest, I'd light down on him like an elefant rollin' ober a lamb! Yes I would, an' den I'd ax him if he had any friends who wanted to see me wid my coat off an' my muscle worked up. I doan go a cent on de man who gets such a fill of religion dat folks can make a foot-ball of him."

George Washington Harmony, of Richmond, Va., forwarded a communication to the effect that he was the inventor of a patent whitewash brush which worked by means of a crank and hopper, and in case his expenses were paid to Detroit and back he would deliver three lectures on the patent, and present one to the Club. He further inquired if the membership tickets used by the Club would admit the bearer into a circus.

The Secretary was instructed to write for a cut of the invention, and to reply to the last inquiry that an arrangement had been proposed by Barnum, but the contract had not yet been signed. It may

be stated here that the tattoed man is an honorary member of the Club, and that Mr. Barnum has promised to present it with a stuffed giraffe at the earliest possible day.

A favorable opportunity having presented itself, the Glee Club wrestled with the following, which Giveadam Jones composed several weeks since, and which he wanted sung as an experiment:

Experience has amply proved,
And the fiat of the Medical
Faculty authenticates the
Statement, that quinine is

The most reliable specific
For malarial fevers and a
Tonic and nervine of singular
Efficiency. In its usual

Form the bitterness of the fla-
Vor constitutes an objection
To it with—"

At this point the President's gavel came down with such a bang that the musician who was playing the fastest and singing the loudest was nearly upset. Inquiries were made as to the author of the poem, and Mr. Jones was walked to the front and asked to explain. A few words convinced him that

his experiment was a failure, and he was warned that any further public efforts on his part to add to the harmony of the proceedings by song-writing would give him a seat on the back benches.

The Committee on Internal Improvements here announced their readiness to make a special report. Some days since Brother Samuel Shin, one of the charter members of the club, was charged with drunkenness, and the committee was instructed to investigate and bring their findings before the lodge. The report was as follows:

"De charge was dat on a certain day an' date Brudder Shin was noticed to fall down five times while gwine from a certain butcher-shop to his house, a distance of two blocks. Fo' white men an' a boy testified to dis fack befo' dis committee. Brudder Shin came befo' dis committee wid de statement dat when de wind am in de east and de air full o' 'lectricity he am subject to blindness, as was de case dat day. His statement am s'ported by his wife an' dorter, who hev eben known him to fall down on de doah-step at midnight. Dis committee, takin' all fings inter considerashun, hez arrove at de conclushun dat Brudder Shin hez cl'ared hisself of de charge of drunkenness, an' do so report."

There was deep silence for half a minute, and then Brother Gardner quietly observed:

"Brudder Shin, you hev bin investigated an' cl'ared of de charge, but in de fucher I want you to keep your eye on de wedder-vanes aroun' town, an' when you see de wind shiftin' do you make tracks fur hum. We will now dissolve.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mark Twain's Remarkable Gold Mines.

I have just seen your dispatch from San Francisco in Saturday's *Evening Post* about gold in solution in Calistoga Springs, and about the proprietor having extracted $1,600 in gold of the utmost fineness from ten barrels of water, during the past fortnight, by a process known only to himself.

This will surprise many of your readers, but it does not surprised me, for I once owned these springs myself. What does surprise me, however, is the falling off in richness of the water. In my time, the yield was a dollar a dipperful. I am not saying this to injure the property in case a sale is contemplated. I am saying it in the interest of history. It may be that this hotel proprietor's process may be an inferior one. Yes, that may be the fault. Mine was to take my uncle (I had an extra at that time, on account of his parents dying and leaving him on my hands) and fill him up and let

him stand fifteen minutes, to give the water a chance to settle. Well, then I insert him in an exhausted receiver, which had the effect of sucking gold out through his pores. I have taken more than $11,000 out of that old man in a day and a half.

I should have held on to those springs but for the badness of the roads and the difficulty of getting the gold to market. I consider that the gold-yielding water is in many repects remarkable, and yet no more remarkable than the gold-bearing air of Catgut Canon, up there toward the head of the auriferous range. This air or this wind, for it is a kind of trade wind which blows steadily down through 600 miles of the richest quartz croppings during an hour and a quarter every day, except Sundays, is heavily charged with exquisitely fine, impalpable gold.

Nothing precipitates and solidifies this gold so readily as contact with human flesh heated by passion. The time that William Abrahams was disappointed in love he used to step out doors when that wind was blowing, and come in again and begin to sigh, and I would extract over a dollar and a half out of every sigh. He sighed right along, and the time that John Harbison and Aleck Norton quarreled about Harbison's dog they stood there swearing at each other; and they knew how,

and what they did not know about swearing they couldn't learn from you and me, not by a good deal, and at the end of every three or four minutes they had to stop and make a dividend. If they didn't their jaws would clog up so that they couldn't get big nine-syllabled ones out at all, and when the wind was done blowing they cleared up just a little over $1,600 apiece. I know these facts to be absolutely true, because I got them from a man whose mother I knew personally.

I did not suppose a person could buy the water-privilege at Calistoga now at any price, but several good locations along the course of the Catgut Canon gold-bearing trade-wind are for sale. They are going to be stocked for the New York market. They will sell, too; people will swarm for them as thick as Hancock veterans in the South.

MARK TWAIN.

FAITHLESS SALLY BROWN.

Young Ben he was nice young man, a carpenter by trade; and he fell in love with Sally Brown, that was a lady's maid. But as they fetched a walk one day, they met a press-gang crew; and Sally she did faint away, while Ben he was brought to.

The boatswain swore with wicked words enough

to shock a saint, that though she did seem in a fit, 'twas nothing but a feint.

"Come, girl," said he, "hold up your head—he'll be as good as me; for when your swain is in our boat, a boatswain he will be."

So when they'd made their game of her, and taken off her elf, she roused, and found she only was a-coming to herself.

"And is he gone, and is he gone?" she cried and wept outright; "then I will to the water-side and see him out of sight."

A waterman came up to her: "Now, young woman," said he, "if you weep on so, you will make eye-water in the sea."

"Alas! they've taken my beau, Ben, to sail with old Benbow;" and her woe began to run afresh, as if she'd said "Gee woe!"

Says he, "They've only taken him to the tender ship, you see." "The tender ship!" cried Sally Brown—"what a hardship that must be! Oh! would I were a mermaid now, for then I'd follow him; but oh! I'm not a fish-woman, and so I cannot swim. Alas! I was not born beneath the Virgin and the Scales, so I must curse my cruel stars and walk about in Wales."

Now Ben had sailed to many a place that's underneath the world; but in two years the ship came home, and all her sails were furled. But

"BUT OH, I'M NOT A FISH-WOMAN!" P. 168.

U. OF ILL.

when he called on Sally Brown, to see how she got on, he found she'd got another Ben, whose Christian name was John. "Oh, Sally Brown! oh, Sally Brown! how could you serve me so? I've met with many a breeze before, but never such a blow!"

Then reading on his 'bacco box, he heaved a heavy sigh; and then began to eye his pipe, and then to pipe his eye. And then he tried to sing "All's well;" but could not, though he tried; his head was turned—and so he chewed his pigtail till he died. His death, which happened in his berth, at forty odd befell; they went and told the sexton, and the sexton tolled the bell.—*Thomas Hood.*

GOING ON AN EXCURSION.

They had been preparing for the excursion for about two weeks. The day at last dawned, and as the boat was to start early, the young wife determined to be on hand. The clock struck 8, and still she was in the kitchen, her hair down her back, packing edibles in her basket.

"Hurry up!" said John, her young husband.

"I'll be ready presently," and away she darted to blacken her shoes and put on a clean collar. Then she stuck her head out of the back window, to ask her next door neighbor to lend her a breastpin.

"Hurry up, John," said she. "You bring the basket. Now I'm all ready and am going down to the

boat. And, say, John, don't forget a box of sardines you'll find in the closet, and bring the pickles and tongue, and be sure and bring a big knife. Do you hear me, John?"

John reeled into the kitchen and began his work. He was interrupted by his wife's voice from below, yelling:

"John, there's a can of strawberries in the ice-box; don't forget them. Now hurry—we'll be fearful late; and say, bring one or two more handkerchiefs and a sun-umbrella—or, I dont know, it looks like rain, bring my water-proof. O! you old poke! you're going to stay there all day. Now run back and close those back shutters, and put the cat in the kitchen, and leave a pan of milk for her; and say, just stop around to the butcher's and tell him we won't need any meat to-day; and leave the key of the cellar under the parlor-door mat. Now hurry, John. I'm off. And don't forget anything or I'll go wild!"

He didn't forget anything; but when he reached the wharf he found the boat had been gone two hours.

Mark Twain on Blue Jays.

Mr. Mark Twain's two volumes of European travel, entitled "The Tramp Abroad," contain his

estimate of the blue jay. With his well-know proclivity for modesty the author presents this estimate in the words of a certain "Jim" Baker, a California miner: "There's more to a blue jay than any other creature. He has got more moods and more different kinds of feeling than any other creature; and mind you, whatever a blue jay feels he can put into language. And no mere commonplace language, either, but rattling, out-and-out book talk—and bristling with metaphor, too—just bristling! And as for command of language—why, you never see a blue jay get stuck for a word. No man ever did. They just boil out of him. And another thing, I've noticed a good deal, and there's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a blue jay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well, a cat does—but you let a cat get excited once; you let a cat get to pulling fur with another cat on a shed, nights, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lockjaw. Ignorant people think it's the noise which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so, it's the sickening grammar they use. Now, I've never heard a jay use bad grammar but very seldom; and when they do, they are as ashamed as a human; they shut right down and leave.

"You may call a jay a bird. Well, so he is, in a measure—because he's got feathers on him, and

don't belong to no church, perhaps; but otherwise he is just as much a human as you be. And I'll tell you for why. A jay's gifts and instincts and feelings and interests cover the whole ground. A jay hasn't got any more principle than a Congressman. A jay will lie, a jay will steal, a jay will deceive, a jay will betray; and four times out of five a jay will go back on his solemnist promise. The sacredness of an obligation is a thing which you can't cram into no blue jay's head. Now, on top of all this, there's another thing; a jay can outswear any gentleman in the mines. You think a cat can swear. Well, a cat can; but you give a blue jay a subject that calls for his reserve powers, and where is your cat? Don't talk to me—I know too much about this thing. And there's yet another thing; in the one little particular of scolding—just good, clean out-and-out scolding—a blue jay can overlay anything, human or divine. Yes, sir, a jay is everything that a man is. A jay can cry, a jay can laugh, a jay can feel shame, a jay can reason and plan and discuss, a jay likes gossip and scandal, a jay has got a sense of humor, a jay knows when he is an ass just as well as you do—maybe better. If a jay ain't human, he'd better take in his sign, that's all."

Bachelors and Flirts.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Some old bachelors git after a flirt, and don't travel as fast as she doz, and then concludes awl the female group are hard to ketch, and good for nothing when they are ketched.

A flirt is a rough thing to overhaul unless the right dog gets after her, and then they make the very best of wives.

When a flirt really is in love she is as powerless as a mown daisy.

Her impudence then changes into modesty, her cunning into fears, her spurs into a halter, and her pruning-hook into a cradle.

The best way to ketch a flirt is tew travel the other way from which they are going, or sit down on the ground and whistle some lively tune till the flirt comes round.

Old bachelors make the flirts, and then the flirts get more than even, by making the old bachelors.

A majority of flirts get married finally, for they hev a great quantity of the most dainty tidbits of woman's nature, and alwus have shrewdness to back up their sweetness.

Flirts don't deal in po'try and water grewel: they have got to hev brains, or else somebody would

trade them out of their capital at the first sweep.

Disappointed luv must uv course be all on one side; this ain't any more excuse fur being an old bachelor than it iz fur a man to quit all kinds of manual labor, jist out uv spite, and jine a poor-house bekase he kant lift a tun at one pop.

An old bachelor will brag about his freedom to you, his relief from anxiety, hiz indipendence. This iz a dead beat, past resurrection, for everybody knows there ain't a more anxious dupe than he iz. All his dreams are charcoal sketches of boarding-school misses; he dresses, greases hiz hair, paints hiz grizzly mustache, cultivates bunyons and corns, to please his captains, the wimmen, and only gets laffed at fur hiz pains.

I tried being an old bachelor till I wuz about twenty years old, and came very near dieing a dozen times. I had more sharp pain in one year than I hev had since, put it all in a heap. I was in a lively fever all the time.

How to Spell Isaac.

Mr. Isaac Staples, of Stillwater, Minn., is a lumber dealer who has had an extensive correspondence. His bookkeeper has made a memorandum of the fact every time the given name of Mr. Staples has been misspelled in a letter addressed to him. The

correspondence has already yielded the following fifty erroneous spellings, which will be read with delight by the spelling reformers:

Isiac,	Isic,	Iceic,	Isick,	Icaac,
Iisac,	Isiaac,	Isaas,	Issacc,	Icaace,
Icaack,	Isaacce,	Isica,	Isaace,	I Sick,
Iseac,	Icaas,	Iaac,	Iseke,	Isich,
Isac,	Icks,	Iassac,	Issick,	Jsaac,
Isaag,	Iaasic,	Izk,	Isaak,	Issac,
Izic,	Aisec,	I Sic,	Iisace,	Isace,
Isiace,	Isaar,	Issach,	Isic,	Isoac,
Icac,	Iaasac,	Isaack,	Isak,	Isice,
Isach,	Isaach	Isac,	Isaack,	Isaic.

Beating a Conductor.

A Michigan Central passenger going West from Detroit by rail, the other day, had a pass to Chicago. When the conductor took it up he asked several questions to satisfy himself that the pass had not been transferred, and the holder of the pasteboard didn't take it as good naturedly as some men would. He didn't have much to say, but he was determined on revenge. As soon as the conductor left the car, the man changed seats, removed his linen duster, took off his hat, and looked like a different person altogether. After the train left the next station the conductor came along with an

eye out for new passengers, and presently reached out for the holder of the pass.

"I haven't got any ticket," was the surly answer.

"Then you must pay you fare."

"I won't do it."

"See here," said the conductor, as he began to wake up, "you must either pay your fare or produce a ticket. If not, I'll drop you on the road."

"Drop and be hanged!"

The train was not stopped, but after a run of ten minutes it reached a station, and arrangements were made for bouncing the man. When all was complete he showed his pass.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a pass?" roared the conductor.

"Why didn't you ask me?" shouted the traveler.

"Well, I don't like such fooling."

"Nor I, either."

The train went on, and the man put on his duster, traded hats with a passenger, and again looked like some one else. He changed his seat to the front end of the car, and was seemingly sound asleep when the conductor again had occasion to pass through. He took two fares, and then held out his hand to the traveler. There was no response. He shook the sleeper gently, but the latter slept on. Then he shook him good and stout, and called "ticket" in his ear.

"How dare you shake me around in this manner?" shouted the man as he awoke and stood up.

"Ticket, please."

"But I don't please! How dare you come to me every time the train leaves a station?"

The conductor looked down the aisle, thought he saw the man with the pass in his old seat, and said to the other:

"Come, sir, don't bother me. I want your ticket."

"You can't have it!"

"Then I'll put you off!"

He reached for the bell-rope, but seeing a general grin all around the car he stopped and looked more closely at the man, and recognized him as the one with the pass. He went out without a word, and when he returned, half an hour later, he expected another trap. He looked carefully over the car, and was going slowly along in search of new faces, when a man with his coat off, and under the influence of liquor called out:

"Shay, Captain, I hain't got any ticket!"

"Ah, you can't beat me again—knew you as soon as I entered the car?" chuckled the official, and he walked on with a broad grin on his face.

It was not until he saw the shirt-sleeved man get off at the next station that he knew he had

been mistaken again, and had let him travel for nothing, while the man with the pass was in the smoking-car.—*Detroit Free Press.*

MARK TWAIN'S VISIT TO NIAGARA.

HIS STARTLING DISCLOSURES—HE IS PITCHED OVER THE CATARACT BY THE INDIANS.

Niagara Falls is one of the finest structures in the known world. I have been visiting this favorite watering-place recently, for the first time, and was well pleased. A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said that the first time he went, the hack fares were so much higher than the falls, that the falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, numbered, placarded and blackguarded, and brought into subjection of the law, and dosed with moral principle till they are as meek as missionaries. There are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers; and, whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself, its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the falls had to be discontinued, or the hackman had to subside. They could not dam the

falls, and so they did the hackman. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medical. Why are people left in ignorance that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property, merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre. You are sometimes in doubt there about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must not do. No, the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In your room at the hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most convenient way, by means of placards on the wall like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but don't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Don't scrape matches on the wall."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots outside the door they will be blackened, but the house will not be responsible for their return." (This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blackened unless they are returned.)

"Give your key to the omnibus driver, if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel wherever you wander you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much instruction to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Don't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horse to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent. in gold levied on all peanuts or other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the superintendent of any neglect on the part of employes to charge for commodities or services."

"Don't throw stones down; they may hit people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the falls."

To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me. It was because I noticed at last that they always happened to prohibit exactly the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll

on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; the sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; the sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicking below, when a sign I have just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me (and I a friendless orphan). There was no resource now but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said.

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that critical moment, "All signs fail in dry time." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble Red Man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales, legends and romances; I love to read of his inspired sagacity; and his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest; and his grand truthfulness; his hatred of treachery, and his general nobility of character; and his stately metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for his dusky maiden; and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement—especially the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. When I found the

shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead-work and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to come face to face with the noble red man. A lazy clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array was made by the Indians, and that they were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island I came upon a noble old son of the forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work upon a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baleful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:

"Is the Wawho-Wang-Wang of the Whack-a-Whack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war-path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of his dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies, or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the pale-face? Speak, sublime relic of bygone grandeur—venerable

"IS THE WAWHO-WANG-WANG HAPPY?" P. 182.

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ruin, speak!"

The relic said:

"An' is it meself, Dinnis Hooligan, that ye'd be takin' for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin', lantern-jawed, spider-legged ruffin? By the piper that played before Moses, I'll eat ye!"

I went away.

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

"Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War Chiefs, Squaws, and High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the Paleface from the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer of Mountains—you, Roaring Thundergust—you, Bully Boy with a Glass Eye—the Paleface from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once-proud nation. Poker, and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap, unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating, in your simplicity, the property of others, has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless. Trading for forty-rod whiskey, to enable you to get drunk and happy and toma-

hawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the rag-tag-and-bob-tail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—and Hole-in-the-Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious gutter-snipes—"

"Down wid him!"

"Scoop the blagard!"

"Hang him!"

"Dhrownd him!"

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brick-bats, fists, bead baskets and moccasins—single flash and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury they threw me over the Horseshoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the

top, the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the fall, whose ceiled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip, and gaining on it—each round trip a half a mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missed it every time by a hair's breadth. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept round him he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes—in my other vest. Help me out, please."

"Not for Joe."

When I came around again, I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you please explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the Coroner. Don't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said, "Take my place and I'll go and get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition Coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The Judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a critical condition. At least, I am lying, anyway—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.

FRENCH FOR CELERY.

Bride (looking over the bill of fare)—John, what's "Patty de free grass?"

Groom—Sh! Don't talk so loud, or people'll think we're ignorant. It must be French for celery.

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"WHERE DID I LEAVE MY SHIRT?" P. 187.

SPOOPENDYKE'S COLLAR-BUTTON.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

"My dear," said Mr. Spoopendyke, feeling up the chimney, "have you seen my gold collar button?"

"I saw it the day I bought it," answered Mrs. Spoopendyke, cheerily, "and I thought it very pretty. Why do you ask?"

"'Cause I've lost the measly thing," responded Mr. Spoopendyke, running the broom handle up into the cornice, and shaking it as if it were a carpet.

"You don't suppose it is up there, do you?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke. "Where did you leave it?"

"Left it in my shirt. Where do you suppose I left it?—in the hash?" and Mr. Spoopendyke tossed over things in his wife's writing desk, and looked out of the window after it.

"Where did you leave your shirt?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where did I leave my shirt? Where do you suppose I left it? Where does a man generally leave his shirt, Mrs. Spoopendyke? Think I left it in the ferry boat? Got an idea I left it at the prayer meeting, haven't you? Well, I didn't. I left it off, Mrs. Spoopendyke, that's where I left it. I left it off. Hear me?" And Mr. Spoopendyke

pulled the winter clothing out of the cedar chest that hadn't been unlocked for a month.

"Where is the shirt now?" persisted Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Where do you suppose it is? Where do you imagine it is? I'll tell you where it is, Mrs. Spoopendyke, it's gone to Bridgeport as a witness in a land suit. Idea! Ask a man where his shirt is! You know I haven't been out of the room since I took it off;" and Mr. Spoopendyke sailed down stairs and raked the fire out of the kitchen range, but did not find the button.

"Maybe you lost it on the way home," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke, as her husband came up, hot and angry, and began to pull a stuffed canary to pieces to see if the button had got inside.

"Oh, yes, very likely! I stood up against a tree and lost it. Then I hid it behind a fence so I wouldn't see it. That's the way it was. If I only had your head, Mrs. Spoopendyke, I'd turn it loose as a razor strop. I don't know anything sharper than you are;" and Mr. Spoopendyke clutched a handful of dust off the top of the wardrobe.

"It must have fallen out," mused Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh! it must eh? It must have fallen out? Well, I declare, I never thought of that. My impression was that it took a buggy and drove out, or

a ballon and hoisted out;" and Mr. Spoopendyke crawled behind the bureau and commenced tearing up the carpet.

"And if it fell out it must be somewhere near where he left his shirt. Now, he always throws his shirt on the lounge, and the button is under that."

A moment's search soon established the infallibility of Mrs. Spoopendyke's logic.

"Oh, yes! Found it, didn't you?" panted Mr. Spoopendyke, as he bumped his head against the bureau and finally climbed to a perpendicular. "Perhaps you'll fix my shirts so it won't fall out any more, and maybe you'll have sense enough to mend that lounge, now that it has caused so much trouble. If you only tended to the house as I do to my business, there'd never be any difficulty about losing a collar button."

"It wasn't my fault—" began Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Wasn't, eh? Have you found that coal bill you've been looking for since last March?"

"Yes."

"Have, eh? Now where did you put it? Where did you find it?"

"In your overcoat pocket."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Noah made the ark light and could not have been in utter darkness during the flood.

How He'd Do It.

Several men were gathered at the door of a blacksmith shop on Cass Avenue, the other morning, when a school-boy, not over nine years of age, came along with tears in his eyes, and one of the group asked:

"What's the matter, boy,—fall down?"

"N-no, but I've got a hard 'rithmetic lesson, and and I expect to get l-licked!" was the answer.

"Let me see; I used to be a king-bee on fractions."

The man took the book, turned to the page, and read:

"Rule 1—Find the least common multiple of the denominators of the fractions for the least common denominator. Divide this least common denominator by each denominator, and multiply both terms of the fractions by the quotient obtained by each denominator."

He read the rule aloud, and asked if any one could understand it. All shook their heads and he then continued:

"Well, now, I think I should go to work and discover the least uncommon agitator. I would then evolve a parallel according to the intrinsic deviator, and punctuate the thermometer."

"So would I!" answered every man in chorus, and one of them added: "I've worked 'em out that way a thousand times!"

Not one of the men, all of whom were in business, and had made money, could even understand the working of the rule, much less work examples by it, and yet it was expected that a nine-year-old boy should go to the blackboard and do every sum off-hand.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

GLASS BEADS.

Stretch a man out on a bed ov sikness, and hiz pride, infidelity, and government coupons look like a kruel mockery to him.

Thare are people who kan liv, and keep fatt on hate. I would rather be a snaik.

I hear ov streams all over the kuntry whare 2 pound trout are plenty, but I hav allwuss managed to get to them about 10 days to late.

Sassy children git their edukashum at home, and when the dog meets yu with a wagging tale at the threshold, yu may be sure ov a kindly greeting at the fireside.

The people that I admire the least are thoze who admire themselfs the most—thare is no accounting for tastes.

Thare is now and then a man who kan make a cirkumstanse, but as a general thing, cirkumstanses make men.

The lov of applauze haz a valuable germ in it, but too the yung it iz full ov treachery.

I luv men and their ways, but the happiest hours I hav ever spent, hav been alone in the wilderness.

Genius is a diffikult thing to hide. I hav even seen it revealed in blowing the noze, or handling a tooth pik.

I thank God for one thing, that helth and poverty are so often found together.

Yung man, all that yu kno, yu hav had to lern, therefore don't never laff at the ignorense ov others.

It iz a pleasant thing to kno that cunning men, sooner or later, git kaught in the traps they set for others.

The man who iz satisfied with the simple necesitys ov life, may think he iz happy, but he don't amount to mutch enny how.

Dangers suspekted are allwuss overrated; a hole in the ground iz often more dreaded than ennything that kan possibly cum out ov it.

It iz sed that adversity iz the best for us, but if I kan hav prosperity, I will try to git along without enny adversity.

Man iz the only animal I kan think ov who kant swim without learning how; in fakt, man haz to learn all he knows, even how to eat.

Spoopendyke's New Bathing Suit.

STANLEY HUNTLEY.

"My dear," observed Mr. Spoopendyke, looking up from his paper, "I think I would be greatly benefited this summer by sea baths. Bathing in the surf is an excellent tonic, and if you will make me up a suit and one for yourself, if you like, we'll go down often and take a dip in the waves."

"The very thing," smiled Mrs. Spoopendyke; "you certainly need something to tone you up, and there's nothing like salt water. I think I'll make mine of blue flannel, and, let me see, yours ought to be red, my dear."

"I don't think you caught the exact drift of my remark," responded Mr. Spoopendyke. "I didn't say I was going into the opera business, or that I was going to hire out to my country village as a conflagration. My plan was to go in swimming, Mrs. Spoopendyke, to go in swimming, and not to grow up with the country as a cremation furnace. You can make yours of blue if you will, but you don't make mine of red, that's all."

"There's a pretty shade of yellow flannel—"

"Most undubitably, Mrs. Spoopendyke, but if you think I am going to masquerade around Manhattan beach in the capacity of a ham, you haven't yet

seized my idea. I don't apprehend that I shall benefit by the waters any more by going around looking like a Santa Cruz rum barrel. What I want is a bathing suit, and if you can't get one up without making me look like a Fulton street car, I'll go and buy something to suit me."

"Would you want it all in one piece, or do you want pants and blouse!"

"I want it easy to get in and out of. I'm not particular about following the fashion. Make up something neat, plain and substantial, but don't stick any fancy colors into it. I want it modest and serviceable."

Mrs. Spoopendyke made up the suit under the guidance of a lady friend, whose aunt had told her how it should be constructed. It was in one piece, and when completed was rather a startling garment.

"I'll try it on to-night," said Mr. Spoopendyke eyeing it askance when it was handed him.

Before retiring, Mr. Spoopendyke examined the suit, and then began to get into it.

"Why didn't you make some legs to it? What d'ye want to make it all arms for?" he inquired, struggling around to see why it didn't come up behind.

"You've got it on sideways," exclaimed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "You've got one leg into the sleeve."

"I've got it on sideways? There ain't any top to it. Don't you know enough to put the arms up where they belong? What d'ye think I am, anyhow? A star-fish? Where does this leg go?"

"Right in there. That's the place for that leg."

"Then where's the leg that goes in this hole?"

"Why, the other leg."

"The measly thing is all legs. Who'd you make this thing for—me? What d'ye take me for—a centipede? Who is going to get in here with me? I want somebody else. I ain't twins. I can't fill this business up. What d'ye call it, any way, a family machine?"

"Those other places ain't legs. They're sleeves."

"What are they doing down there? Why ain't they up there where they belong? What are they there for—snow shoes? S'pose I'm going to stand on my head to get my arms in those holes?"

"I don't think you've got it on right," suggested Mrs. Spoopendyke. "It looks twisted."

"That's the way you told me. You said, 'Put this leg here and that one there,' and there they are. Now where does the rest of me go?"

"I made it according to the pattern," sighed Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Then it's all right and it's me that's twisted," sneered Mr. Spoopendyke. "I'll have my arms and legs altered. All I want is to have my legs jammed

in the small of my back and get my arms stuck in my hips; then it'll fit. What did you take for a pattern, a crab? Where'd you find the lobster you made this from? S'pose I'm going into the water on all fours? I told you I wanted a bathing suit, didn't I? Did I say anything about a chair cover?"

"I think if you take it off and try it on over againit'll work," reasoned Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Oh, of course. I've only got to humor the blasted thing. That's all it wants," and Mr. Spoopendyke wrenched it off with a growl.

"Now pull it on," said Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"Suit you now?" he howled. "That the way you meant it to go? What's these things flopping here?"

"Those are the legs, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, dejectedly.

"What are they doing here? I see; oh, I see, this is supposed to represent me making a dive. When I get this on I'm going head first. Where's the balance? Where's the rest? Give me the suit that represents me head up," and Mr. Spoopendyke danced around the room in fury.

"Just turn it over, my dear," said Mrs. Spoopendyke, "and you are all right."

"How'm I going to turn it over?" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke. "S'pose I'm going to carry around a steam boiler to turn me over when I want the

other end of this thing up? S'pose I'm going to hire a man to go around with the griddle spoon and turn me over like a flap-jack, just to please this dod blasted bathing suit? D'ye think I work on pivots?"

"Just take it off and put it on the other way," urged Mrs. Spoopendyke, who began to see her way clear.

Mr. Spoopendyke kicked the thing up to the ceiling, and plunged into it once more. This time it came out all right, and as he buttoned it up and surveyed himself in the glass the clouds passed away and he smiled.

"I like it," he remarked; "the color suits me, and I think you have done very well, my dear: only," and he frowned slightly, "I wish you would mark the arms and legs so I can distinguish one from the other, or some day I will present the startling spectacle of a respectable elderly gentleman hopping around the beach upside down. That's all."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The Dignity of Office.

A Detroiter, who was rusticating in one of the wilderness counties of Michigan, was one day out hunting when he came upon a hamlet consisting of a saw-mill, two houses and a log barn. The sign of "Post Office" greeted his vision over a door in

one of the houses, and he investigated. The office was an eight by ten room, and the boxes for mail matter numbered just four. A written sign on the wall announced that the mail arrived and departed once a week, and the Postmaster sat behind a pine table reading the *Postal Guide* and chewing a sassafras root.

"Any letter for John ——?" asked the Detroiter, as he looked around.

The P. M. didn't shake his head and crush the inquirer's hopes all at once, as some officials do, but slowly arose, looked carefully into each one of the six empty boxes, peered into an old cigar box on the window-sill, and then answered:

"I don't see anything just now, but it is only four days till the next mail."

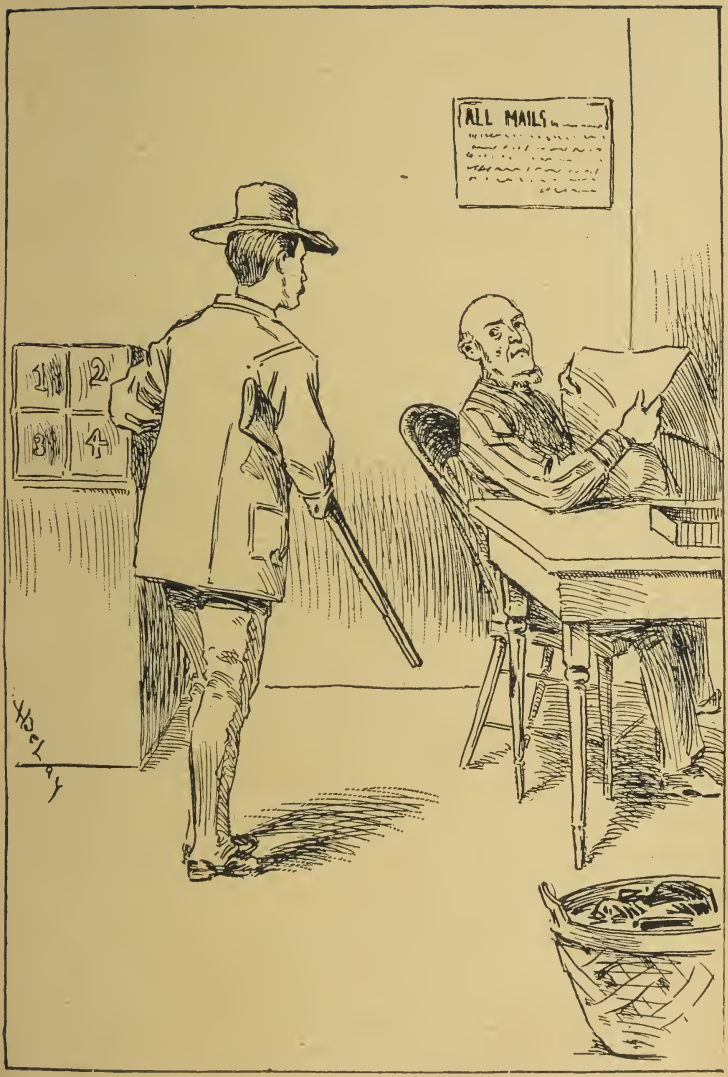
"Is this a money-order office?" continued the stranger.

"Well, no, not exactly, though we handle considerable money here."

"Can I get a dollar's worth of threes?" asked the Detroiter, after a pause.

"Well, no, not exactly," replied the official, looking into his wallet. "I guess I can spare five or six now and the rest next week."

There was another pause as the Postmaster vainly tried to make change for a quarter, and the Detroiter finally remarked:



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"This isn't rated as a first-class post-office, is it?"

"Well, no, not exactly," was the confidential reply. "Fact is, we don't do a very rushing business here, and sometimes I think it would pay me better to go back to the farm."

"I don't suppose you make $20 a year here, do you?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but I don't look at that altogether. The position that it gives us in society here must be taken into consideration, you know!"

The population of the hamlet, including a tame bear and a dog, was only thirteen souls.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LES INCOMPREHENSIBLES.

A LA VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK I.

A man sat on a picket fence.

Picket fences were invented by Charlemagne and improved upon by Charles II. of England.

Still the man sat on the fence.

BOOK II.

The fence surrounded a tall, gloomy building. The building had shutters at the window. The man was a Frenchman. There were other Frenchmen

in the same neighborhood. They were in bed. Frenchmen were discovered by Oliver Cromwell, and subsequently patented by the author. They are copyrighted. All Frenchmen not bearing the signature of the author are spurious.

It was night. It was a dark night. Darkness is a shadow that rises from the ground when the sun goes down.

The man on the fence was thinking. His name was Lippiatt.

BOOK III.

Lippiatt loved Maronette. Maronette was a girl. She knew Lippiatt. She did not know that Lippiatt loved her.

Maronette lived in the gloomy house. Lippiatt did not tell Maronette that he loved her. He was contented to sit on the fence in front of her house. He was a quiet man. Like all Frenchmen, he was the bravest man in thirteen counties. He was a tailor. A tailor is a man who promises to have your clothes done Saturday, and then brings them around week after next.

Lippiatt was poor. All heroes are poor.

BOOK IV.

Maronette opened a window and shied an old boot at Lippiatt.

"Is that you, Lippiatt?" she said.

"Yes," said Lippiatt.

Maronette laughed.

"My father says I must marry the man who will bring him the Norwegian maelstrom," said Maronette.

Lippiatt got off the fence and walked away.

BOOK V.

Like all tailors in France, Lippiatt was a good sailor. He stole a boat and started for the coast of Norway. A fearful storm came on. The world drew on a heavy cloak to protect it from the storm. The sea opened a thousand mouths to swallow Lippiatt. It was hungry for him. His beard and hair were filled with salt. Great grasping hands of darkness reached down to snatch him.

Lippiatt only laughed.

The scene grew wilder. Monsters of water crowded against the boat. They were reaching for Lippiatt. He steered his boat to avoid them.

A wave averages twenty feet in height. It contains 400 tons of water. It is thicker at the base than at the top. In that respect it is like a pyramid. But it is not three-cornered. It is oval in shape. A round wave is a water-spout. A water-spout is thick at the top and bottom and slender in the middle.

Lippiatt knew this.

He was afraid of waves. He was fearful of water-spouts.

BOOK VI.

In four days Lippiatt arrived at the maelstrom.

"It is for Maronette," said he.

The maelstrom is shaped like a funnel. The lower end is at the bottom. The mouth is at the top. It is caused by the tides. The Norwegians suppose it is caused by a hole in the ground. Lippiatt knew better.

He went down in the maelstrom and fastened a rope around the lower end. To this rope he adjusted blocks and pulleys. Then he climbed out of the pit and fastened the other end of the rope to the masthead. The blocks gave him a purchase.

He rested.

BOOK VII.

Having rested, Lippiatt pulled on the rope. He pulled the maelstrom inside out. The bottom was then at the top. It spun around like an inverted top.

Lippiatt drove a staple into it and fastened his line. Then he set sail. The maelstrom followed.

"I shall marry Maronette," he said.

BOOK VIII.

Another man sat on the picket fence. It was

Goudenay. Goudenay loved Maronette. Maronette loved Goudenay.

Goudenay saw something coming in the harbor.

"What's that?" he asked.

It looked like an inverted funnel. It was 1000 feet high.

"I don't know," said Maronette.

She was right. She didn't.

BOOK IX.

Lippiatt disembarked. He took the maelstrom on his shoulders. Then he went to the gloomy house. He hung the maelstrom on the picket fence.

"How do you do, Goudenay?" he asked.

He knew Goudenay. He had disappointed him about some trousers.

"I am happy," said Goudenay. "I am going to marry Maronette."

Lippiatt looked at Maronette.

"Yes," she said, "I marry Goudenay this morning."

BOOK X.

Lippiatt went to the wedding.

He gave Maronette a silver card-receiver.

Maronette smiled.

Lippiatt went back to the picket fence. He ate the maelstrom up.

BOOK XI.

As the wedding party went home they saw a dead body lying beside the picket fence. The point of the maelstrom was sticking out of the mouth.

"Good gracious!" said Maronette.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Goudenay.

It was Lippiatt.

JERROLD JOKELETS.

THE MONEY-LENDER.

The best fellow in the world, sir; to get money of; for as he sends you half cash, half wine, why, if you can't take up his bill, you've always poison at hand for a remedy.

A SCOUNDREL.

"That scoundrel, sir! Why, he'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother!"

ANCESTRY.

"As for ancestry," says Smoke, "truth to speak, I am one of those who may take the cuckoo for their crest, and for their motto, 'Nothing.' "

BRED ON THE BOARDS.

When Morris had the Haymarket Theater, Jerrold, on a certain occasion, had reason to find fault with the strength, or, rather, the want of strength of the company.

Morris expostulated and said, "Why, there's V - , he was bred on these boards!"

Jerrold replied, "He looks as though he'd been cut out of them."

A CAUTIOUS LOVER.

"When I courted her," said Spreadweasel, "I took lawyer's advice, and signed every letter to my love, 'Yours, without prejudice!' "

A LOVER'S ASPIRATION.

The sky's blue again,—blue as your precious eyes, and the raindrops hang upon the leaves as bright as the diamonds I wish I was rich enough to give you.

BETTER THAN A VOTE.

His ardent vows she, trembling, heard,
Her cheeks with brightest blushes dyed,
And as her glances sought the sward
She softly sighed.

"That you are diffident and shy,"
He said, "those downcast looks denote;
You will not speak? then you and I
Will take a vote.

"It is an easy thing to do:
A ballot, sweetest, cast with me
The question being, shall we two
United be?"

Again she let her lashes fall;
Then murmured with a charming air:
"Dear Jack, why need we vote at all,
Why can't we pair?"

PHUNNYGRAMMES.

Clara Morris says: "Mr. Tilden and I have jointly made just about the most thorough study of nerves and their disorders than can be imagined. We have learned everything concerning our diseases except how to cure them."

It was a charming little lady who the other day said on the Boulevard des Italiens to an Italian vender of statuettes, who offered her an effigy of the Venus de Milo: "How is it that Milo makes all his Venuses without arms?"

"What are the Blenkinsop girls in mourning for?"

"Their parrot."

"In mourning for a parrot! Why, it's a positive sacrilege."

"Oh, but this one could repeat the Lord's prayer, you know."

A Minneapolis girl went to buy gingerbread the other day and returned home married. It is said

"HOW IS IT THAT MILO MAKES ALL THE VENUSES WITHOUT ARMS ?" P. 206.

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that confectioners in that town can not now begin to supply the demand for gingerbread.

Would-be fascinating brother-in-law to sister-in-law: "Well, Maria, what do you think of the 'deceased wife's sister bill?"

Maria: "Oh, I don't mind, if they don't make it compulsory.' "

Lincoln's Story of a Girl in New Salem.

Among the numerous delegations which thronged Washington in the early part of the war, was one from New York, which urged very strenuously the sending of a fleet to the southern cities—Charleston, Mobile and Savannah—with the object of drawing off the rebel army from Washington. Mr. Lincoln said the object reminded him of the case of a girl in New Salem, who was greatly troubled with a "singing" in her head. Various remedies were suggested by the neighbors, but nothing tried afforded any relief. At last a man came along—"a common-sense sort of man," said he, inclining his head towards the gentleman complimentarily--"who was asked to prescribe for the difficulty. After due inquiry and examination, he said the cure was very simple.

'What is it?' was the question.

'Make plaster of *psalm-tunes*, and apply to her feet, and draw the "singing" *down*,' was the rejoinder."

Brave and Beautiful.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Jack was a base-ball pitcher; Jim—
A cricketer was he.

All perfect stood three noble youths
In beautiful Aprile.
Their pie-crust mouths were ever wreathed
With one seraphic smile.

But ere the summer time had waned
And overcoats had come,
Jack's nose had lost its only bridge,
Jim's ear its only drum.

A Young Musical Critic.

Little Mamie was returning with her mother and father from a "piano recital" by a celebrated virtuoso who had created considerable musical enthusiasm among his audience.

"Didn't he play the piano exquisitely?" said the mother.

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"HE IS UNSOCIABLE." P. 209.

"He did indeed," answered Mamie's father.

"Play it!" exclaimed Mamie, "why, mamma, he looked to me a good deal more as if he was working it, and real hard, too."—*Merchant Traveler.*

Sociable.

"Do you know Mr. Fangle?" asked a lady caller of Mrs. Snaggs.

"Oh, yes: I know him and his wife very well."

"I hear he is a socialist. Is that so?"

"No, indeed, he isn't. He is one of the most unsociable men I ever knew. Poor, dear Mrs. Fangle can't get him to stay in the house one night a week."

"Amusement."

"No," remarked Fogg, "I don't go to places of amusement any more."

"What do you mean?" asked Brown. "Didn't I see you at the theater night before last?"

"Very likely," replied Fogg, "but you can't hardly call a theater a place of amusement when there are two women with their heads together in front of you and two confounded chatterers right behind you."

A Humorous Speech—Lincoln in the Black Hawk War.

The friends of General Cass, when that gentleman was a candidate for the presidency, endeavored to endow him with a military reputation. Mr. Lincoln, at that time a representative in Congress, delivered a speech before the House, which, in its allusions to General Cass, was exquisitely sarcastic and irresistibly humorous:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Lincoln, "do you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir, in the days of the Black Hawk War, I fought, bled and came away. Speaking of General Cass' career reminds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's Defeat, but I was about as near it as Cass to Hull's surrender; and like him I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent my musket pretty badly on one occassion. * * * If General Cass went in advance of me in picking whortleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did, but I had a good many bloody struggles with the musquitoes; and although I never fainted from loss of blood, I can truly say I was often very hungry." Mr. Lincoln concluded by saying if he ever turned democrat

and should run for the Presidency, he hoped they would not make fun of him by attempting to make him a military hero!

They Didn't Need It.

Philanthropist (collecting)—I am soliciting subscriptions for the benefit of the poor girls who work in the cigarette manufactories. They make just enough to pay their board, and have nothing left to purchase clothes.

Crusty Old Gentleman—(who has seen pictures of the cigarette-maker in the cigar stores)—I guess it doesn't cost them much for clothes.

A Great Man's Blunder.

First Gentleman—"There is a treasure for you, a bust of Julius Cæsar."

Second Gentleman—"Julius Cæsar was a great man. He was a great soldier and a very fair politician. But I always thought it rather absurd in him to write a book for beginners in Latin. Positively I think it has injured his reputation.

She Knew His Pictures.

"My most terrible critic," said Mr. A—— the artist of this city, the other day, "is an old lady

who frequently comes in here and never finishes her visit without telling me how much I paint like Mr. B——. A few days ago when she was here she rushed up to a couple of little sketches I had on the wall and said: 'There, now, I like those. You didn't copy B——'s style when you painted them.' Some other artists who were in the corner were heard to snicker audibly, for I had just been telling them before my critic came in that those self-same pictures were by B—— himself and that I had got them by trading with him."

SQUIBS.

"Did Blobson go to the reception in full dress last evening?" asked Popinjay of a friend of his, who was there. "No," was the reply, "his dress wasn't quite full, but he was."

A Texas gentleman has observed that when he goes out hunting, and has his gun with him, and wants to ride on the street car, he has never yet had occasion to signal a street car driver twice.—*Texas Siftings.*

A sermon is always short to the woman who wears a new bonnet to church for the first time.

The prettiest things in spring bonnets—girls.

Didn't Feel Like Talking.

He stood beneath her window there,
While gazed upon him from above
The eyes of her he deemed most fair
In the bright brilliancy of love.

"Oh, speak to me!" the young man cried.
"Oh, speak to me! Why art thou still?"
She only answered with a sigh,
And leaned upon the window-sill.

"By all the vows of fondest love,
By all out plighted hopes and fears,
Oh, speak to me, my dear! my dove!"
She only answered with her tears.

Why stood she silent? What the cause
To leave her lover in his doubt?
She did not dare to move her jaws,
Her new false teeth had fallen out?

A Remarkable Fall.

"I had rather a bad fall last night; remained unconscious nearly eight hours."

"Bless me! and walking about as usual to-day?"

"Yes; it didn't injure me in the least. The fact is, I rather enjoyed it."

"Wonderful! How did you fall?"

"Fell asleep."

He Was Glad.

A certain Austin landlord is a very diffusive sort of a man, much given to speaking before he thinks. He recently met Prof. Snore, his new tenant.

"Good morning, professor, good morning. Glad to see you looking so well. How do like the house?"

"Very much, indeed."

"Glad to hear it; very glad to hear it."

"Yes, sir; I like it. I hope to die in the house."

"I hope so, too. Glad to hear you talk that way."—*Texas Siftings.*

She Had no Music in Her Soul.

A charming conservatory girl of the historian's comprehensive yet discriminating acquaintance tells him how, while she was crossing Franklin square the other day, she was accosted by a well-dressed and fairly intelligent-looking woman with:

"Can *any one* go into the conservatory and see the flowers?"

The conservatory girl was amazed that the fame of the few drooping and haggard tropical plants standing here and there in the corridors should have spread abroad or gained any reputation for beauty, and she said:

"Really, madam, there are no flowers in the conservatory worth a visit."

"Oh!" she replied, "only fruits and vegetables?"

The charming student was compelled to inform her inquirer that in that particular conservatory fruits and vegetables, as well as other luxuries of life, were exceedingly rare.

Breaking the Furniture.

"They will have to get some new benches in the English parliament now, I suppose," observed Mrs. Snaggs.

"What makes you think that?" asked her husband.

"The paper said that when Gladstone finished his speech the English and Scotch benches broke into cheers, and of course they'll either have to repair them or get new ones."

Testing His Heroism.

He had been courting a west end girl for a long time, but has quit now. It happened Sunday night after church. They were sitting as close together as the sofa would permit. She looked with ineffable tenderness into his noble blue eyes.

"George," she murmured, with a tremor in her

voice, "didn't you tell me once you would be willing to do any great act of heroism for my sake?"

"Yes, Fannie; and I gladly reiterate the statement now," he replied, in confident tones. "No noble Roman of old was fired with a loftier ambition, a braver resolution, than I."

"Well, George, I want you to do something real heroic for me."

"Speak, darling; what is it?"

"Ask me to be your wife. We've been fooling long enough."

The sequel is stated in the preface.—*Washington Critic.*

JOKES BY JERROLD.

LOVE.

They say love's like the measles—all the worse when it comes late in life.

THE CHANGES OF THE HEART.

"When we last met, ma'am, my heart was like a summer walnut,—green and tender; now, I can tell you, it's plaguy hard in the shell."

DAMPED ARDOR.

Jerrold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining a patriot in Greece. Jerrold, telling

the story afterward, said, "But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us."

JERROLD'S LUGGAGE.

When Jerrold was once returning from the continent, a Folkstone custom-house officer seized his carpet-bag—a very small one—and said, "I cannot let that pass; you must tell me what's in it!"

"In this reticule!" Jerrold replied; "well, you shall see it; but I can assure you that it's only a very small hippopotamus."

A STORY BY LINCOLN'S UNCLE.

No one ever took offense at Uncle Mord's stories —not even the ladies. I heard him once tell a bevy of fashionable girls that he knew a very large woman who had a husband so small that in the night she often mistook him for the baby, and that upon one occasion she took him up and was singing to him a soothing lullaby, when he awoke and told her that she was mistaken, that the baby was on the other side of the bed.

HOW LINCOLN AND JUDGE B—— SWAPPED HORSES.

When Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and a certain Judge once got to bantering one

another about trading horses; and it was agreed that the next morning at 9 o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out, under a forfeiture of $25.

At the hour appointed the Judge came up, leading the sorriest-looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Mr. Lincoln was seen approaching with a wooden saw-horse upon his shoulders. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the Judge's animal, set down his saw-horse, and exclaimed: "Well, Judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

WITTICISMS BY JERROLD.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment is the poor man's bank.

THE TIME FOR MOURNING.

When rich rogues are merry, honest folks may go into mourning.

TREASON.

Treason is like diamonds; there's nothing to be made of it by the small trader.

A ROGUE INDEED.

Had he to cut his neighbor's throat, he'd first sharpen his knife on the church marble.

MR. PEPPER'S PARTY.

Jerrold went to a party at which a Mr. Pepper had assembled all his friends. Jerrold said to his host, on entering the room, "My dear Mr. Pepper, how glad you must be to see all your friends mustered!"

A PROFESSOR.

Indeed, there are few things, from Chinese to backgammon, of which I am not a professor. I dabble, too, a good deal in bar and pulpit eloquence. Ha, sir! the barristers I've fitted for the woolsack —the heads I've patted into shape for mitres! Even the stuttering parish clerk of Tithepig-cum-Tottlepot, he took only three lessons, and nobody knew his "Amen" for the same thing. And then I've a great name for knife-and-fork eloquence. Yes—I teach people after-dinner thanks. I don't brag; but, show me the man who, like me, can bring in the happiest moment of a gentleman's life at only a crown a lesson.

LINCOLN'S ADVICE TO A PROMINENT BACHELOR.

Upon the bethrothal of the Prince of Wales to the Princess Alexandra, Queen Victoria sent a letter to each of the European sovereigns, and also to President Lincoln, announcing the fact. Lord

Lyons, her embassador at Washington,—a "bachelor" by the way,—requested an audience of Mr. Lincoln, that he might present this important document in person. At the time appointed he was received at the White House, in company with Mr. Seward.

"May it please your Excellency," said Lord Lyons, "I hold in my hand an autograph letter from my royal mistress, Queen Victoria, which I have been commanded to present your Excellency. In it she informs your Excellency, that her son, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance with her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra of Denmark."

After continuing in this strain for a few minutes, Lord Lyons tendered the letter to the President and awaited his reply. It was short, simple, and expressive, and consisted simply of the words:

"Lord Lyons, *go thou and do likewise.*"

It is doubtful if an English ambassador was ever addressed in this manner before, and it would be interesting to learn what success he met with in putting the reply in diplomatic language when he reported it to her Majesty.

THE BIG HAT NUISANCE.

One evening Diogenes was sitting at the theatre sadly contemplating a feminine hat as big as a

poultry-yard, which it very much resembled. "I wish I had a club," he said, in his pathetic way, "I would like to hit that woman one good crack on ——" he hesitated. "The thing she carries her brains in?" suggested his friend. "Ah, no," replied the cynic, "the thing she wears her hat on."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Mother and Daughter Parvenu.

"Look here, daughter," said Mrs. Parvenu to her eldest, "I'm not going to have you deranging my parlor with your athletic notions any longer, and I shall attend to it myself."

"Taint mieux," replied the daughter in elegant seminary French.

"'Taint you, eh?" snapped the mother. "Well, I'd like to know who the mischief it is, then?"

The Professor Dusting Rugs.

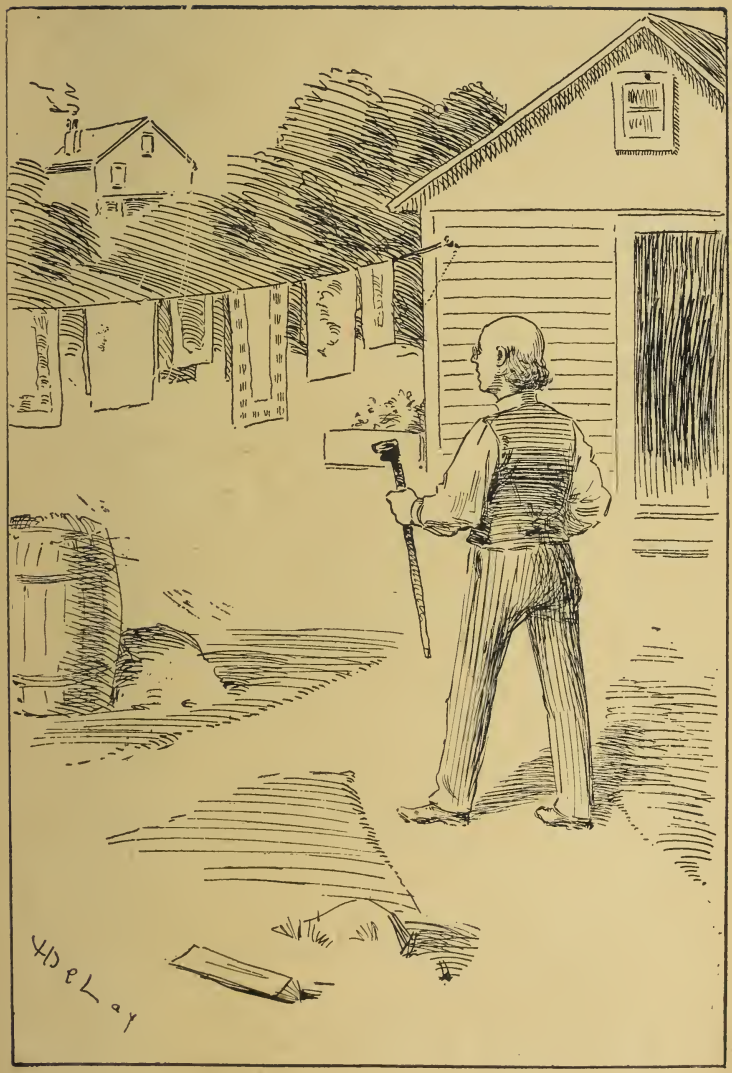
Speaking of the music we hear in the spring, reminds the Historian of the carpets they beat in the spring, tra la! and of the singular experience of his friend, Prof. X., an excellent educator and profound student, who does not spurn a reasonable share of homely household duties that fall to the lot of every head of a New England family of moderate circumstances.

The other morning, when the professor was in his den deeply absorbed in the contemplation of an abstruse subject, his wife opened the door and called softly to him:

"My dear, could you help us in our house-cleaning by beating just three rugs that you'll find out under the south window of the parlor? If you will, please take them one at a time out into the back yard, and beat them and hang them on the line, and I'll be so much obliged."

The professor arose, seized his most serviceable walking-stick, and went into the yard, still deeply absorbed in the learned meditations that had occupied him in the house. He took one of the three rugs from under the parlor window, transferred it to the back yard, beat it long and manfully, and hung it on the line. When he came back for another rug he was still too much absorbed to notice that there were still three rugs under the window; and when he had beaten another, and had hung that out, and had come back again, and there were still three rugs under the window, his meditations never switched off from the subject of their concentration to the regular and mysterious renewal of the third rug.

And so he kept on beating those three rugs and meditating until the morning wore to midday, and the professor began to grow hungry; and when the



IT OCCURRED TO HIM TO LOOK AT THE CLOTHES-LINE. P. 222.

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yearnings of appetite actually brought his contemplation down to sublunary things, it occurred to him to look at the clothes-line, and there he counted no less than sixteen rugs all beautifully beaten—a charming vision of the Orient!

If he had been in the next house at that moment he might have heard the remark:

"I wonder what in the world Mrs. X. has been putting her rugs out of the window one at a time all the morning for, for the professor to beat."

The prudent housewife knows how to utilize to domestic advantage all the forces and dispositions of her husband's nature.—*Boston Record.*

Trying the "Greens" on Jake—A Serious Experiment.

A deputation of bankers were one day introduced to the President by the Secretary of the Treasury. One of the party, Mr. P—— of Chelsea, Mass., took occasion to refer to the severity of the tax laid by Congress upon the State Banks.

"Now," said Mr. Lincoln, "that reminds me of a circumstance that took place in a neighborhood where I lived when I was a boy. In the spring of the year the farmers were very fond of the dish which they called greens, though the fashionable name for it now-a-days is spinach, I believe. One

day after dinner, a large family were taken very ill. The doctor was called in, who attributed it to the greens, of which all had freely partaken. Living in the family was a half-witted boy named Jake. On a subsequent occasion, when greens had been gathered for dinner, the head of the house said: 'Now, boys, before running any further risk in this thing, we will first try them on Jake. If he stands it, we are all right.' And just so, I suppose," said Mr. Lincoln, "Congress thought it would try this tax on the State Bank!"

SCINTILLATIONS.

It seems strange that we never meet the man who has drawn the lottery prize; but we hear of the man who came within one or two hundred of it.

Take the bill of fare literally: Edith—I'd like some boiled dodo, mamma.

Mamma (to waiter)—The child means boiled ditto. You may bring me a small slice, too.

Judge (indignantly)—These sums which you stole, fruits of long years of honest work you squandered in wretched fooleries.

Prisoner (with emotion)—I could not keep that money. It weighed too much on my conscience.

The conductors on the——Route are a very bright set of men. A traveler asked one of them, "Will I have time to get something to eat at the next station?" "Yes, you will have time enough if you are not going any further on this train."

A man whose daughter had married away from home, wrote to inquire what kind of a man her husband was, and received for reply, "I tell you, father, he's a prime good whistler, and you never saw such a hand for flapjacks in all your days. He's got blue eyes, and his father belongs to the church."

A bookseller in Tokio, Japan, desiring to sell his wares, thus advertised them in the newspapers: The advantages of our establishment:—1, Prices cheap as a lottery. 2, Books elegant as a single girl. 3, Print clear as crystal. 4, Paper tough as elephant's hide. 5, Customers treated as politely as by the rival steamship companies. 6, Articles as plentiful as in a library. 7, Goods despatched as expeditiously as a cannon ball.

Two men were on a Broadway car the other day, who were debating the condition of trade. One was gloomy. The other failed utterly by argument to raise him to a more sanguine view of things. He at last said:

"Well, I didn't like to tell you, but my latest line of business has proven bad."

"What are you in?" asked the gloomy chap.

"Lime," was the reply.

"What's the matter with the lime trade?" was the unsuspecting inquiry.

"Slack," said the sanguine man as he grinned broadly, while the people in the car laughed at the way he had entrapped the man of shadows.

Lincoln in Court.

Senator McDonald states that he saw a jury trial in Illinois, at which Lincoln defended an old man charged with assault and battery. No blood had been spilled, but there was malice in the prosecution, and the chief witness was eager to make the most of it. On cross-examination, Lincoln gave him rope and drew him out; asked him how long the fight lasted, and how much ground it covered. The witness thought the fight must have lasted half an hour, and covered an acre of ground. Lincoln called his attention to the fact that nobody was hurt, and then, with an inimitable air, asked him if he didn't think it was "*a mighty small crop for an acre of ground.*" The jury rejected the case with contempt as beneath the dignity of twelve brave, good men and true.

He Knew them All.

An old New York gentleman, meeting his grandson, said to him, in an impressive tone of voice:

"My dear boy, I hear some very discouraging reports about you. They say that you go behind the scenes and toy with the actresses. Is that so?"

"Yes, uncle; to a certain extent."

"Drop them, my boy. I've been there when I was at your age, half a century ago. They are a bad lot."

"But, uncle, actresses of to-day are very different from what they were when you were a boy."

"Not much. They are the same identical actresses."—*Texas Siftings.*

About So.

A New Yorker who was traveling in Maryland came across a big dry ditch about forty rods long in the outskirts of a town, and naturally inquired what it was intended for. "A canal," was the answer. "Why wasn't it finished?" "No need of it. By the time they had dug this far the company was consolidated with a railroad, the subscriptions were all in, the stockholders frozen out, and the leading men ready for a year's pleasure trip to Europe."

Sound Legal Advice.

A citizen who was bitten by a dog wrote to his lawyer, asking what to do about it. The lawyer was a bit puzzled, but wrote back: "Demand satisfaction of the animal, and, if he will not give it, sue him for damages for mayhem. If he is a gentleman, however, he will settle, and you will have no further trouble, save, possibly, hydrophobia. This is the best way out."

Made a Profit.

A man afflicted with deafness took a prescription to a Topeka druggist, who filled it with care and in the latest style. The deaf man asked the price, when the following talk occurred:

Druggist (leaning on the counter and smiling in a won't-you-pay-up sort of a manner)—"The price is seventy-five cents."

Deaf Customer—"Five cents? Here it is."

Druggist (in a louder voice)—"Seventy-five cents, please."

Deaf Customer—"Well, there's your five cents."

Druggist (in a very loud voice and a very firm manner)—"I said *seventy*-five cents."

Deaf Customer (getting angry)—"Well, what more do you want? I just gave you your five cents."

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Druggist (*sotto voce*)—"Well, go to thunder with your medicine; I made three cents, any way."

An Accommodating Prisoner.

The morning of the execution the Superintendent of the prison asks the condemned what he will have for breakfast, when it is the custom to give the unfortunate whatever he desires.

"Well," said the latter, "you may get me some peaches."

"Peaches! Why, this is not the season for them. They are not ripe yet."

"O, well, that makes no difference!" he replied, "I can wait for them."—*French Paper.*

Squelching an "Obstructor."

A good instance of the execution which he sometimes effected with a story, occurred in the legislature. There was a troublesome member from Wabash county, who gloried particularly in being a "strict constructionist." He found something "unconstitutional" in every measure that was brought forward for discussion. He was a member of the Judiciary Committee, and was very apt, after giving every measure a heavy pounding, to advocate its reference to this committee. No amount

of sober argument could floor the member from Wabash. At last he came to be considered a man to be silenced, and Mr. Lincoln was resorted to for an expedient by which this object might be accomplished. He soon afterwards honored the draft thus made upon him.

A measure was brought forward in which Mr. Lincoln's constituents were interested, when the member from Wabash rose and discharged all his batteries upon its unconstitutional points. Mr. Lincoln then took the floor, and, with the quizzical expression of features which he could assume at will, and a mirthful twinkle in his gray eyes, said: "Mr. Speaker, the attack of the member from Wabash on the constitutionality of this measure, reminds me of an old friend of mine. He's a peculiar looking old fellow, with shaggy, overhanging eyebrows, and a pair of spectacles under them. (Everybody turned to the member from Wabash, and recognized a personal description.) One morning just after the old man got up, he imagined, on looking out of his door, that he saw rather a lively squirrel on a tree near his house. So he took down his rifle and fired at the squirrel, but the squirrel paid no attention to the shot. He loaded and fired again, and again, until, at the thirteenth shot, he set down his gun impatiently, and said to his boy, who was looking on:

" 'Boy, there's something wrong about this rifle.'

" 'Rifle's all right, I know 'tis,' responded the boy, 'but where's your squirrel?"

" 'Don't you see him, humped up about half way up the tree?' inquired the old man, peering over his spectacles, and getting mystified.

" 'No I don't,' responded the boy; and then turning and looking into his father's face, he exclaimed, 'I see your squirrel! You've been firing at a louse on your eyebrow!' "

The story needed neither application nor explanation. The House was in convulsions of laughter; Mr Lincoln's skill in telling a story was not inferior to his appreciation of its points and his power of adapting them to the case in hand. It killed off the member from Wabash, who was very careful afterwards not to provoke any allusion to his "eyebrows!"

FLASHES.

Minister (dining with the family)—My young friend, you must come one of these days and spend an afternoon with my little boys.

Little Johnny (delighted)—And can I see the skeleton, too?

Minister—Skeleton! Why, what do you mean?

Little Johnny (paralyzing the whole company)—Oh, I heard ma say to pa that she didn't know

what she'd do if she had such an ugly skeleton in her closet as you have!

The story is told that a distinguished prelate of the Church of England, on accepting a country benefice, urged a friend to make him a visit as soon as he got settled, remarking in perfect good faith: "I have a nice little green field attached to the rectory. I mean to keep a couple of sheep, and we shall have mutton kidneys fresh every morning for breakfast."

"You attend Sunday school, do you?" inquired the Rev. Mr. Smith of Nellie. "Then you must know a good deal about the bible. Now tell us something nice that's in the bible here, can you?"

"Yeth thir. Sis hath some dried leaves in it, a pieth of Aunt Jane's wedding-cake, a pieth of my dreth when I was a baby, thome hair, and Sis' fellow's picture."

"Who giveth this woman away?" asked the clergyman in a wedding service.

"I could," came the voice of a young man from the gallery, "but I'd never be so mean."

A Fulton County (Ill.) citizen was induced to vote at a recent election by the gift of 10 cents' worth of tobacco and five pies.

WHAT THEIR BIBLE CONTAINED. P. 232.

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Maj. Bell of the Los Angeles (Cal.) *Porcupine*, has had the misfortune to be fined $700 for contempt of court—suggesting, if not showing, that the editor of the *Porcupine* would best have held his quills to his editorial work.

Husband (impatiently to wife)—"I told you I only wanted half a cup of tea, and, as usual, you've filled it to the top. Don't you know what half full is?"

Mother-in-law (grimly)—"She ought to by this time."

Mamma (house-hunting for the season)—"It's a good house for a dance, Emily!"

Emily—"The rooms are rather small, aren't they?"

Mamma (who knows how matches are made)—"Yes, but what a capital staircase!"—*Punch.*

The Indian who cut the top from his blanket and stitched it to the bottom, in order to make it longer, found when he had completed the job that he had lost only the seam in length.

Paternal advice of Brother Gardner to a member of the Lime-Kiln Club setting out on his travels:

"1. De kivered kyars won't git dar any sooner by puttin' yer head outer de winder.

2. De three-keerd monte man may look as pious as de real church deakun.

3. Pomposity am a pumpkin wid holler insides.

4. Keep yer money whar ye can't lend it widout pulling off yer butes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Petroleum is the topic of the office, drawing-room, and workshop, and a great part of our people think only of oil, talk oil, and dream oil. Miss Jennie Smith, the railroad evangelist, who has been laboring here, when leaving the other day, approached at the train Capt. V——, a well known operator who was standing on the platform, took him by the hand, as is her custom, and asked: "Brother, how are you? Are you on the rock or sand?"

The Captain absent-mindedly but excitedly, replied: "We are two bits in the sand and gushing like blazes."

The Judge and the Drunken Coachman.

Attorney-General Bates was once remonstrating with President Lincoln against the appointment of a judicial position of considerable importance of a western man, who though on the "bench," was of indifferent reputation as a lawyer.

"Well now, Judge," returned Mr. Lincoln, "I think you are rather too hard on——. Besides that, I

must tell you, he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was walking to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, when——overtook me in his wagon.

" 'Hallo, Lincoln!' said he; 'going to the court-house? Come in and I will give you a seat.'

"Well, I got in, and —— went on reading his papers. Presently the wagon struck a stump on one side of the road; then it hopped off to the other. I looked out and saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat: so said I, 'Judge, I think your coachman has been taking a drop too much this morning.'

"Well, I declare, Lincoln,' said he, 'I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half-a-dozen times since starting. So, putting his head out of the window, he shouted, '*Why you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!*"

"Upon which pulling up his horses and turning round with great gravity, the coachman said 'Be dad! but that's the first *rightful decision your honor has given for the last twelve months*!' "

RADIATIONS.

A couple of visitors to the House gallery were trying to pick out their congressman on the floor.

"I can't distinguish him," said one, after a hopeless visual observation. "Of course not," was the honest reply, "he can't even distinguish himself."

Some Germans in the Fatherland have issued an appeal to Germans beyond the seas for a Universal German Congress, to be held in Berlin, Sept. 13, 14, 15, and 16 next, at which the promotion of the intellectual and economical interests of the nation are to be discussed. Applications for attendance and for more ample information may be addressed to the Bureau of the Society for German Colonization.

A Rondout (N. Y.) man tells this yarn: He says that he bought some green dye, intending to color some eggs for his children for Easter, and laid the package on a bench in the back yard and forgot about it. When he thought to get it he discovered that his hens had eaten most of the dye-stuff. The next day he found three bright-green eggs in the nests; the next day three more a shade or two lighter; the third, the eggs had just the slightest tinge of green; the fourth day they resumed their normal appearance.

Gray—And you claim that Black is a total abstainer.

Green—Certainly he is.

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"THAT LYING OLD THING!" P. 237.

Gray—Come, now, doesn't he keep a drop in the house on the sly?

Green—No, sir, not a drop. He couldn't do it without my knowledge.

Gray—Why not?

Green—Because my hired man is courting his hired girl, and neither of our families can keep the smallest secret from the other.—*Boston Courier.*

A Montana woman had a neighbor woman arrested on charge of slander. The trial took place before a Justice of the Peace. The slandered woman being duly sworn took the witness-stand and began: "I'll tell ye in derned few words how it was, Jedge. That lyin' old thing thar gave it out cold that I wa'n't no *lady*, be gosh! An' if she or any other old slouch thinks I'm a goin' to lay low an' swaller talk of that kind they're badly left. I'm a lady from 'way back, Jedge, and I've got the papers fer it! And I kin jist everlastingly lick the ——."

"Verdict for the defendant!" roared the Judge. —*Detroit Free Press.*

The average Congressional statesman is looking for a tariff policy that will return him to Congress.

A facetious reader of the *Journal* calls attention to the fact that Abraham Lincoln made wool free

when he issued the emancipation proclamation.

Mexican pulque is a beer made from the juice of a cactus and is sold for one cent a glass. It looks bitter, smell loud, and tastes yellow, but it gets there, all the same.

A young man who is learning to ride a bicycle sent money to a New York publisher the other day for a book entitled "How to Get On." When the work arrived he was disgusted to find that it contained no instructions for mounting the wheel.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Hello," said a South End youngster to his chum. "Your folks going to move? Ours is."

"So's ours. Dad says he won't live in the old shell any longer."

"Mine neither. Where are you going to move?"

"Into your house. Where are you?"

"Into your house."

"Johnny," said Mr. McSwilligen to his youthful son and heir last night, "I am sorry to hear from your mother that you have been a very bad boy."

Johnny hung his head and his father continued: "You got into a fight with Jimmy Jones and he tore your coat and blacked your eye."

"Well, I guess I nearly broke his nose. So he didn't have all the fun," protested Johnny.

"I must punish you for such conduct," continued Mr. McSwilligen, as he took a long strap down from the nail.

"But, father," said Johnny, "before you strike let's see if we can't arbitrate this difficulty." Johnny was let off that time.

Lincoln's Story of a Young Lawyer as He Told it to General Garfield.

General Garfield, of Ohio, received from the President the account of the capture of Norfolk with the following preface: "By the way, Garfield," said Mr. Lincoln, "you never heard, did you, that Chase, Stanton, and I, had a campaign of our own? We went down to Fortress Monroe in Chase's revenue cutter, and consulted with Admiral Goldsborough as to the feasibility of taking Norfolk by landing on the north shore and making a march of eight miles. The Admiral said, very positively, there was no landing on that shore, and we should have to double the cape and approach the place from the south side, which would be a long and difficult journey. I thereupon asked him if he had ever tried to find a landing, and he replied that he had not.

" 'Now,' said I, 'Admiral, that reminds me of a chap out West who had studied law, but had never

tried a case. Being sued, and not having confidence in his ability to manage his own case, he employed a fellow-lawyer to manage it for him. He had only a confused idea of the meaning of law terms, but was anxious to make a display of learning, and on the trial constantly made suggestions to his lawyer, who paid no attention to him. At last, fearing that his lawyer was not handling the opposing counsel very well, he lost all patience, and, springing to his feet, cried out: "Why don't you go at him with a *capias*, or a *surrebutter*, or something, and not stand there like a confounded old *nudum-pactum!*"

The Umpire Probably Officiated.

"We had a diamond wedding down at our house the other day," said Mrs. Skuse, the boarding-house keeper, to her friend, Mrs. Maguffin.

"Indeed! You don't say? It must have been interesting."

"Yes, it was. The first-base man's sister got married to the short-stop."

A California Dog.

A Truckee (Cal.) dog shuts the door after him when he enters a house. This habit served handsomely when he was chased by a mad dog one day.

He was in his master's store and up at the window looking at the mad dog before the latter had recovered from his surprise at having the door slammed in his face.

Brief Comicalities.

Goes without saying—a deaf and dumb man.

A gushing correspondent says of a literary celebrity that "his conversation is full of light." Poor fellow! he must be lantern-jawed.

Mr. James McNeill Whistler calls his lectures "Ten o'clocks," because he delivers them at that hour. Ah, yes! We've always understood that Mr. Whistler wasn't over be nign.

It was recently decided in a Cincinnati debating society that a man is not necessarily an Irishman because he wears a cork leg.

The Indians originally owned America, and would still own it if they had gone into the liquor business when the first white men arrived here.

An exchange has the headline: "Nigh Time to Reform." Not much. Day time for reform and night time for fun.

A 6-year-old Pittsburg child, being asked, "What is a rope?" replied, "A fat string."

Berseker (just from the city)—"Going to make maple sugar, eh? Well, by jolly, I'm just in time. Er—may I go into the woods and see how it is done?"

Aunt—"Yes, I guess so."

Berseker—"When do you begin at it?"

Aunt—"Just as soon as your uncle gets back from the village with the glucose."

Wit that is quick is not always the best: yet, if a man is on the track in front of an aproaching train it is best to know what to do quick, as there is no time to consult guide books.

Ponsonby—"I saw you playing billiards last night with Litewaite. How did you come out?"

De Guy—"Lost $1,200 on eight games."

"Merciful smoke, what a loss!"

"I should say so: and the worst of it was $2 of it was cash."

A Pennsylvanian has patented a milking machine. The best milking machine is a calf. Inventors should turn their attention to a patent for getting the milk out of the calf.

When some politicians are weighed they are fond wanting—every office in which there is a vacancy.

Sunday-School teacher—Who loves everybody, Johnny?

Johnny—My pa does, cos he is runnin' for office.

England's puzzle and Pat's charade: "You rouse my first by asking rent for my second, and my whole is my country"—Ire-land.

Wanted to Make It a Sure Thing.

"I am a lawyer's daughter, you know, George, dear," she said, after George had proposed and had been accepted, "and you wouldn't think it strange if I were to ask you to sign a little paper to the effect that we are engaged, would you?"

George was too happy to think anything strange just then, and he signed the paper with a trembling hand and bursting heart.

Then she laid her ear against his middle vest button and they were very, very happy.

"Tell me, darling," said Goorge, after a long, delicious silence, "why did you want me to sign that paper? Do you not respose implicit confidence in my love for you?"

"Ah, yes," she sighed with infinite content, "indeed I do; but, George, dear, I have been fooled so many times."—*Life.*

She Introduced Herself.

The story is told of a prominent lady who is sometimes just a little overbearing to those she considers her inferiors. She lives in a fashionable West-End locality, and seldom takes the street-cars. But she did the other day. On approaching the street near her house she said to the conductor:

"Stop on this side of the street."

The conductor rang the bell, but it was too late, and the car kept on to the opposite corner. She was very indignant, and put her indignation into warm words, winding up with:

"I'm Mrs. Blank."

The conductor, nothing abashed, replied:

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs. Blank. I'm Tom Jackson."

An Amusing Story Concerning Thompson Campbell.

Among the numerous visitors on one of the President's reception days, were a party of Congressmen, among whom was the Hon. Thomas Shannon, of California. Soon after the customary greeting, Mr. Shannon said:

"Mr. President, I met an old friend of yours in California last summer, Thompson Campbell, who had a good deal to say of your Springfield life."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Lincoln, "I am glad to hear of him. Campbell used to be a dry fellow," he continued. "For a time he was Secretary of State. One day, during the legislative vacation, a meek, cadaverous-looking man, with a white neck-cloth, introduced himself to him at his office, and, stating that he had been informed that Mr. C. had the letting of the Assembly Chamber, said that he wished to secure it, if possible, for a course of lectures he desired to deliver in Springfield.

"'May I ask,' said the Secretary, 'what is to be the subject of your lectures?'

"'Certainly,' was the reply, with a very solemn expression of countenance. 'The course I wish to deliver, is on the Second Coming of our Lord.'

"'It is of no use,' said C. 'If you will take my advice, you will not waste your time in this city. It is my private opinion that if the Lord has been in Springfield *once*, He will not come the *second time!*'"

PREPARING TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR THEM.

A circus was expected at the little village of C——, and the inhabitants were as wildly excited over the event as the inhabitants of small towns usually are. The colored population were particularly enthusiastic, but their preacher, the Rev.

Pete Jefferson, was loud in his exhortations against it. He went so far as to threaten to expel any of his congregation who dared to spend their money in so sinful a way. Strange to relate, when the eventful night arrived the most conspicuous person there was the violent parson.

"Why, Uncle Pete, what are you doing here?" inquired one of his white friends.

"Law! Marse Henry, I hates it mightily, sah. But I's de shepherd, and I's obliged to look arter my flock. I got my eye on ebery last one ob dose onchristian, pop-eyed niggers, and you see if I don't make 'em smell fire and brimstone on Sunday".

Stuffing a Frenchman.

On my return from a visit to the Marquis of Mores-Vallombrosa—whose tribulations with the cowboys were recently narrated by the *Figaro*—I had one of these "howlers of the prairies" for my traveling companion over the Northern Pacific—a superb looking fellow, who was very talkative, unlike most of his fellows. The cold was intense, and the travelers were trying to warm themselves as best as they could around the stove in the centre of the car. Conversation naturally turned upon the weather, and my cowboy began to tell me about

a certain atrocious adventure which had happened to him only a few days before. I give it as he related it, without emendation:

"I'd gone to see my girl; and the family consisted of the angel herself, and her father, mother, two little brothers, and the Chinee. About 9 o'clock a snow-storm struck the log-house, and the house was soon buried out of sight under the snow. Couldn't get away. Storm got worse and worse; kept growing colder all the time; by 11 o'clock the mercury in the thermometer froze. I lay down before the big fireplace with the girl in my arms, trying to keep her warm. At 1 o'clock in the morning we didn't have anything left to burn, we'd burnt up the chairs, tables, and all the furniture. All at once I saw that my future parents-in-law were frozen stiff. What could I do? I shoved them both into the fire; and that kept a lively blaze up until 4 a. m. Then it was the turn of the two little brothers, who served for dog irons to burn the remains of their parents upon."

"And your girl?" asked a traveler.

"O, I kept her in my arms as long as I could; she was too cold and too frightened to bother about her parents; besides, they had been keeping her from freezing. But the cold, unfortunately, continued, and when everything was burned up I was obliged to shove the poor darling into the fire. Lord forgive

me! But she burned fine, I just tell you—she was so nice and fat: and she kept the fire going until evening, and then I was able to get back home."

All this was told in the most natural way in the world—I might almost say, without any show of bragging. The travelers, including your humble servant, seemed, however, very uncomfortable at the recital, and that was probably why none of them ventured to ask what had become of the Chinee. —*Letter in Paris Figaro.*

Down with the Tyrants.

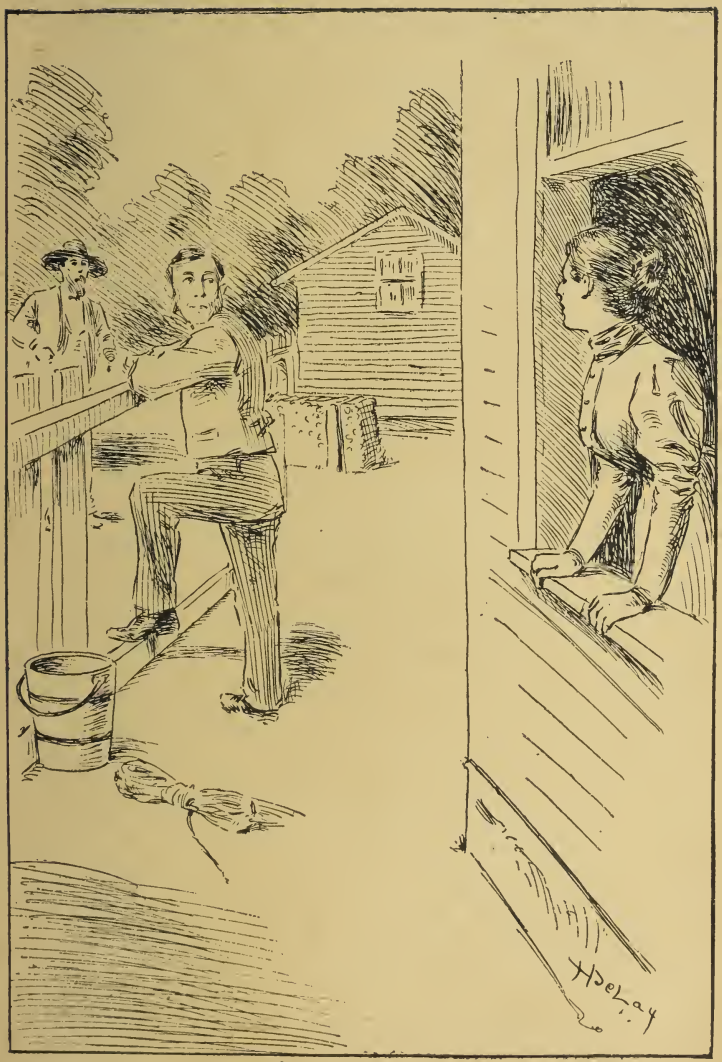
"Yes," said he to his neighbor across the fence, "the laboring men are in the right. It was time for them to rise against the tyranny of capital. Down with all tyrants, I say——"

"John Henry!" shrieked a shrill voice from the kitchen, "are you going to hang out that clothes-line and split that wood and draw that water, or shall I have to come out to you?"

"Yes, Mirandy," he answered meekly, "I'm going right about it."

The Correct Thing in Bridal Gloves.

Bertie, aged 9, is a great admirer of athletic sports. His cousin Lizzie, being about to enter the matrimonial estate, a family council was held



DOWN WITH THE TYRANTS! P. 248.

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upon the bridal toilet. Everything had been satisfactorily settled except the gloves, upon which quite a discussion arose. Bertie finally being appealed to rather astonished the meeting by his prompt and emphatic response: "Get boxing gloves!"

JERROLDIAN JOKINGS.

THE SWEETEST PLUM.

In all the wedding-cake, hope is the sweetest of the plums.

LOVE.

Love's like the flies, and, drawing-room or garrets, goes all over the house.

THE CLEAREST OF ALL LAWS.

Self-defence is the clearest of all laws; and for this reason—the lawyers didn't make it.

BODY AND MIND.

His body is weak, but his mind tremendous. Yes, a sword—a Damascus blade in a brown paper scabbard.

DAMP SHEETS.

To think that two or three yards of damp flax should so knock down the majesty of man!

PERMANENTLY ENLARGED.

Some years ago London was covered with announcements of the permanent enlargement of the

Morning Herald. One day Jerrold called at the office, and on seeing the portly figure of Mr. Rodin, the publisher, said, "What, Rodin, you too seem to be permanently enlarged!"

Care-Banishers.

Everything comes to him who waits. The farmer who all through the winter has been wondering what he was going to do with them pesky turnips now finds a ready sale for them to the dealer in pure grated horseradish.

A committee is discussing the abolition of Greek and Latin in Harvard. It is right that those dead and dangerous languages should go, provided the study of ballet-dancing is not made compulsory.

Now that the country has about celebrated all its centennial anniversaries it will have leisure to celebrate a great number of quarter-centennial anniversaries of important events in the civil war.

"Waiter! what's the matter with this fowl? When I attempt to cut it my knife recoils as it would from a piece of India-rubber!"

"Dat's spring chicken, boss."

There is nothing in the game of base-ball calculated to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of modesty, unless it is the decisions of the umpire.

There are four hundred known ways in which a horse can be unsound, and yet when you buy one you will find a way not yet catalogued.

Do not send your son to Yale college. Its base-ball club was defeated last week.

Lincoln's Story of Webster's Greatness.

Mr. Lincoln remarked to his friend: "Great men have various estimates. When Daniel Webster made his tour through the West years ago, he visited Springfield among other places, where great preparations had been made to receive him. As the procession was going through the town, a bare-footed little darkey boy pulled the sleeve of a man named T., and asked:

" 'What the folks were all doing down the street?'

" 'Why, Jack,' was the reply, 'the biggest man in the world is coming.'

"Now, there lived in Springfield a man by the name of G.— a very corpulent man. Jack darted off down the street, but presently returned, with a very disappointed air.

" 'Well, did you see him?' required T.

" 'Yes,' returned Jack; 'but laws,—he ain't *half as big as old G.*' "

JERROLDIANA.

A MOTTO.

Conscious virtue and cold mutton.

WISHES.

Wishes at least are the easy pleasures of the poor.

GOLD'S POWER.

He who has guineas for his subjects, is the king of men!

A MODEL BEGGAR.

Jerrold was showing off the accomplishments of a favorite terrier.

"Does he beg?" asked a visitor.

"Beg!" replied Jerrold, "ay, like a prince of the blood!"

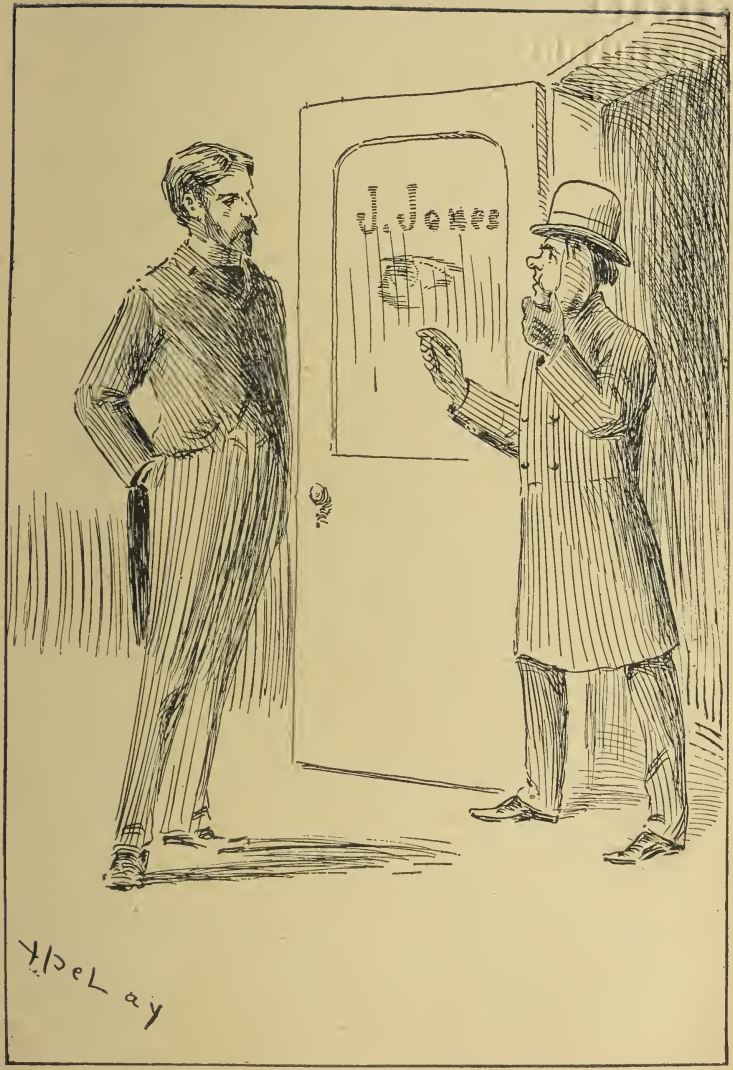
AN ATTORNEY'S LAST HOPE.

A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said, "Have you heard about poor R——? His business is going to the devil."

Jerrold replied, "That's all right —— then he is sure to get it back again."

THE DINER-OUT AT HOME.

A man who enjoyed the reputation of dining out continually, once, late in the evening, joined a party, which included Jerrold. The diner-out threw himself into a chair, and exclaimed with dis-



IT WAS AN EYE-TOOTH THAT BOTHERED HIM. P. 254.

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gust, "Tut! I had nothing but a —— mutton-chop for dinner!"

Jerrold only said, "Ah! I see, you dined at home."

Lincoln's Story of Jack Chase.

"In my early days, I knew one Jack Chase, who was a lumberman on the Illinois, and, when steady and sober, the best raftsman on the river. It was quite a trick twenty-five years ago to take the logs over the rapids, but he was skillful with a raft, and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a steamer was put on, and Jack—he's dead now, poor fellow!—was made captain of her. He always used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day, when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jack's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat-tail and hailed him with:

"'Say, Mister Captain! I wish you would just stop your boat a minute—I've lost my apple overboard!'"

He Had Made No Mistake.

"I want this tooth pulled. I just can't stand this any longer."

"But, my dear sir, I am not a dentist."

"What in thunder are you?"

"I am an oculist. I attend to the eyes, not the teeth."

"Well, that's all right. Get to work. This is an eye-tooth that's bothering me."—*Texas Siftings.*

Looking Out for Breakers—How Lincoln Illustrated It.

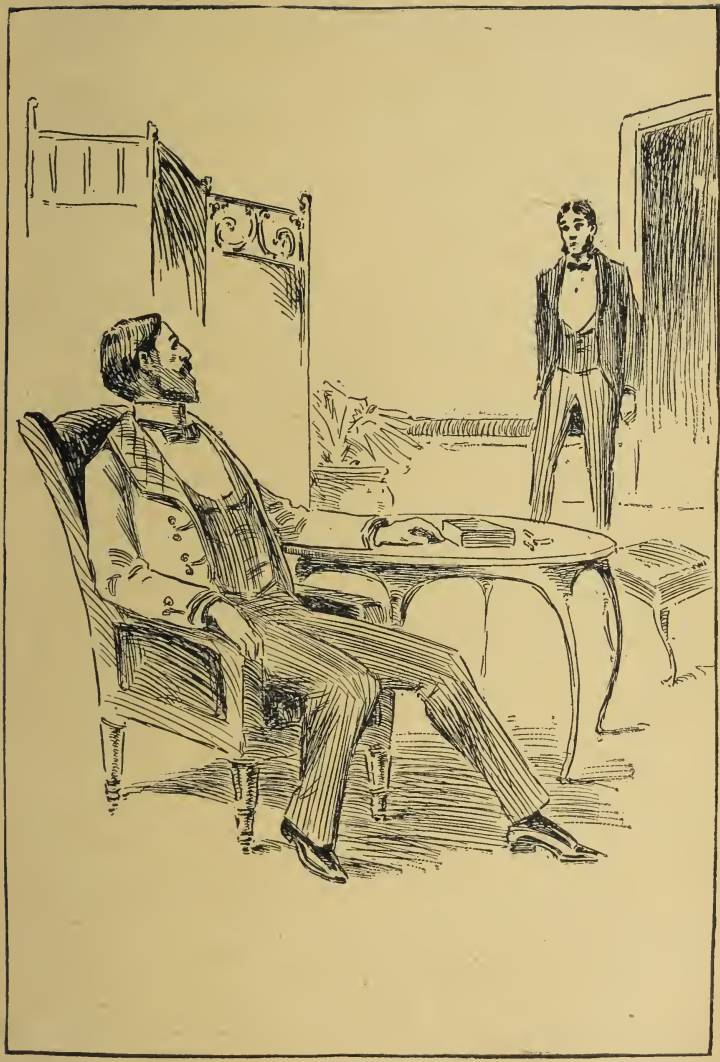
In a time of despondency, some visitors were telling President Lincoln of the "breakers" so often seen ahead—"this time surely coming." "That," said he, "suggests the story of the school-boy, who never could pronounce the names 'Shadrach,' 'Meshach,' and 'Abednego.' He had been repeatedly whipped for it without effect. Sometime afterwards he saw the names in the regular lesson for the day. Putting his finger upon the place, he turned to his next neighbor, an older boy, and whispered, 'Here comes those "*tormented Hebrews*" *again!*' "

Unfortunate.

De Peyster—Do you smoke?

New Valet—No, sir.

De Peyster—I had hoped you did. I have some new cigarettes and I suspect they are horrid.—*Tid-Bits.*



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Traps Set by Jokers.

A chromo is known by the tea it sells.

Anglomaniacs will not go to any sea-shore place this summer unless there are crests on the waves.

Six thousand men in the New York sugar refineries have struck and a great sugar loaf is the result. —*Washington Critic.*

A second-lieutenant in the French army is paid $38 per month. It is believed that he generallly boards with his wife's folks.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Every prisoner in the Massachusetts reformatory in Concord has had his allowance of tobacco cut off. It is to be inferred that formerly they used to bite it off.

It is a very certain indication of an approaching rainstorm when some one steals your umbrella off the hat rack. The better the umbrella was the harder the storm is sure to be.

Ben Butler is keeping mighty quiet these days, but there is a round-shouldered rumor afloat that his eye is searching for the man who hasn't got a theory as to how the Oregon was sunk.—*Tid-Bits.*

It costs so much to bury a congressman appropriately that one who wants to convince his constituents that he is really in favor of economy

should resign before he dies.—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

A Denver physician claims to be able to cure drunkenness by inoculation. It is not explained whether he injects an ounce of strychnine into the patient or locks him up in a whiskey-proof safe for the remainder of his life.—*Norristown Herald.*

Leaving the Farm.

"There's Jim, that boy uv mine, that's away to school," said a Dakota settler, "I al'ays counted on makin' a farmer uv him an' havin' him work the old place after I wuz gone, but I guess I can't."

"What is the matter?"

"Oh, everything. He won't take no interest in farm work and I can't learn him nothing. I don't b'lieve he knows which side to milk a cow on, blamed ef I do!"

"It must be quite a disappointment for you."

"Yes, I should say it wus. But I wuzn't hardly prepared for what he says in the letter I got terday. Hanged ef I thought he would ever go quite so fur as he has and jist drift right away from everything rooral, as ye might say."

"What has he done?"

"Why, durned ef he don't write and say that he has decided to quit college and accept a position as

edeter uv an angricult'ral paper. Jist think uv a farmer's son coming to that!"—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

Heading Him Off.

"Mr. Featherly," said Bobby at the dinner table, "what's an average?"

"An average?"

"Yes. Pa says you come to see sister twice a week on an average."

Featherly was very much amused. After explaining to Bobby the meaning of the word, he said:

"I suppose you thought it was some kind of a carriage, Bobby?"

"I thought perhaps it might be a bicycle, but I knew it couldn't be a carriage, because ma says you're too mean to hire——"

"Bobby," interrupted his mother, "will you have another piece of pie?"

Made Him Sad to Think of It.

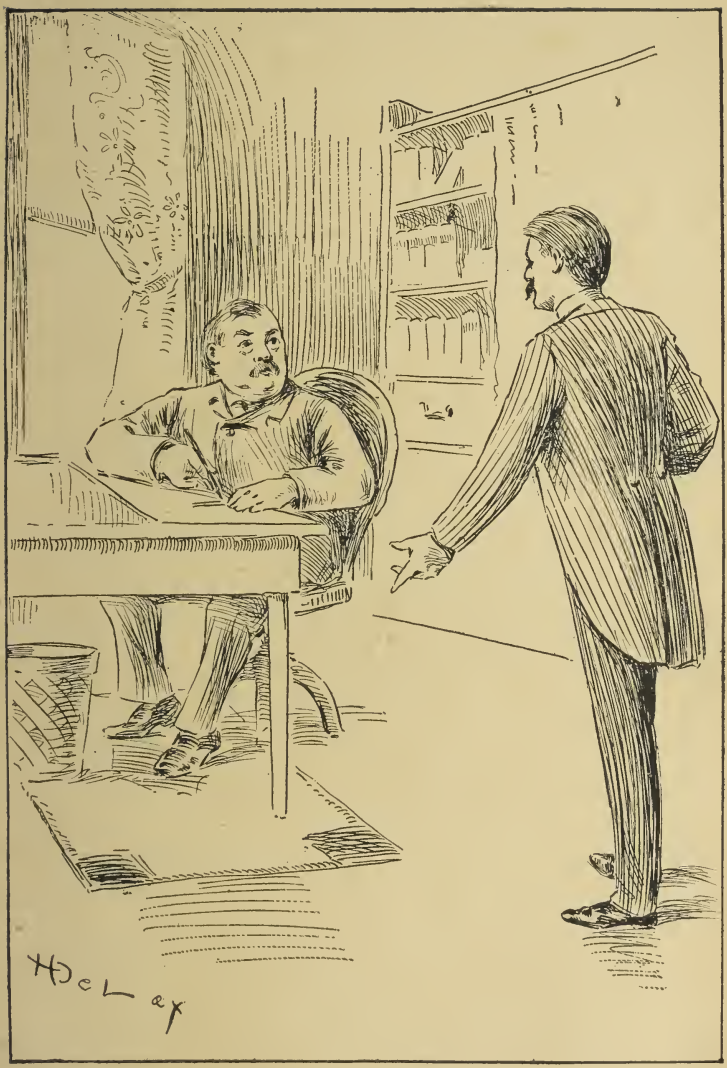
Speaking of clergymen reminds me of an incident which happened in one of the divinity schools of this state. One of the worthy professors, a doctor of divinity, had invited a number of the students

to take tea with him. The invitation was accepted and a very pleasant evening was spent with the professor. While the company were in the study discussing various subjects the mantel clock struck 8. The professor looked up at the timepiece and said, as though reflecting on the uncertainty of human life: "Eight o'clock! How sad it is to think that in an hour the brethren will all be going."

The students thought it was sad, but they also concluded that they would have to increase the sadness, and so left at once.—*Boston Traveler.*

A LAWYER WHO PRACTICED BY EAR.

Among the friends of Grover Cleveland when he was practicing law in this city was another attorney, but one of rather different stamp than the man of destiny. The friend was a bright fellow, but with the bump of laziness abnormally developed. He was not a well read lawyer, and whenever it was necessary for him to use a decision bearing on any point it was his habit to lounge into Cleveland's office and casually worm the desired information out of his friend's mental storehouse. "Grover" was not so dull as not to appreciate the fact and to resent the sponging—not so much because the process was worthy of



"I PRACTICE ENTIRELY BY EAR." P 259.

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that name as because he wished to spur his friend on to more energetic work.

One day the friend came in on his usual errand, and when Cleveland had heard the preliminaries usual to the pumping process, the latter told his questioner that he had given him all the information on law matters that he was going to.

"There are my books," said Cleveland, "and you're quite welcome to use them. You can read up your own cases."

"See here, Grover Cleveland," said the friend, "I want you to understand that I don't read law. I practice entirely by ear, and you and your books can go to thunder."—*Buffalo Express.*

A Boy's Essay on Columbus.

THEY WERE DISCOVERED AT LAST.

The following story comes from a school in the midlands: The master told the boys of the third class to write a short essay on Columbus. The following was sent up by an ambitious essayist: "Clumbus was a man who could make an egg stand on end without breaking it. The king of Spain said to Clumbus: 'Can you discover America?' 'Yes,' said Clumbus, 'if you will give me a ship.' So he had a ship and sailed over the sea in the direction where he thought America ought to be

found. The sailors quarreled and said they believed there was no such place. But after many days the pilot came to him and said: 'Clumbus, I see land.' 'Then that is America,' said Clumbus. When the ship got near the land was full of black men. Clumbus said: 'Is this America?' 'Yes, it is,' said they. Then he said: 'I suppose you are the niggers?' 'Yes,' they said, 'we are.' The chief said: 'I suppose you are Clumbus.' 'You are right,' said he. Then the chief turned to his men and said: 'There is no help for it; we are discovered at last.' "—*London Standard.*

Common Sense.

The Hon. Mr. Hubbard, of Connecticut, once called upon President Lincoln in reference to a newly invented gun, concerning which a committee had been appointed to make a report.

The "report" was sent for, and when it came in was found to be of the most voluminous description. Mr. Lincoln glanced at it, and said: "I should want a new lease of life to read this through!" Throwing it down upon the table, he added: "Why can't a committee of this kind occasionally exhibit a grain of common sense? If I send a man to buy a horse for me, I expect him to tell me his *points*—not how many *hairs* there are in his tail.

He Couldn't Catch Them Stealing.

Two months ago a democrat—an old Irish veteran—was appointed to be a watchman in the treasury department. He was assigned to duty at the door of one of the rooms connected with the redemption division. Every one noticed the alertness of the new watchman and the careful scrutiny given by him to the employes as they passed in and out. Last week he took a democratic friend aside and told him that the republicans could not be as bad as they had been painted. "I have been here," said he, "eight weeks and watched every one of 'em like a cat watches a mouse, and devil a one of 'em has been caught stealing a thing."

Not Room for So Many.

A little adventure of the Duke de Braganza—the husband of the Princess Amelia of Orleans.

"I was traveling in Spain," said the duke, "and had reached a miserable little village. It was 1 a. m. Knocking at the only hostelry in the place, a gruff voice called out:

"Who's there?"

" 'Don Alphonse-Ramire-Juan-Pedro-Carlos-Francisque-Dominique de Roxas de Braganza.'

" 'Drive on,' was the reply; 'I can't accommodate so many people.' "—*From the French.*

He Was Rather Absent-Minded.

A curious case of absent-mindedness is that of a young married man living near Jonesville, Saratoga county, who one morning milked his cow, set the pail of milk in the corner of the stable, and carried the stool to the house. This he did twice in succession. The third time he went to the barn to milk he took a basket of roots to the cow. He emptied out the roots and sat down and commenced to milk the cow in the basket, but found out his mistake in time to save enough milk for breakfast coffee.

He Wanted Assistance.

"Hello, I hear you have changed your boarding house," remarked Ebenezer Jones to Zebedee Smith. "What's the matter?"

"Why, the old lady insisted on using baking powder in her biscuits instead of giant powder."

"Giant powder in biscuit! Why, you might blow the top of your head off!"

"O, there's some danger of that, I know; but think of the advantage of having something in the biscuits to assist the teeth in reducing them to digestible fragments."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Rare and Valuable Relics.

An esteemed contemporary remarks that the fossils which have recently been dug up in Georgia are supposed to be the remains of Georgians who believed in paying the state debt. The scarcity of the Virginia article in ages to come will make Virginia remains valuable.

Not for Sale.

Councilman—This slanderous talk about corruption in councils ought to be stopped.

Citizen—Nothing in it, eh?

"No, sir! I happen to know every man on my committee intimately, and I will swear that there is not a single one who is for sale."

"All been bought, I suppose."

Wise, Witty, and Pungent Sayings of Bench and Bar.

The writer remembers hearing of a gentleman who, not wishing to pay the legal and recognized fee for a consultation with his lawyer, devised an expedient whereby he expected to gain the information he required without the usual cost. He accordingly invited the man "learned in law" to dine at his house on a particular evening as a

friend and old acquaintance. The lawyer gladly accepted the invitation, and attended at the house of his friend and client promptly to the minute. The conversation for some time was very general and agreeable, and the shrewd client, by hinting and suggesting, at last drew the lawyer out into a learned and explicit dissertation upon the subject the host wished to be informed upon. The client, pleased, satisfied, and smiling, chuckled in his sleeve, thinking how nicely he had wormed out the advice desired and pumped his lawyer free of cost.

The feast over, the lawyer departed, equally pleased, and, both being satisfied, all went merry as a marriage-bell. But a few days afterward the client received a letter from his lawyer informing him that the charge for professional consultation and advice was 13s. 4d., and would he "kindly attend to the payment of same at his earliest convenience and oblige?" The client was wild—caught in his own trap; but, being determined to outwit the lawyer and gain his own ends, he forwarded to the latter a bill for "dinner, wines, and accessories supplied," on the 16th inst., amounting to thirteen shillings and four pence, saying that if he would settle the inclosed bill he should only be too pleased and happy to settle the lawyer's little bill. The lawyer retorted by threatening to commence an action against mine host for selling wines

without a license unless his (the lawyer's) bill was immediately paid. Do I need to say that the lawyer was victorious?

When I was a boy I heard of a lawyer who was called up in the middle of a cold winter's night to draw up the will of an old farmer who lived some three miles away, and who was dying. The messenger had brought a cart to convey the lawyer to the farm, and the latter in due time arrived at his destination. When he entered the house he was immediately ushered into the sick-room, and he then requested to be supplied with pen, ink, and paper. There were none in the house. The lawyer had not brought any himself, and what was he to do? Any lead pencil? he inquired. No; they had none. The farmer was failing fast, though quite conscious. At last the legal gentleman saw chalked up on the back of the bed-room door column upon column of figures in chalk. These were milk "scores" or "shots." He immediately asked for a piece of chalk, and then, kneeling on the floor, he wrote out concisely upon the smooth hearth-stone the last will and testament of the dying man. The farmer subsequently died. The hearth-stone will was sent to the principal registry in London, with special affidavit, and was duly proved, the will being deposited in the archives of the registry.

I may mention that the law does not state upon what substance or with what instrument a will must be written.

There was once a plain, outspoken Judge, who, addressing the jury, said: "Gentlemen of the jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible, the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

It was once reported to the notorious Judge Jeffries that the Prince of Orange was on the point of entering into the country, and that he was already preparing a manifesto as to his inducements and objects in so doing. "Pray, my Lord Chief-Justice," said a gentleman present, "what do you think will be the heads of this manifesto?" "Mine will be one," he grimly replied.

An undoubted alibi was some time ago successfully proven in an American court, as follows:

"And you say you are innocent of the charge of stealing this rooster from Mr. Jones?" queried the Judge.

"Yes, sir; I am innocent—as innocent as a child."

"You are confident you did not steal the rooster from Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, sir; and I can prove it."

"How can you prove it?"

"I can prove that I didn't steal Mr. Jones' rooster, Judge, because I stole two hens from Mr. Graston the same night, and Jones lives five miles from Graston's."

"The proof is conclusive," said the Judge; "discharge the prisoner."

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity."—*Chambers' Journal.*

FUNNY CAPERS.

A light beverage—moonshine whisky.

A kite ought to be made of fly-paper.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A pressing need in the interest of economy is a bustle that can, when not in use, be converted into a fire-escape.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

"It's a very funny thing," remarked Bass meditatively. "I sat by the river all day with bated breath and never caught a thing."—*The Rambler.*

Ex-King Thebau of Burmah is said to have been an expert poker-player. This seems very probable. A man who always has four queens ought to be an expert at poker, if he is at any game.

An exchange heads a column of leaded type: "Great Excitement in Texas." We can't imagine what could have caused it, unless the authorities happened to catch a murderer or something of that sort. This explanation, however, lacks probability.

The landlord of a summer hotel is to have an arctic room in his house. All the walls will be covered with ice scenes and the ceiling will glisten with the effect of dependent icicles. Those who have seen the plan say that it reminds one of a church social.—*Boston Transcript.*

INTERRUPTED.

Maud (outside)—Is papa in there with you, George?

George—Yes, Miss Maud, would you like to see him?

Maud—Please ask him for me—

George—I was on the point of doing so when you interrupted.

Papa—Bless you, my children.—*Tid-Bits.*

LINCOLN'S CONFAB WITH A COMMITTEE ON "GRANT'S WHISKY."

Just previous to the fall of Vicksburg, a self-constituted committee, solicitous for the *morale* of our armies, took it upon themselves to visit the President and urge the removal of General Grant.

In some surprise Mr. Lincoln inquired, "For what reason?"

"Why," replied the spokesman, "he drinks too much whisky."

"Ah!" rejoined Mr. Lincoln, dropping his lower lip. "By the way, gentlemen, can either of you tell me where General Grant procures his whisky? because, if I can find out, I will send every general in the field *a barrel of it!*"

LOTS OF FUN WITH A FOUR-IN-HAND.

"Do you dwive youah faw-in-hand this spwing, Tooler?"

"Of cawse I do. What's the use of having a faw-in-hand if you don't dwive it, eh?"

"I don't know, I'm shuah. What the dooce is the use of having a faw-in-hand, anyhow?"

"Why, my deah boy, it's lots of first-claws fun having the girls supplicate you faw a wide, and having youah photogwaph taken on the box, don't chew know, in all youah spwing toggawy."

"But isn't it howible dangawous?"

"Not a bit. I only wan ovah six people lawst yeah, and not one of them died eithaw."

Worried Over the Labor Troubles.

Tramp — You see, your honor, these labor troubles——

Judge—Nonsense! Labor has never troubled you any.

Tramp—It has troubled me day and night for years, your honor.

Judge—At night?

Tramp—Yes. I lay awake at nights studying how to avoid work.

Judge—I'll spare you that loss of sleep for ninety days.

He Couldn't Help Doing It.

A barber who had called to shave a gentleman who had just died, said, as he began operations: "Do de razor hurt yo', sah?" Then he tried to sell his customer a bottle of hair elixir, and as he removed the towel at the finish he shouted "Next!" and he didn't mean anything wrong, either. Simply from force of habit. Dynamite wouldn't get some men out of a rut.

WORRIED OVER LABOR TROUBLES. P. 270.

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Suffering from the Chinese Boycott.

A tramp recently stopped at a house near Chico and asked for something to eat. "No," said the proprietor, "I cannot give you anything. I have discharged my Chinaman and my wife has to do the cooking. I used to feed tramps, but it is all my wife can do now to cook for the family."

And the tramp mournfully moved on, wondering to himself whether boycotting was a good thing after all.—*Chico (Cal.) Enterprise.*

Of Course He Kept One.

Well-Meaning Citizen—Now, Pat, you see what disgrace these low politicians have brought on the city. Why don't you cast your vote for honest, respectable, solid men? Now, if Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant were put up in your district would you vote for him?

Patrick—Stoyversant, soor? Where does he kape his saloon?

Merely a Matter of Business.

Citizen—Just think of the deception practiced every day. Why, it's dreadful. Now, if you could make $150 by a lie, your sense of honor wouldn't allow you to do it, would it, Washington Jackson?

Washington Jackson — Dunno, boss—dunno. Seems to me dat am a matter of bisness wharin honor ain't got nuffin to say. Say, boss, who's de man wid de $150.

A Primary Lesson.

Experienced Tramp (to novice) — Now, Bill, time's money in this business same's any other.

Novice—Yes?

Experienced Tramp—An' so, when you strikes a man on the street, an' he stops an' says "Sir," an' is werry polite, don't try to work him fur nuthin, cos you'll not get it. Drap him to oncet.

Minnehaha and Minneboohoo!

Some gentlemen fresh from a Western tour, during a call at the White House, referred in the course of conversation to a body of water in Nebraska, which bore an Indian name signifying "weeping water." Mr. Lincoln instantly responded: "As 'laughing water,' according to Longfellow, is Minnehaha,' this evidently should be 'Minneboohoo.' "

She Didn't Like the Style.

"Ah, Miss Amy," remarked young Fitzpercy during a call last night, "have you seen Chopin's A-flat polonaise?"

A PRIMARY LESSON. P. 272.

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"A flat polonaise!" replied Amy. "No, and I don't think that kind of a polonaise would ever be fashionable."

NOTES ON SOME SPRING STYLES.

THE LADIES' FAVORITE BONNET AND HOSIERY—THE SMALL DOG WORN IN SHADES TO MATCH THE COSTUME—PREVAILING FASHIONS FOR GENTLEMEN.

BILL NYE.

It is customary at this season of the year to poke fun at the good clothes of our friends and well-wishers, the ladies, but it occurs to me that this spring there is a very small field for the witty and sarcastic critic of female attire. There has not been a time since I first began to make a study of this branch of science when the ladies seem to have manifested better taste or sounder judgment in the matter of dress.

Even bonnets seem to be less grotesque this season than heretofore, although the high, startled bonnet, the bonnet that may be characterized as the excelsior bonnet, is still retained by some, though how it is retained has always been a mystery to me. Perhaps it holds its place in society by means of a long, black pin, which apparently passes through the brain of the wearer.

Black hosiery continues to be very popular, I am informed. Sometimes it is worn clocked, and then again it is worn crocked. The crockless black stocking is gaining in favor in our best circles, I am pleased to note. Nothing looks more mortified than a foot that has been inside of a crockable stocking all through a long, hot, summer day.

I am very glad to notice that the effort made a few years ago by a French reformer to abolish the stocking on the ground of unhealthfulness has met with well-merited failure. The custom of wearing hosiery is one that does great credit to the spirit of American progress, which cannot be thwarted by the puny hand of foreign interference or despotic intervention.

Street costumes of handsomely fitting and unobtrusive shades of soft and comfortable goods will be generally in favor, and the beautiful and symmetrical American arm with a neatly fitting sleeve on the outside of it will gladden the hearts of the casual spectator once more.

The lady with the acute elbow and the italicized clavicle will make a strong effort this season to abolish the close-fitting and extremely attractive sleeve, but it will be futile.

The small dog will be worn this season in shades to match the costume. For dark and brown combinations in street dresses the black-and-tan dog

will be very much in favor, while the black-and-drab pug will be affected by those wearing these shades in dress. Small pugs that are warranted not to bag at the knees are commanding a good price. Spitz dogs to match lynx or fox trimmed garments or spring wraps are now being sprinkled with camphor and laid aside for the summer. Coach dogs of the spotted variety will be worn with polka-dot costumes. Tall, willowy hounds with wire tails will be much affected by slender young ladies and hydrophobia. Antique dogs with weak eyes, asthma, and an air of languor will be used a great deal this season to decorate lawns and railroad crossings. Young dogs that are just budding into doghood will be noticed through the spring months trying their new teeth on the light spring pantaloons of male pedestrians.

Styles in gentlemen's clothing have not materially changed. Lavender pantaloons, with an air of settled melancholy and benzine, are now making their appearance, and young men trying to eradicate the droop in the knees of last summer's garment may be seen in their luxurious apartments most any calm spring evening.

An old nail-brush, with a solution of ammonia and prussic acid, will remove traces of custard pie from light shades in pantaloons. This preparation will also remove the pantaloons.

The umbrella will be worn over the shoulder and in the eye of the passing pedestrian, very much as usual on pleasant days, and left behind the door in a dark closet on rainy days.

Gentlemen will wear one pocket-handkerchief in the side pocket, with the corner gently emerging, and another in the hip pocket, as they did last season, the former for decorative purposes and the latter for business. This is a wise provision and never fails to elicit favorable comment.

The custom of wearing a few kernels of roasted coffee or a dozen cloves in the little cigarette pocket of the cutaway coat will still continue, and the supply will be replenished between the acts, as heretofore.

Straw hats will be chased down the streets this spring by the same gentlemen who chased them last spring, and in some instances the same hats will be used. Shade trees will be worn a little lower this summer, and will therefore succeed in wiping off a larger crop of plug hats, it is hoped. Linen dusters, with the pockets carefully soldered together, have not yet made their appearance.

More Light and Less Noise.

An editorial, in a New York journal, opposing Lincoln's re-nomination, is said to have called out from him the following story: A traveler on the

frontier found himself out of his reckoning one night in a most inhospitable region. A terrific thunder-storm came up, to add to his trouble. He floundered along until his horse at length gave out. The lightning afforded him the only clew to his way, but the peals of thunder were frightful. One bolt, which seemed to crash the earth beneath him, brought him to his knees. By no means a praying man, his petition was short and to the point—"O Lord, if it is all the same to you, give us a little *more light and a little less noise!*"

It Had Burned Long Enough.

"John, it is quite dim in this room. What is the matter?"

"I don't know; I lit the gas half an hour ago and it should have made plenty of light by this this."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A New Fashion.

"Coming to Dobbs's wedding to-night?"

"Sorry, but—well, the fact is I haven't the clothes."

"Nonsense! Your trousers and shoes will do, and I'll loan you a coat and vest. That's all you need."

"Is that so? When did the swells quit wearing shirts?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Simple Ballad.

I love to get up in the morn,
When all is bright and fair,
And neatly mend my trousers torn,
That lie upon a chair.

I love to sew the buttons on
The neck-band of my shirt;
I love to rub benzine upon
My garments soiled with dirt.

I love to hunt around the room
For things the chambermaid
Has swept away with ruthless broom,
And burned up, I'm afraid.

I love to eat my frugal meals
At a cheap restaurant,
Where, notwithstanding my appeals,
I can't get what I want.

I love to go to bed at two,
Get up again at eight,
And know that no one cares a sou
Why I was out so late.

I love all other things above,
When I'm asleep, to snore—
In short, kind friends, I dearly love
To be a bachelor.

"I DEARLY LOVE TO BE A BACHELOR. P. 278.

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One of Lincoln's Drolleries.

During the Rebellion an Austrian Count applied to President Lincoln for a position in the army. Being introduced by the Austrian Minister, he needed, of course, no further recommendation; but, as if fearing that his importance might not be duly appreciated, he proceeded to explain that he was a Count; that his family were ancient and highly respectable; when Lincoln, with a merry twinkle in his eye, tapping the aristocratic lover of titles on the shoulder, in a fatherly way, as if the man had confessed to some wrong, interrupted in a soothing tone, "Never mind; you shall be treated with just as much consideration for all that?"

He was Terribly Dry,

AND THE INNOCENT DRUGGIST'S CLERK ACCOMMODATED HIM WITH A DRINK.

A certain south side druggist whose anterior name is Frederick has that fact displayed on the sign that hangs over the store entrance. Early one morning last week while the clerk was busily engaged with his duster a seedy-looking individual entered the store.

"Good morning," he said, cheerily. "Is Fred in?"

"No," replied the clerk, "it's too early for him. He won't show up until 9 o'clock."

"That so?" returned the other, in a disappointed tone. "Just my luck."

"Anything I can do for you?" inquired the clerk.

"No, I want to see Fred; he's an old friend of mine;" and he turned as though to leave the store. He took a few steps toward the door, but returned and, with a confidential air, approached the clerk and said, in a winning frankness of tone:

"To tell you the truth, I've been on a toot for several days past, and I'm broke. My head feels like a three-story-and-basement building and my mouth feels as though I had been eating flannel. I came in here to get a drink, as I knew Fred would give it to me if he was in. Can't you let me have a little whisky?"

"I guess so," said the clerk, and as he disappeared behind the prescription-case he began to chuckle, and a look of malicious mischief settled on his features.

"Same old game," he muttered, picking up a glass; "I'll get even with this fellow; he don't know Fred from a porous-plaster; saw the name above the door," and he began to pour liquids from various bottles into the glass, stopping every little while to enjoy the anticipated delight that consumed him. Stepping from behind the case he

innocently asked his victim if he would have a little peppermint in his. The victim did not care if he did.

By this time the clerk had compounded a mixture of gentian, cayenne pepper, quinine, and peppermint, which he handed the tramp with gentle solicitude, and then, with a fiendish glee marking his countenance, watched him gulp it down with eager thirst. Slowly a look of intense disgust and nausea spread over the face of the victim, and then with his hands pressed tightly against his vest pockets he turned and fled, while the heartless clerk fell up against the counter in an ecstasy of laughter.

MR. LINCOLN ON CRITICISM AND BULL-FROGS.

Concerning criticism, President Lincoln told a friend this story:

"Some years ago a couple of 'emigrants,' fresh from the 'Emerald Isle,' seeking labor, were making their way toward the West. Coming suddenly one evening upon a pond of water, they were greeted with a grand chorus of bull-frogs—a kind of music they had never before heard. 'B-a-u-m! —B-a-u-m!'

"Overcome with terror, they clutched their 'shillelahs,' and crept cautiously forward, straining their

eyes in every direction to catch a glimpse of the enemy; but he was not to be found!

"At last a happy idea seized the foremost one—he sprang to his companion and exclaimed, 'And sure, Jamie! it is my opinion it's *nothing but a 'noise!*' "

Over the River.

The hours creep by on leaden feet,
And all the day is long to me.
I drink the bitter with the sweet—
Things are not as they used to be.
It's lonesome living on this way
Since papa went to Canada.

Good sooth, he did not want to go,
He told me, when he said good-by,
He had the boodle with him, so
They could not find it should they try.
Then in a hurried sort of way
Poor papa went to Canada.

His place is empty on the board.
At home we see his vacant chair;
And we, alas, seem quite ignored
Because he's neither here nor there.
There is no place to go or stay
Since papa went to Canada.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A Woman's Reason.

A woman had been brought into court charged with attempting to poison her husband.

The Magistrate—Have you anything to offer in your defense?"

She (in a hesitating voice)—Y e e s, your honor. My friends were all the time telling me how well I would look in black.

Concerning Fanny and Frances.

Harrisville girls read in the *Alcona County Review* that girls desiring to have small mouths should frequently repeat rapidly, "Fanny Finch fried five flounder fish for Frances Fowler's father." They have formed societies, and are now repeating the quotation in concert. They hope to get their mouths small enough to be kissed.

He Was Too Inquisitive.

"Died of curiosity," was the verdict of an Arizona coroner.

"Died of curiosity?" incredulously exclaimed a bystander.

"Yes, the dum fool. He wanted to see how Redheaded Jimmie would act if he called him a liar. He found out. Poor fellow! There's lots as die of curiosity out here."—*The Rambler.*

By the Sea.

Last year we paced the yellow sands
Beside the restless sea;
I held in mine your tiny hands
And drew you close to me.
I marked your blushes come and go
The sigh, the smile, the tear:
The words you whispered soft and low
Were music in mine ear.

We two were dreaming Love's young dream
Besides the murmuring sea;
Your presence made the whole earth seem
A paradise to me;
We said our love would never change,
Would no abatement know
While life should last—it seems so strange
'Twas just a year ago.

Once more we pace the yellow sands
Beside the summer sea;
I do not hold your tiny hands,
You do not cling to me;
I do not press you to my heart
And kiss your snowy brow—
We're strolling twenty yards apart,
For we are married now.

Oh, for a Man!

Oh, for a man! the clear voice sang,
And through the church the echo rang.
Oh, for a man! she sang again—
How could such sweetness plead in vain?

The bad boy grinned across the aisles,
The deacon's frowns were changed to smiles.
The singer's cheek turned deepest pink
At base and tenor's wicked wink,

The girls that bore the alto part
Then took the strain with all their heart;
Oh, for a man, a man, a man—
And then the full voiced choir began

To sing with all their might and main
The finis to the girl's refrain:
Oh, for a mansion in the skies,
A man—a mansion in the skies.—*Judge.*

Read; Then Sit for a Picture.

[LIME KILN CLUB.]

"I has been walkin' 'round on top dis airth mighty nigh my alloted time," said Brother Gardner as the band ceased playing, "and yit some things are jist as much a mystery to me as when I was 20.

"How does it happen dat de folkses who am head-ober-heels in debt put on de moas' style?

"Why am it dat de man wid a head full of brains mus' play second-fiddle to a monkey wid a pocket-ful o' money?

"How does it come, dat while we purfess to lub our nabor, nuthin' tickles us mo' dan to h'ar he has received a set-back and mus' take a cheaper house?

"How am it dat de man wid de biggest di'mun pin, an' de woman wid de moas' real lace on her dress, git shet of deir counterfeit nickels sooner dan anybody else?

"Show me a party of fifty pussons gwine to make a trip to Yurup, an' I'll pint out thirtyfive who am stavin' off creditors to do it.

"We complain dat servant gals doan' know deir duties, an' we eddicate our darters to ignore housework as beneaf 'em. De hired gals of the next ginerashun won't be to blame if dey mix bread in de bath-tub an' mash 'taters wid a beer bottle.

"When de preacher gits up in de pulpit an' splains dat de African heathen am pinin' fur tracks an' Bibles we shell out de cash wid hot fingers. When de widder calls at de front doah to inform us dat her chill'en am cold and hungry an' ragged, we keep de cash keerfully salted down, an' wonder if an autograph album wouldn't help de fam'ly to pull frew.

"Seems to me, as I lean on de fence an' look ober de landscape, dat a good sheer of dis world am wrong eand to. De shine of brass keetches de eye whar' silver am unnoticed. A loud voice gathers a crowd sooner dan sweet song. Society demands a dress coat an' a white shirt, an' if dat demand am satisfied nobody will ax de wearer whether he has bin in state prison or de State Legislachur! Let us now purceed to dispatch de routine bizness of de eavenin'."

Lincoln's Story of Sallie Ward's Pragtigal Philosophy.

When the telegram from Cumberland Gap reached Mr. Lincoln that "firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville," he remarked that he "was glad of it." Some person present, who had the perils of Burnside's position uppermost in his mind, could not see *why* Mr. Lincoln should be *glad* of it, and so expressed himself.

"Why, you see," responded the President, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which Mrs. Ward would exclaim:

'*There's one of my children that isn't dead yet.*'"

Seen Her Best Days.

A Chicago man, who has recently returned from Europe, was asked what he thought of Rome.

"Well," he replied, "Rome is a fair-sized town, but I couldn't help but think when I was there that she had seen her best days."

A Frivolous Ghost.

The ghost in the "Corsican Brothers," now being played in New Orleans, walks around with gold sleeve buttons, which creole audiences think rather an innovation on the established custom of ghosts.

It Could Go Out.

"How I envy the sitting-room fire," sighed the new girl to Mrs. Frizzletop.

"And why, pray?" asked her mistress.

"Because it is allowed to go out these lovely afternoons."

An Effective Safeguard.

"I'm afraid we shan't have this compartment to ourselves any longer, Janet."

"Oh, it's all right, aunty, darling. If you put your head out of the window, I daresay nobody will come in!"—*Punch.*

IT COULD GO OUT P. 288.

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One of Lincoln's Last Stories.

One of the last stories heard from Mr. Lincoln was concerning John Tyler, for whom it was to be expected, as an old Henry Clay Whig, he would entertain no great respect. "A year or two after Tyler's accession to the Presidency," said he, "contemplating an excursion in some direction, his son went to order a special train of cars. It so happened that the railroad superintendent was a very strong Whig. On 'Bob's' making known his errand, that official bluntly informed him that his road did not run any special trains for the President.

" 'What!' said 'Bob,' 'did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of General Harrison?'

"Yes,' said the superintendent, stroking his whiskers; 'and if you will only bring your father here in *that* shape, you shall have the best train on the road!' "

The Graduate.

He could quote from musty pages, delve in geologic ages, and relaxed himself in synthesis and such;
Could construct an exegesis, startle with a subtle thesis, and involve a tortured subject overmuch.

He was great in mathematics, as applied to hydrostatics, or eternal evolution of the spheres;
His chronology was reckoned from the minimum of second to the undiscovered maximum of years.
He was constantly amazing with philology and phrasing, with vocabulistic plenitude and ease;
He was by his fellows quoted, as a lexicon is noted, his attainments were superlative degrees.
On commencement his oration was received with an ovation, oh! his temporary glory was immense,
While the complimenting flowers fell around in fragrant showers, and the fever of the moment was intense.

CAPERS OF THE MUSES.

"O where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-chestnuting, sir," she said.
And she spoke sober truth, in sooth, for lo!
She had a ticket for the minstrel show.

—*The Judge.*

When the cymbals and the castanets commence
To delight the ravished ear of waking sense,
Then remember serenading
Is a scheme for larder raiding,
And your pantry shelves will suffer the expense.

—*New York World.*

Now the birds sing on the maple limb,
The sweet hyacinth begins to sprout;
And the rash small boy goes in to swim,
And gets his shirt on wrong side out.
—*Norristown Herald.*

"Farewell, kind friends," he sadly said,
And bitter tears of anguish shed.
"Let us refuse to think of pain,
And fondly hope to meet again;
Farewell! I go at duty's call,
As umpire in a game of ball." —*Tid-Bits.*

Soon the golden woodbine will blossom on the porch.
And then the gladioli be burning like a torch,
White clouds will float serenely adown the turquoise sky.
And from the spry poundmaster will scoot the old ki-yi.

The Chinese minister, Chang Yen Woon,
A genuine blood of the great tycoon,
Is a mandarin of the second degree,
Who lives on the river Yang T-Sie.
Six years collector for old San Tung,
He carried the deestrict by the bung,
And leaving finally Foo Che Foo,
He became collector down at Wu Hu.

He served a term at this, and then
They made him a judge across at Wa Hen.
A merry old rooster then was he,
This mandarin of the second degree.
Thence to Pekin as Tsung Li Youk,
Where he put on the style of a royal dook;
Anon we'll see him very soon
As U. S. Minister Chang Yen Woon.
—*Washington Critic.*

Small boy;
Bright dreams;
Much joy;
Quiet stream.

Great delight
Seizes him;
None in sight;
Takes a swim.

Little lad—
Old story—
Very sad—
Boy in glory. —*Tid-Bits.*

"Heah, you go tell Gawge Washington
Buchanan Jackson Smif
To come and put he gawments on,
Or else I knock 'im stiff.

"An 'Lisabith Victoria,
An' Lilly Langtry Jane,
You bes' come in heah to your ma,
Outen all dat rain."

—*Pittsburg-Commercial-Gazette.*

The Best Way Out.

"How do you manage with your wife when you go home late nights?"

"Easily enough—I don't go home."

Lincoln's Story of a Poodle Dog Used on the End of a Long Pole to Swab Windows.

A friend who was walking over from the White House to the War Department with Mr. Lincoln, repeated to him the story of a "contraband" who had fallen into the hands of some good, pious people, and was being taught by them to read and pray.

Going off by himself one day, he was overheard to commence a prayer by the introduction of himself as "Jim Williams—a berry good nigga' to wash windows; 'spec's you know me now?"

After a hearty laugh at what he called this "direct way of putting the case," Mr. Lincoln said:

"The story that suggests to me, has no resemblance to it, save in the 'washing windows' part. A lady in Philadelphia had a pet poodle dog, which mysteriously disappeared. Rewards were offered for him, and a great ado made without effect. Some weeks passed, and all hope of the favorite's return had been given up, when a servant brought him in one day in the filthiest condition imaginable. The lady was overjoyed to see her pet again, but horrified at his appearance.

'Where *did* you find him?' she exclaimed.

" 'Oh,' replied the man, very unconcernedly, 'a negro down the street had him tied to the end of a pole, *swabbing* windows.' "

A Low Fellow.

Adolphus—I say, Weginald, I saw you talking to that dweadful cad De Smithe yesterday. Don't do it again, chappie; the fellah is a low chap, ye know.

Reginald—Bless me, I thought the fellah was a decent soht, ye know.

Adolphus—Oh, deah no! Why, I saw him down the stweet the othaw day cawying a bundle—actually a bundle.

Reginald—The vulgah bwute?—*The Rambler.*

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SHE HAD HER REVENGE. P. 295.

He Had a Relapse.

Jones—Hullo, old man! Come in and take something.

Brown—Why, I thought you'd sworn off.

Jones—Of course I did; but I have my periodical relapses from virtue, and, as Mrs. Jones is out of town for a week, I am relapsing now.

A Questionable Remedy.

The baby had got hold of a dish of cranberries and a hard case of colic was the inevitable result.

"What in the name of all that is good and bad," said the head of the house, who was trying to read his paper, "is the cause of that baby's screaming?"

"Cranberries," replied the mother. "Hush, my baby, hush—"

"Well, for heaven's sake if she wants cranberries, give her some. Anything to stop that noise."

She Had Her Revenge.

Mrs. Greening—How strange it seems for us to be married. We who used to quarrel so much.

Mr. Greening—Yes; we did have some trouble at first.

Mrs. G.—Do you remember that night last June when you flirted so and I vowed that I would be revenged?

Mr. G.—Well, you got even at last, didn't you?
Mrs. G.—Why, how?
Mr. G.—By marrying me!—*The Rambler.*

A Story of Salmon.

One evening W. J. Florence, the actor, sat in the club-room telling of his exploits on a salmon river in New Brunswick. "How many salmon did you catch?" a visitor inquired.

Florence nearly fell from his chair at the ignorance displayed in the question. "Fishermen, sir," said he, with freezing hauteur, "never use the word catch as you apply it. They kill salmon. They never catch them.

The rebuked listener turned scarlet but made no response. A moment afterward Laurence Jerome, the father of Lady Randolph Churchill, and an excellent story-teller, began to talk of his adventures on a salmon stream. He was describing himself as standing on a bank at daybreak whipping a "Jack Scott," over the water, when he hooked a big salmon. "I was so excited," he said, "that I dropped my slungshot in the water and lost the fish."

"Dropped what?" Florence asked, in open-eyed atonishment.

"My slungshot," Jerome replied.

"Why, what could you do with a slungshot at such a time?" Florence inquired.

"Best thing in the world to kill a salmon with," Jerome said, going right on with his story, while everybody roared.

SAMUEL AND LUGINDA.

A COLORED WEDDING AT GRENADA, MISS.—"I'ZE GWINE TO STICK."

One of the waiters at the hotel in Grenada, Miss., told us that a colored wedding was coming off that evening, and several white people went over to the house designated to witness the affair. The happy couple finally stood up before the minister, who said:

"Samuel, you an' Lucinda am shortly to be jined together. Does you desire to back out?"

"No, sah."

"How am it wid you, Lucinda? Does you want to flunk afore dese yere white folks?"

"No, sah."

"Den you two hitch hands."

They hitched.

"Samuel, does you take her fur better or wuss? Am you gwine to do de fa'r thing by dis yere gurl, whose fadder was killed on de railroad up nigh Jackson?"

"Yes, sah."

"Lucinda, does you realize de seriousness of dis opportunity? Am you gwine to stick to Samuel

clean frew to de judgment-day, or am you gwine to trifle around arter odder men?"

"I'ze gwine to stick."

"Den, chill'en, in de presence of dese yere white men from de Norf, one of whom subscribed two bits yesterday to help build up de meetin'-house dat was blowed down by de sighclone, I denounce you as hitched, jined, an' mar'd 'cordin' to de law an' gospel. Now you go 'long an' behave yerselves."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Horse-Car Secret.

Coming down from the capitol this afternoon in a crowded car were two handsomely dressed ladies who chatted with astonishing unconsciousness of their surroundings. One lady was a senator's wife and the other a Washington belle. The following was overheard by every occupant of the car:

"It is a dead secret that Lida Waite is to be married in June. She told me so herself, and I have not breathed it to a single person."

Surprising Her Papa.

John Friend, 24 years of age, and Mrs. Ada Bruner, a widow of 35 summers, eloped Wednesday from Charleston, Ind., to Jeffersonville, where they

were married by Justice Keigwin. The couple came down the river in a sailboat. Friend was in his shirt-sleeves and had but $1.50 in his pocket. He borrowed enough money from the county clerk to get his license, and the obliging justice tied the knot gratuitously. The bride said that the runaway was arranged to surprise her "papa." She desired the newspapers to write up the event, and if possible to illustrate them sailing down the river.

A Convenient Rule.

In his capacity of debtor Jones pursues some queer methods.

"As for me," said he, "when a creditor takes it into his head to write to me I cross him off my list. That settles it; no money for him!"

"And when he doesn't write?"

"In that case I wait until he does."—*Judge.*

Cupid, the Book Agent.

[PUCK.]

I will not touch love's hand (she said),
Nor will I see his pleading eyes;
I know him, for his lips are red;
He shall not take me by surprise.

I know his eyes are blue (she smiled),
I know the sheen of every curl;
Ah, love (she said), you are a child,
And can't deceive a Vassar girl!

Love spectacled his sapphire eyes,
And dressed himself in sober black;
Ho, ho! (he laughed) in this disguise
I'll hide the arrows on my back.

He started out in early spring,
And in the fields the maiden met
As she tripped onward, loitering
Among the grasses, lush and wet

With cooling moisture of the dew.
He opened wide a musty tome;
I wish (he said) to show to you
A parchment history of Rome;

And here is Bacon bound in calf,
And Browning in a vellum vest;
Here's Emerson in sheep at half
The usual price—and all the rest.

The maid selected one small book,
And clasped it with a tender touch;
It's T. B. Aldrich that I took,
But, sir, I think you ask too much!

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"ONLY LOOK WITHIN MY EYES." P. 301.

I do love books (she sighed), and, oh!
How few of them I can possess!
Love's heart began to throb and glow;
He felt the hidden arrows press

His tender flesh; he threw aside
The spectacles, his best disguise;
If you will touch my hand (he cried),
And only look within my eyes,

These books are yours, fair Vassar maid!
Oh! do not turn away your head,
And look so cold! be not afraid,
For I am only love! (he said).

The maiden's cheeks were all aflame;
She coyly pressed his finger-tips,
Then down she bent (and who shall blame?)
And swiftly kissed his rose-red lips!

Why He Didn't Go Into the Speculation.

An Eastern drummer who was in Knoxville listened to the complaints of a mountaineer about hard times for ten or fifteen minutes, and then observed: "Why, man, you ought to get rich shipping green corn to the Northern markets." "Yes, I orter," was the reply. "You have the land, I suppose, and can get the seed?" "Yes." "Then why

don't you go into the speculation?" "No use, stranger," sadly replied the native; "the old woman is too darned lazy to do the plowing and planting."

To a Man Who Would Marry.

Select the girl.

Agree with the girl's father in politics and the mother in religion.

If you have a rival keep an eye on him; if he is a widower keep two eyes on him.

Don't swear to the girl that you have no bad habits. It will be enough for you to say that you never heard yourself snore in your sleep.

Don't put much sweet stuff on paper. If you do you will hear it read in after years, when your wife has some especial purpose in inflicting upon you the severest punishment known to a married man.

Go home at a reasonable hour in the evening. Don't wait until the girl has to throw her whole soul into a yawn that she can't cover with both hands. A little thing like that might cause a coolness at the very beginning of the game.

If, on the occasion of your first call, the girl upon whom you have placed your young affections

looks like an iceberg and acts like a cold wave, take your leave early and stay away. Woman in her hours of freeze is uncertain, coy, and hard to please.

In cold weather finish saying good-night in the house. Don't stretch it all the way to the front gate and thus lay the foundation for future asthma, bronchitis, neuralgia, and chronic catarrh, to help you worry the girl to death after she has married you.

Don't lie about your financial condition. It is very annoying to a bride who has pictured for herself a life of luxury in her ancestral halls to learn too late that you expect her to ask a bald-headed parent who has been uniformly kind to her to take you in out of the cold.

If you sit down on some molasses candy that little Willie has left on the chair, while wearing your new summer trousers for the first time, smile sweetly and remark that you don't mind sitting on molasses candy at all, and that "boys will be boys." Reserve your true feelings for future reference.

Don't be too soft. Don't say: "These little hands shall never do a stroke of work when they are mine," and "You shall have nothing to do in

our home but to sit all day long and chirp to the canaries," as if any sensible woman could be happy fooling away time in that sort of style, and a girl has a fine retentive memory for the soft things and silly promises of courtship, and occasionally, in after years, when she is washing the dinner dishes or patching the west end of your trousers, she will remind you of them in a cold, sarcastic tone of voice.

A Father's Letter.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO A SON AT SCHOOL.

BILL NYE.

My Dear Son: Your letter of last week reached us yesterday, and I enclose $13 which is all I have by me at the present time. I may sell the other shote next week and make up the balance of what you wanted. I will probably have to wear the old buffalo overcoat to meetings again this winter, but that don't matter so long as you are getting an education.

I hope you will get your education as cheap as you can, for it cramps your mother and me like Sam Hill to put up the money. Mind you I don't complain. I knew education come high, but I didn't know clothes cost like sixty.

I want you to be so you can go anywhere and spell the hardest word, I want you to be able to go among the Romans or the Medes and Persians and talk to any of them in their own native tongue.

I never had any advantages when I was a boy, but your mother and I decided that we would sock you full of knowledge, if your liver held out, regardless of expense. We calculate to do it, only we want you to go as slow on swallow-tail coats as possible till we can sell our hay.

Now regarding that boat-paddling suit, and that bathing suit, and that roller-rinktum suit, and that lawn-tennis suit, mind, I don't care about the expense, because you say a young man can't really educate himself without them, but I wish you would send home what you get through with this fall, and I'll wear them through the winter under my other clothes. We have a good deal severer winters here than we used to, or else I'm failing in bodily health. Last winter I tried to go through without underclothes, the way I did when I was a boy, but a Manitoba wave came down our way and picked me out of a crowd with its eyes shet.

In your last letter you alluded to getting injured in a little "hazing scuffle with a pelican from the rural districts." I don't want any harm to come to you, my son, but if I went from the rural dis-

tricts and another young gosling, from the rural districts undertook to haze me, I would meet him when the sun goes down, and I would swat him across the back of the neck with a fence board, and then I would meander across the pit of his stomach and put a blue for-get-me-not under his eye.

Your father ain't much on Grecian mythology and how to get the square root of a barrel of pork, but he wouldn't allow any educational institutions to haze him with impunity. Perhaps you remember once when you tried to haze your father just to kill time, and how long it took you to recover. Anybody that goes at it right can have a good deal of fun with your father, but those who have sought to monkey with him just to break up the monotony of life, have most always succeeded in finding what they sought.

I ain't much of a penman, so you will have to excuse this letter. We are all quite well, except old Fan, who has a galded shoulder, and hope this will find you enjoying the same great blessing.

Your

FATHER.

The Examination of Girls.

Yes, Nina, you are perfectly right. The time has come for woman to break her fetters, and soar into the clearer ether of knowledge and education.

Long enough—too long, in fact—has she been kept from enjoying the benefits of a higher and more liberal education. Brutal man has thus far succeeded in keeping her without the walls of our universities, but all to no purpose. She is bound to traverse the classic halls of our colleges sooner or later, and the longer masculine jealousy shall hold her away from her cherished goal, heavier and harder will become his burden, until at last he will be forced to yield in abject fear, and with the index-finger of retributive justice pointing in scorn and derision at his futile resistance.

Thus far do we agree with you, Nina; but allow us, in all humility, to beg leave to make a suggestion. It is hardly fair to compel gentle woman to cast aside all the subjects which are her constant care and study, and in their place take up the things which are only in man's province. This is unfair to her, Nina. She should have questions put to her on examinations which will not cause her to forget altogether that she is a woman.

We beg, therefore, Nina, to suggest an entrance examination which will adequately illustrate her fitness or non-fitness to grapple with the hard, dry pabulum of a college course. An examination-paper, Nina, something like the following, is our idea. It will show pretty well what she knows, or ought to know:

EXAMINATION PAPER—(PATENTED.)

For Young Ladies Entering the Labyrinth of Knowledge.

ALGEBRA.

Solve the following equation:

$$x + y = z.$$

x = a summer at Newport.
y = a designing mamma.

Find the square of a crazy-quilt.

GEOGRAPHY.

Locate Saratoga, Long Branch, Mt. Desert, Cape May, Narragansett Pier.

What is an Oyster Bay?

What is a stream of Admirers?

ASTRONOMY.

State whether a star or crescent is the more appropriate setting for diamonds.

State the reason for the son's declination to take the hint concerning a moonlight drive.

ARITHMETIC.

If Susie has one new dress, and Clara has two new dresses, how many more callers will Clara have during an evening?

If Arabella likes Claude, and Claude likes somebody else, what does Arabella think of somebody else?

RHETORIC.

Solve the following syllogisms:

"I must have a new bonnet, John."

"Why, my dear?"

"Because."

"I hate those Smith girls."

"Everybody seems to like them."

"I don't; they're horrid."

GEOMETRY.

Problem—To construct a brown-stone front and establishment on the base of a nine-hundred-dollar salary.

Square a milliner's bill.

Find a cube root of sassafras.

NATURAL HISTORY.

What bird is most appropriate for a walking-hat?

State why the nose of the pug is *retrousse*.

BOTANY.

State why each petal of a Jacqueminot rose costs enough to furnish a poor man with a meal.

SURVEYING.

Take Broadway as a base line for shopping.

Departure—9:30 A. M.

The distance—Five blocks.

State the time required to buy a spool of cotton and return home so as to arrive before six o'clock dinner.

LANGUAGES.

Translate *Fœmina mutabile semper.*

—*L. R. Catlin in Puck.*

LAST VACATION.

I met her on West Hampton Beach,
Where I was spending my vacation,
And pelted her with flowers of speech:
It was my only recreation.

I told her that I loved her well,
Admired her face, her graceful carriage;
And in the pause of ocean's swell
Hinted of our prospective marriage.

We sought the beach at morn and eve,
On the piazza took our nooning;
And in two weeks, you may believe,
We did an awful lot of spooning.

I was a fool; I might have known
That I, in town, would soon recover;
While she still claims me as her own
Accepted and acknowledged lover.

She sends me gushing missives, all
About her heart—and how I won it,
And O, my salary's so small
I really wish I hadn't done it!

"I MET HER ON WEST HAMPTON BEACH." P. 310.

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Uncle Remus Returns.

THE OLD MAN'S DISINTERESTED VOTE ON THE PROHIBITION QUESTION IN GEORGIA.

There were many exclamations of astonishment yesterday when Uncle Remus walked into the office. He had not made his appearance in some time, and there were various rumors as to his whereabouts. It had been reported that he had gone back to Putnam County, that he was farming in the neighborhood of Decatur, and that he was raising watermelons on the Sand Down Road. The result of this uncertainty was a vague feeling of uneasiness in the editorial department, and when he made his appearance yesterday he was heartily welcomed—indeed, he was greeted with such effusion that it caused him some degree of embarrassment. His broad smile, however, showed that he was pleased, and he inquired with affectionate familiarity in regard to the health of each one of the young men. Time had dealt very gently with him. His hair seemed to be a little whiter, but his frame was as stalwart as ever, and his good humor as prominent.

"Where in the round world have you been?" one of the young men asked.

"Well, sir," the old man replied with a chuckle, "I des bin hangin' 'roun' 'twixt livin' an' dyin', en dat's 'bout much ez anybody kin do deze days.

My health bin po'ly, but my appertite bin mighty good. I bin sorter scratchin' roun' for my rashins, but I ain't bin so fur but w'at I kin smell dat big dinner pot w'at hang in Miss Sally kitchen, mo' speshually on Sundays. Kaze w'en Sunday come I'm right dar."

Uncle Remus had bag slung across his shoulder, and as he put it down he turned to the political reporter and said:

"Boss, w'at all dish yer talk I year 'bout pobation?"

"Probation? I haven't heard any talk about probation."

"He means prohibition," said the temperance reporter, with a sigh.

"Yassir, dat zackly hit. W'at all dish yer talk 'bout probation?"

"Well, you know as much about it as we do," said the sporting editor. "It means that all the barrooms are closed, and that you can't get on a spree."

"Den w'at I tuck'n fotch dat ar jug fer?" said the old man, kicking something in the bag. "How come somebody aint tell me 'bout dis long 'fo now?"

"Well, I can't say. Haven't you heard about prohibition before?"

"Co'see I up'n year Mars John en Miss Sally

quollin' 'bout pobation, but dey done get me so mixt up dat I aint know head from tail."

"How did they get you mixed up?"

"Well, sir, long at fust Mars John he talk up fer p'obation, en Miss Sally she 'low dat she uz ag'in' it. Dey had it up en down. Mars John 'low dat all de licker ought be o'd out on de groun', en Miss Sally she 'low dat Mars John 'd feel mighty bad ef some er his po' 'kin ud come 'long en dey ain't no sperrets in de house fer ter put in de pies en fixin's. Den, atter dat, hit seem like Mars John change he' min', en no sooner is he do dat dan Miss Sally she up'n change her'n, en dar day had it. Mars John say de town gwine ter be tetotally ruint, en Miss Sally 'low dat ef it kin be ruint liker would a ruint it long time ago."

"And what do you think about it?"

"Bless yo' soul, honey! Don't ax me. W'en de w'ite folks git crossways nigger better lay low."

"Well, how do you vote?"

"Who, me? Well, sir, 'fo' voting time come Miss Sally she vow I got to vote her way, en she gimme a big dram, en den Mars John, low I got ter vote 'zactly de way he do, en den he tuck'n gimme annuder big dram. Den, time I come down-town n'er man gimme a dram. I speck I gittin' sorter ole and fibble-minded, kase dem ar drams, arter dey got huddled up terge'er, dey make me so sleepy dat

I can't walk straight, en by de time I wake up dey want no mo' voting gwine on. Yassir, dat's des 'zactly de way I voted dat day."

"Now, then," said some one, "what do you propose to do with your jug?" Uncle Remus smiled all over his countenance.

"You all know dat jug?" he inquired. "Dat ar jug is de same ole 'ceitful jug wat I brung up yer long time ago. Dis make two times you done seed dat jug, but you ain't 'quainted wid 'er like I is. Dey ain't no tellin' 'bout dat jug. She de wuss jug dat ever got wet on de inside. She sho'ly is."

"Well, she can't be deceitful now," said the temperance reporter. This seemed to amuse Uncle Remus immensely.

"Who, dat jug?" he exclaimed, "dat ar jug sittin' down dar? Honey, you better let dat jug 'lone. This one er deze yer befo-de-War jugs."

"Is there anything in it?" the temperance reporter asked.

"Well, sir," said Uncle Remus, picking it up and shaking it close to his ear, "hit soun' like dey sump'n in dar—hit soun' mighty like it. I done promise dat jug dat I ain't gwine to let nobody smell er de stopper less'n hit's me er de ole 'oman. Ef dey ain't sump'n n'er in dat jog den she done fool me mighty bad."

"Why, I thought you said you had nothing in

it," said the temperance reporter.

"Who, me? Bless yo' soul, honey! I ain't say dat. What de ole niggar gwine to say dat for? No, sir. I tukin ax you all gentlemens ef dish yer is a pobation town, en you up'n 'low dat she wer', en den I tuck'n ax dat ef dish yer's a pobation town den how come ole Remus fer be totin' dish yer jug?"

The old man told his friends good-by, and as he went down-stairs the temperance reporter heard him remark to himself:

"Ef dish yer ain't de beatenes' jug w'at ever I seed!"—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

FRANCISCO PIZARRO'S CAREER.

BORN IN SHAME AND REARED AMONG SWINE, HE CONQUERS FAME AND FORTUNE IN PERU WITH THE SWORD—HISTORY OF A SELF-MADE MAN.

BILL NYE.

Perhaps the history of the western hemisphere has never furnished a more wonderful example of the self-made man than may be found in the person of Francisco Pizarro, a gentleman who came to America about 1510, intending to grow up with the country.

Mr. Pizarro was born at Truxillo, Spain, about 1471. His father was a Spanish colonel of foot and his mother was a peasant girl who admired and respected the dashing colonel very much, but felt that she had scruples about marriage, and so, although years afterward Francisco tried his best to make a match between his father and mother, they were never married. It is said that this embittered his whole life. None but those who have experienced it can fully realize what it is to have a thankless parent.

Pizarro's mother's name was Estramadura. This was her maiden name. It was a name which seemed to harmonize well with her rich, pickled-olive complexion and so she retained it all her life. Her son did not have many early advantages, for he was neglected by his mother and allowed to grow up a swineherd, and it is even said that he was suckled by swine in his infancy while his giddy mother joined in the mad whirl at the skating-rink. We can hardly imagine anything more pitiable than the condition of a little child left to rustle for nourishment among the black-and-tan hogs of Spain while his father played old sledge on the frontier in the regular army and his mother stood on her Spanish head and wrote her cigar-box name in the atmosphere at the rink.

Poor little Pizarro had none of the modern ad-

vantages, therefore, and his education was extremely crude. The historian says that he grew up a bold, ignorant, and brutal man. He came to what was then called Spanish America at the age of 39 years and assisted Mr. Balboa in discovering the Pacific ocean. Having heard of the existence of Peru with all its wealth, Pizarro secured a band of self-made men like himself and lit out for that province for the purpose of conquering it if he liked it and bringing home some solid silver teapots and gold-lined card-receivers. He was engaged in gathering this line of goods and working them off on the pawnbroker for twenty-one years, during which time he did not get killed, but continued to enjoy a reasonable degree of health and strength.

Although Peru at that time was quite densely populated with an industrious and wealthy class of natives, Pizarro subdued her with 110 foot soldiers armed with old-fashioned muskets that had these full-blown barrels, with muzzles on them like the business end of a tuba horn, sixty-seven mounted men, and two toy cannon loaded with carpet-tacks. With no education, and, what was still harder to bear, the inner consciousness that his parents were plain, common, every-day people whose position in life would not advance him in the estimation of the Peruvians, he battled on. His efforts were crowned with success, insomuch that at the close of the

year 1532 peace was declared and he could breathe the free air once more without fear of getting a bronze arrow-head mixed up with his kidneys when his back was turned. "For the first time in two years," says the historian, "Pizarro was able to take off his tin helmet and his sheet-iron corset at night when he lay down to rest, or undismayed to go forth bareheaded and wearing only his crinkled seersucker coat and a pair of sandals at the twilight hour and till midnight wander alone amid the famous guano groves of Peru."

Such is the history of a man who never even knew how to write his own name. He won fame for himself and great wealth without an education or a long, dark-blue lineage. Pizarro was like Job. You know, we sometimes sing:

Oh, Job, he was a fine young lad,
Sing glory hallelujah.
His heart was good but his blood was bad,
Sing glory hallelujah.

So Pizarro could not brag on his blood and his education was not classical. He could not write his name, though he tried faithfully for many years. Day after day during the campaign, and late into the night, when the yaller dogs of Lima came forth with their Peruvian bark, he would get his orderly sergeant to set him the copy:

"Paul may plant and Apollinaris water, but it is God that giveth the increase."

Then Pizarro would bring out his writing material and his tongue and try to write, but he never could do it. His was not a studious mind. It was more on the knock-down-and-drag-out order.

Pizarro was made a marquis in after years. He was also made a corpse. He acquired the latter position toward the close of his life. He, at one time, married the inca's daughter and founded a long line of grandees, marquises, and macaroni sculptors, whose names may be found on the covers of imported cigar boxes and in the topmost tier of the wrought-iron resorts in our best penitentiaries.

Pizarro lived a very busy life during the conquest, some days killing as many as seventy and eighty Peruvians between sun and sun. But death at last crooked his finger at the marquis and he slept. We all brag and blow our horn here for a few brief years, it is true, but when the grim reaper with his new and automatic twine-binder comes along he gathers us in; the weak and the strong, the ignorant and the educated, the plain and the beautiful, the young and the old, those who have just sniffed the sweet and dew-laden air of life's morning and those who are footsore and weary and waiting—all alike must bow low to the sickle that goes on cutting closer and closer to us even when we sleep.

Had Pizarro thought more about this matter he would have been ahead to-day.

Bothering a Boaster.

Talking about swagger, too much of this commodity has lately brought to grief a certain member of a well-known good third-rate London club. This gentleman is not only a confirmed tuft hunter," but one who, so far from admitting that any member of the "upper ten" could by any accident be unknow to him, is always ready to boast of close and intimate friendship with everyone who happens to have either rank or position. His failing is notorious; and three humorists determined to give him a lesson. Accordingly, in the club billiard-room, one of their number, Mr. C., casually said: "Are you going to Lady L——'s tonight?" "No," replied the victim; "her ladyship will never forgive me; but the fact is I'm fagged out, and good people are scarce, I think." "Quite right; I'll make your apologies," said Mr C.

Aghast at this unlooked for proposition, but unable now to retreat from the position he had taken up, the only rejoinder of Mr. J. was a feeble "Thanks; I wish you would." Half an hour later, just as the trio were about to leave the club, unhappy Mr. J. drew Mr. C. aside, and after some

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beating about the bush, was at last obliged to confess that he did not know Lady L., and begged Mr. C. not to mention his name to her. "All right," said his triumphant tormentor. "I won't; you may depend upon that, for I don't happen to know her myself!"—*Quiz.*

A Good Reason.

German (to barkeeper)—"Say, Herman, how vas dot?"

Herman—"How vas vot?"

"Vy, ven you keeb der blace down on der gorner, vy, efry time I de saloon come in you say, 'Come haf glass beer,' und now, since you gum ub hier, you neber say 'Haf glass beer.' How vas dot nohow?"

"Vell, I dells you how dot vas. Ven I vas down on der gorner I vas vorking for Meester Smidt."

"Yah."

"Und de beer vot I gif me avay gost me nuddings."

"Yah."

"But now, I owns dis blace und de beer vat I gifs ervay gost me somedings. Dot vas de vay. If you bring somebody else's beer my house in I gif you all of it you vant."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Scientific Note.

"I lived in San Francisco before the War," observed a returned Californian at the last Scientific Association meeting, "when the coast was suffering from a great many earthquakes. I once dug a well in clayey soil seventy-five feet deep and had just begun walling it in from the top when there was an internal upheaval on night. The next morning I was surprised to find my narrow belt of stone seventy-five feet above the surface with the rest of the hole continuing down to the ground."

"What did you do?" asked the President in astonishment.

"I set workmen to walling up the rest of it, working around the hole from the top down."

"Then what?" inquired the President with even more surprise.

"I sold it to a man for $2,000, who built a factory next to it, and he used it for a chimney."

One of Lincoln's Amusing Illustrations.

One of Mr. Lincoln's illustrations given by him on one occasion was that of a man who, in driving the hoops of a hogshead to "head" it up, was much annoyed by the constant falling in of the top. At length the bright idea struck him of putting his little boy inside to "hold it up." This he did; it

never occurring to him till the job was done, how he was to get his child out. "This," said Lincoln, "is a fair sample of the way *some people always do business.*"

Why the Audience Smiled.

"If I ever get married in a church again you can call me a goat," said a bashful man the other day.

"What's the matter now?"

"Matter enough," he retorted, and he seemed to get mad as he thought of it. "I was married not long ago, and as my wife's parents were pillars of the church it had to come off there, so they thought. Well, some repairs were being made in the church, so the marriage took place in the Sunday-school room. There's where the whole trouble came in. We stood on the platform where the Superintendent's desk stood, and before the minister got started I noticed a great many people smiling in the audience. I didn't know what to make of it. They all seemed to be looking over my head. I never said anything till the thing was done; then I turned around and looked up. What do you think I saw? One of those confounded mottoes hanging right over our heads, and it said: 'Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me.' Isn't that enough to make a man mad?"

An Unfortunate Man.

[CHICAGO RAMBLER.]

De Jinks always wanted to say the right thing, but somehow he never could. He had been spending a couple of weeks in a Wisconsin town, and on the evening set for his departure met Miss De Vercy, a very pretty young lady, to whom he had been introduced when first he arrived in the place.

"And are you going to-night, Mr. De Jinks?" she said. "I'm so sorry we haven't seen more of you during your stay."

"Pray, don't mention it," he returned, with an excess of gallantry. "Indeed it has been all my fault, Miss De Vercy."

A few moments later he saw his mistake, but could find no chance to atone for it, until, as he was about to leave for the depot, one of his friends suggested:

"You haven't said 'Good-bye' to Miss De Vercy, have you?"

Here was a chance that was not to be lost. Turning to the fair damsel, with his sweetest and gracious smile, he said:

"Indeed I have, old boy. I had the pleasure of saying 'Good-bye' to Miss De Vercy first of all."

And then he went his way, believing he had "done himself proud."

How She Flattened Him.

It was a noonday car up Michigan avenue. It was hot. It was boiling, roasting hot. The driver had rivulets of perspiration running down his face as the sun hit him plumb-center, and the conductor mopped and growled and fingered the nickels with wet fingers in the shade of the rear platform. Opposite each other, on the last seats back, were a middle-aged woman who sat up as stiff as a poker and looked as cool as ice, and a corpulent, red-faced man, who unbuttoned coat and vest and collar, and puffed away like a porpoise.

"Ever see the like?" he queried, as he looked across at the woman and fanned himself with his hat.

She regarded him with a look of disdain.

"Never saw anything like it, even in the tropics!" he gasped.

Her glance this time was five degrees below zero.

"Awful—just positively awful! Another such day as this will use up a thousand people. You must be suffering, too."

She gave him a look hung all around with icicles, and then beckoned to the conductor.

"Sir," she said, as that official entered, "when did they remove the stove from this car?"

"Several weeks ago, madam."

"How reckless! Please close the window behind me, and do for mercy's sake keep that door shut. I'm just shivering with the cold and have no shawl with me."

Then she looked a whole iceberg at the man opposite, shivered her shoulders two or three times, and cuddled down in the corner to keep warm. He looked at her for a minute in a dubious way, and then buttoned up coat and vest, jammed on his hat, and softly sneaked out and boosted himself upon the railing to finish his ride in the deepest silence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Where Her Papa Comes In.

A Boston minister has a bright little 4-year-old daughter whose sayings are often worth repeating. One morning at breakfast he asked across the table:

"Edie, whom do you love best?"

"Mamma," answered the little one.

"Whom next?"

"Aunt Helen."

"Whom next?"

"Bridget."

And the disappointed father continued his questions until the young maiden had declared her

affection for most of the neighborhood without mentioning any love for her father. Finally the clergyman said:

"But, Edie, where does papa come in?"

The little maid paused a moment, looked coyly up, and then replied demurely: "In the front door."—*Boston Record.*

THE MASTER.

BURDETTE.

The breath of June with sweet perfume
Came stealing through the open door,
And restless shadows in the room
Played with the sunbeams on the floor.
The buzzing voices croon and drone,
And laugh aloud in willful way;
The old schoolmaster on his throne
Sleeps soundly on that sweet June day.

Away from noisy schools his dreams
Have swept him back through paths of light
By dimpling mead and rippling streams,
To childhood's home and morning bright,
Soft, soft he sleeps, schoolmaster wise,
With one eye open just a crack;
So just in time he grabs Bill Blyes,
And makes the dust fly from his back.

No Mere Passing Whim.

Miss Birdie McGinnis is one of the most confirmed flirts in Austin. She has been engaged to half a dozen men, and thus far has never married any of them.

Of late Tom Anjerry, a dissipated student of the University of Texas, has been paying Miss Birdie marked attention. A few evenings ago, being in a secluded place with her, he flopped down on his knees and remarked in an agonized tone of voice:

"Miss Birdie, I adore you!"

"I can't believe you," replied Birdie; "you men are so fickle and unreliable. Your so-called love is a mere passing whim."

"O, no," said Tom, "my love for you is greater than that of your four last fellows put together."—*Texas Siftings.*

Calisthenics.

"Mary Ann! Phwat's that trill-le-la-loo nonsense yer jiggin' away at in thayre I want to know? Put down that fut!" "Don't bother me now; it's practicing me calisthenics I am." "Calisthenics, is it? Is that what ye learn at the seminneries? Calisthenics, ah ha! Lapin' around on the wan fut wid your toes toorned in? Well, do yez calisthenic around here to the toob and warrm the j'ints

FOUR-PLY LOVE. P. 328.

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av yez elbows be roobin' the durt out ov these hickory shirts an' overalls, or I'll tache yez a fancy step wid de broom that'll make yez raise the two feet av yez higher than the spine o' yer back, wid no more effort than the howl ye'll set up for 'em to catch on. Calisthenics, ha! I'll have no more of this jig-jaggin' around like a hin an a stove-lid. The foorst thing ye know it's joinin' the bally ye'll be, an' be spendin' all yer money for clothes an' wearin' none of 'em. Calisthenics, O ho!"
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Lincoln Joking Douglas—A Splendid "Whisky Cask."

On one occasion, when Lincoln and Douglas were "stumping" the State of Illinois together as political opponents, Douglas, who had the first speech, remarked that in early life, his father, who he said was an excellent cooper by trade, apprenticed him out to learn the cabinet business.

This was too good for Lincoln to let pass, so when his turn came to reply, he said:

"I had understood before that Mr. Douglas had been bound out to learn the cabinet-making business, which is all well enough, but I was not aware until now that his father was a cooper. I have no doubt, however, that he was one, and I am certain,

also, that he was a very good one, for (here Lincoln gently bowed toward Douglas) he has made *one of the best whisky casks I have ever seen.*"

As Douglas was a short heavy-set man, and occasionally imbibed, the pith of the joke was at once apparent, and most heartily enjoyed by all.

On another occasion, Douglas in one of his speeches, made a strong point against Lincoln by telling the crowd that when he first knew Mr. Lincoln he was a "grocery-keeper," and sold whisky, cigars, etc. "Mr. L.," he said, "was a *very good bar-tender!*" This brought the laugh on Lincoln, whose reply, however, soon came, and then the laugh was on the other side.

"What Mr. Douglas has said, gentlemen," replied Mr. Lincoln, "is true enough; I did keep a grocery and I did sell cotton, candles, and cigars, and sometimes whisky; but I remember in those days that Mr. Douglas was one of my *best customers!*

"Many a time have I stood on one side of the counter and sold whisky to Douglas on the other side, but the difference between us *now* is this: I have left my side of the counter, but Mr. Douglas *still sticks to his* as tenaciously as ever!"

THAT DOOR-SPRING.

He slid quietly into a Jefferson avenue hardware store yesterday forenoon, unrolled a paper on the

counter, and as he held up a patent door-spring he said: "I buy him two days ago, and I like to exchange him for a whetstone."

"What's the matter?"

"Vhell, I can't make him fit on my screen door."

"Why, that's the easiest thing in the world. See here: This end screws on the door, and that end on the casing."

"I tried him dot vhay und he doan' work."

"When it is on you take this metal pin and turn the spring. See the holes there?"

"I does dot vhay, and my screen door flies open."

"You turned the wrong way."

"I turns him eafery way. Sometimes der door vhas wide open, und all der flies in Michigan go in, und sometimes he vhas shut oop so tight I can't get in my own house. I begin on him in der morning, und I doan' leave off till night, but he won't work right."

"That's curious. What tools did you have?"

"I used a hammer und screw drifer und cold-shisel und saw und augur und crowbar und lots of more, but he doan' spring for me. My wife works at him, too, and my hired man he loose half a day, und I was discouraged. I guess I trade him for a whetstone."

"Well, I'll exchange with you, but I'm sure I can show you how to adjust it."

"I guess I doan' try any more. You see, my life vhas short, und I can't spare so mooch time mit machinery. If I get a whetstone I doan' haf to screw him on nor turn him round. Dere vhas no pins or ratchets in his stomach. He vhas all right both ends oop. Maybe he doan' keep oudt flies but he makes no trouble for me."

The exchange was made and the man went away light-hearted, calling back from the door:

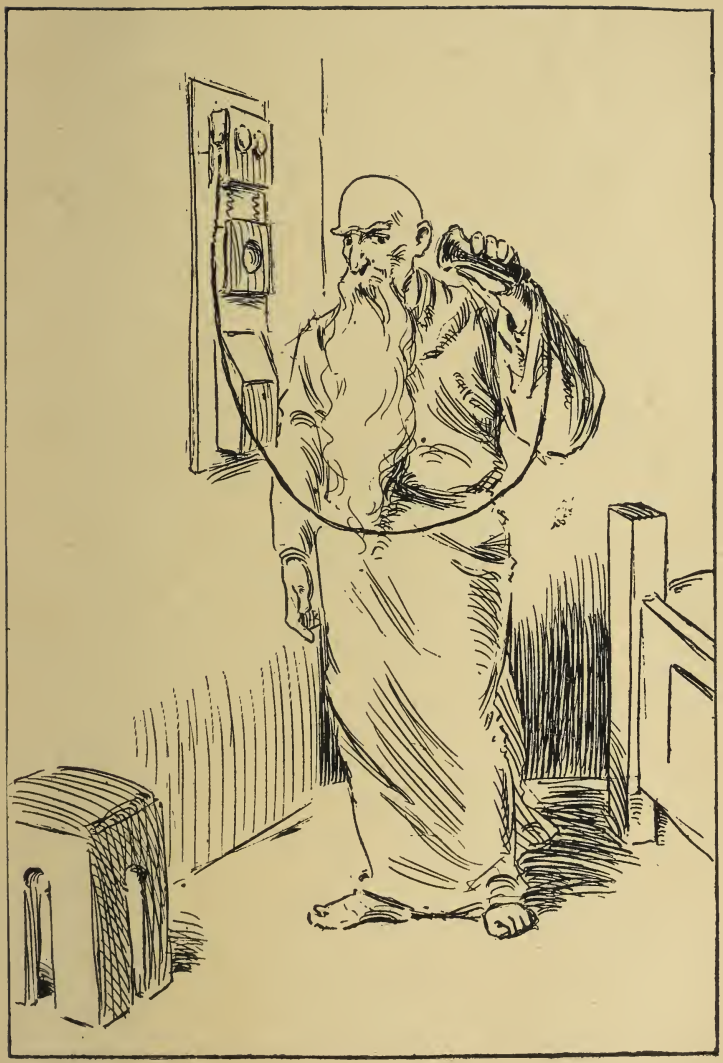
"I can make oudt a whetstone all right, und I vhas obliged mit you. A whetstone winds oop only one vhay."—*Detroit Free Press.*

METHUSELAH.

A RECENT BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF THIS GRAND OLD MAN —A SLAVE TO TOBACCO.

BILL NYE.

I have just been reading James Whitcomb Riley's response to "the old man" at the annual dinner of the Indianapolis Literary club, and his reference to Methuselah has awakened in my mind many recollections and reminiscences of that grand old man. We first meet Methuselah in the capacity of a son. At the age of 65, Enoch arose one night and telephoned his family physician to come over and assist him in meeting Methuselah. Day at last



ENOCH TELEPHONED HIS FAMILY PHYSICIAN P. 332.

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dawned upon Enoch's happy home, and its first red rays lit up the still redder surface of the little stranger. For three hundred years Enoch and Methuselah jogged along together in the capacity of father and son. Then Enoch was suddenly cut down. It was at this time that little Methuselah first realized what it was to be an orphan. He could not at first realize that his father was dead. He could not understand why Enoch, with no inherited disease, should be shuffled out at the age of 365 years. But the doctor said to Methuselah: "My son, you are indeed fatherless. I have done all I could, but it is useless. I had told Enoch many a time that if he went in swimming before the ice was out of the creek it would finally down him, but he thought he knew better than I did. He was a headstrong man, Enoch was. He sneered at me and alluded to me as a fresh young gosling, because he was 300 years older than I was. He has received the reward of the willful, and verily the doom of the smart Aleck is his."

Methuselah now cast about him for some occupation which would take up his attention and assuage his wild, passionate grief over the loss of his father. He entered into the walks of men and learned their ways. It was at this time that he learned the pernicious habit of using tobacco. We can not wonder at it when we remember that he

was now fatherless. He was at the mercy of the coarse, rough world. Possibly he learned to use tobacco when he went away to attend business colledge after the death of his father. Be that as it may, the noxious weed certainly hastened his death, for 600 years after this we find him a corpse!

Death is ever a surprise, even at the end of a long illness and after a ripe old age. To those who are near it seems abrupt; so to his grand children some of whom survived him, his children having died of old age, the death of Methuselah came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky.

Methuselah succeeded in cording up more of a record such as it was, than any other man of whom history informs us. Time, the tomb-builder and amateur mower, came and leaned over the front fence and looked at Methuselah, and ran his thumb over the jagged edge of his scythe, and went away whistling a low refrain. He kept up this refrain business for nearly ten centuries, while Methuselah continued to stand out amid the general wreck of men and nations.

Even as the young, strong mower going forth with his mower to mow spareth the tall and dignified drab hornet's nests and passeth by on the other side, so time, with his Waterbury hour-glass and his overworked hay-knife over his shoulder, and his long Mormon whiskers and his high, sleek

dome of thought, with its gray lambrequin of hair around the base of it, mowed all around Methuselah and then passed on.

Methuselah decorated the graves of those who perished in a dozen different wars. He did not enlist himself, for over nine hundred years of his life he was exempt. He would go to the enlisting place and offer his services, and the officer would tell him to go home and encourage his grandchildren to go. Then Methuselah would sit around Noah's steps, and smoke and criticise the conduct of the war, also the conduct of the enemy.

It is said of Methuselah that he never was the same man after his son Lamech died. He was greatly attached to Lamech, and when he woke up one night to find his son purple in the face with membraneous croup he could hardly realize that he might lose him. The idea of losing a boy who had just rounded the glorious morn of his 777th year had never occurred to him. But death loves a shining mark, and he garnered little Lammie and left Methuselah to moan and mourn on for a couple more centuries without him.

Methuselah finally got so that he couldn't sleep after 4 o'clock in the morning, and he didn't see how anyone else could. The older he got and the less valuable his time became the earlier he would rise, so that he could get an early start. As the

centuries filed slowly by Methuselah got where all he had to do was to shuffle into his loose-fitting clothes, and rest his gums on the top of a large sleek-headed cane, and mutter up the chimney, and then groan and extricate himself from his clothes again and retire. He arose earlier and earlier in the morning, and muttered more and more about the young folks sleeping away the best of the day, and said he had no doubt that sleeping and snoring until breakfast time helped to carry off Lam. But one day old Father Time came along with a new scythe, and he drew the whetstone across it a few times and rolled the sleeves of his red flannel undergarment up over his warty elbows, and Mr. Methuselah passed on to that undiscovered country with a ripe experience and a long, clean record.

We can almost fancy how the physicians, who had disagreed about his case all the way through, came and insisted on a post-mortem examination to prove which was right, and what was really the matter with him. We can imagine how people went by shaking their heads and regretting that Methuselah should have tampered with tobacco when he knew it affected his heart.

But he is gone. He lived to see his own promissory notes rise, flourish, acquire interest, pine away at last, and finally outlaw. He acquired a large

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WHY HE WANTED THE BOOT. P. 337.

farm in the very heart of the county-seat, and refused to move or to plot it and call it Methuselah's addition. He came out in spring regularly for nine hundred years after he got too old to work out his poll-tax on the road and put in his time telling the rising generation how to make a good road. Meantime other old people, who were almost 100 years of age, moved away and went west, where they would attract attention and command respect. There was actually no pleasure in getting old around where Methuselah was and being ordered about and scolded and kept in the background by him.

So when at last he died people sighed and said: "Well, it was better for him to die before he got childish. It was best that he should die at a time when he knew it all. We can't help thinking what an acquisition Methuselah will be on the evergreen shore when he gets there, with all his ripe experience and habits of early rising."

And the next morning after the funeral Methuselah's family did not get out of bed till 9 o'clock.

Why He Wanted the Boot.

Little Coon (picking up a boot): "Say, mistah, kin I's hab dis ole sho'?"

Farmer (eyeing him suspiciously): "What du yer want it fer?"

Little Coon (giving the whole thing away): "De ole man wuz 'round h'yar las' night an' jus' 'ud time ter git de one sho' w'en de dorg got luse; so he sen' me ober ter git de oder, es it's ob no 'count ter yu'."—*Puck.*

A Legend of the Crusades.

"One of my ancestors won a battle during the crusades by his skill in handling his artillery," said the baron.

"But, my dear baron," said his friend, "at the time of the crusades gunpowder had not yet been discovered."

"I know that as well as you do, and so did my ancestor."

"How did he win the battle then?"

"He brought his artillery to bear on the Saracens, and the stupid fools seeing the guns, supposed that powder had at last been discovered, and fled in dismay."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Prisoner's Request.

Judge—Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty of grand larceny. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?

Prisoner—Only a few words, your honor. I can see it in your eyes that I'm going to get the extreme penalty. I don't object to that, but I do object to standing up here and suffering a long-winded lecture from you. Therefore I ask that my counsel be mercifully permitted to give me chloroform before you begin.

They Didn't Match.

"I thay, old chappie, can you let me have your horse to dwive in my dwag this aftahnoon?"

"Why, of course. But why not drive your own?"

"My dear boy, I'm going to take Miss Dwesser dwiving, and she always weahs that deuced wed dwess. My horse is ecwu y' know, and they don't match.—*The Rambler.*

Lincoln and the Little Boy.

During a visit to Chicago soon after his nomination, and while giving a reception at one of the hotels, a fond father took in a little boy by the hand who was anxious to see the new President. The moment the child entered the parlor door he, of his own accord and quite to the surprise of his father, took off his hat, and, giving it a swing, cried: "Hurrah for Lincoln!" There was a crowd, but

as soon as Mr. Lincoln could get hold of the little fellow, he lifted him in his hand, and, tossing him towards the ceiling, laughingly shouted: "Hurrah for you!"

It was evidently a refreshing incident to Lincoln in the dreary work of hand-shaking.

The Fickleness of Fame.

Street Urchin (to a companion)—I tell yer, Patsy, who's der best perliceman on der force. He's der boss.

Patsy—An' who's dat?

Street Urchin—I forget what's his name. He isn't on now; he's been discharged.

Willing to Turn Her Coat.

A Western Michigan wool buyer who was circulating among farmers to engage their clips met with one who was inclined to look upon the matter as a kind of gambling affair.

"You agree to buy my wool for so much a month in advance of shearing," said he. "How do you know that wool won't go up or down? The price may be too much or not enough. It looks like flying in the face of Providence." After a long argument he agreed to leave it to his wife, and she replied:

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"I HAVE ONLY EATEN A COUPLE OF VERY DISTANT RELATIVES." P. 341.

"Look a-here, Samuel, I'm just as good a Baptist as you are, and if there is anything in our religion which says we shan't take 28 cents a pound for our wool when we didn't expect above 25, we'll accept the offer on the wool and flop over to the Methodists."

A Marked Improvement.

Missionary (to newly converted chief of a cannibal tribe—Well, Luke, how about cannibalism? Four weeks ago you slaughtered your father; have you not improved since?

Cannibal—Yes, indeed, my teacher; since then I have only eaten a couple of very distant relatives.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Lincoln and His New Hat.

Mr. G. B. Lincoln tells of an amusing circumstance which took place at Springfield soon after Mr. Lincoln's nomination in 1860. A hatter in Brooklyn secretly obtained the size of the future President's head, and made for him a very elegant hat, which he sent by his townsman, Lincoln, to Springfield. About the time it was presented, various other testimonials of a similar character had come in from different sections. Mr. Lincoln took the hat, and after admiring its texture and

workmanship, put it on his head and walked up to a looking-glass. Glancing from the reflection to Mrs. Lincoln, he said, with his peculiar twinkle of the eye, "Well, wife, there is one thing likely to come out of this scrape, any how. We are going to have some *new clothes!*"

A Gallant Young Man.

Mrs. De Hobson Clarke (who flatters herself upon her youthful appearance)—You would scarcely think, Mr. Dumley, that the stalwart young fellow near the piano is my son, would you?

Dumley (gallantly)—No, indeed, Mrs. Clarke; it seems absolutely impossible. Ah-er-is he your eldest son?

Bill Nye.

HE DISCOVERS A MAN WITH AN IDEA—A NEW PLAN OF RUNNING A GOOD HOTEL—IMPROVEMENTS FOR WHICH PEOPLE PAY IN ADVANCE.

The following circular from a hotel-man in Kansas is going about over the country, and it certainly deserves more than a passing notice. I change the name of the hotel and proprietor in order to avoid giving any free boom to a man who seems to be thoroughly self-reliant and able to take care of him-

self. The rest of the circular is accurately copied:

KANSAS.—*Dear Sir:* Not having enough room under our present arrangements, and wishing to make the Roller-Towel House the recognized head-quarters for traveling men, we desire to enlarge the building. Not having the money on hand to do so, we make the following proposition: If you will advance us $5, to be used for the above purpose, we will deduct that amount from your bill when stopping with us. We feel assured that the traveling men appreciate our efforts to give them first-class accommodations, and as the above amount will be deducted from your bill when stopping with us, we hope for a favorable reply. Should you not visit our town again the loan will be repaid in cash.

J. KRASH TOWEL,
Proprietor Roller-Towel House.

Here we have a man with a quiet, gentlemanly way, and yet withal a cool, level head, a man who knows when he needs more room and how best to go to work to remedy that defect. Mr. Towel sees that another row of sleeping rooms, cut low in the ceiling, is actually needed. In fancy he already sees these rooms added to his house. Each has a strip of hemp carpet in front of the bed and a cute little green shade over the window, a shade that falls down when we try to adjust it, filling the room with Kansas dust. In his dreams he sees

each room fitted out with one of those smooth, deceptive beds that are all right until we begin to use them for sleeping purposes, a bed that the tall man lies diagonally across and groans through the livelong night.

Mr. Towel has made a rapid calculation on the buttered side of a menu, and ascertained that if one-half the traveling men in the United States would kindly advance $5, to be refunded in case they did not decide to make a tour to the Roller Towel House, and to be taken out of the bill in case they did, the amount so received would not only add a row of compressed hot-air bedrooms, with flexible soap and a delirious-looking glass, but also insure an electric button, which may or may not connect with the office, and over which said button the following epitaph could be erected:

One Ring for Bell Boy.
Two Rings for Porter.
Three Rings for Ice Water.
Four Rings for Rough on Rats.
Five Rings for Borrowed Money.
Six Rings for Fire.
Seven Rings for Hook and Ladder Company.

In fact, a man could have rings on his fingers and bell-boys on his toes all the time if he wanted to do so.

And yet there will be traveling-men who will receive this kind circular and still hang back. Constant contact with a cold, cruel world has made them cynical, and they will hesitate even after Mr. Towel has said that he will improve his house with the money, and even after he has assured us that we need not visit Kansas at all if we will advance the money. This shows that he is not altogether a heartless man. Mr. Towel may be poor, but he is not without consideration for the feelings of people who loan him money.

For my own part I fully believe that Mr. Towel would be willing to fit up his house and put matches in each room if traveling-men throughout the country would respond to this call for assistance.

But the trouble is that the traveling public expect a landlord to take all the risks and advance all the money. This makes the matter of hotel keeping a hazardous one. Mr. Towel asks the guests to become an interested party. Not that he in so many words agrees to divide the profits proportionately at the end of the year with the stockholders, but he is willing to make his hotel larger, and if food does not come up as fast as it goes down—in price, I mean—he will try to make all his guests feel perfectly comfortable while in his house.

Under favorable circumstances the Roller Towel House would no doubt be thoroughly refitted and

refurnished throughout. The little writing-table in each room would have its legs reglued, new wicks would be inserted in the kerosene lamps, the stairs would be dazzled over with soft soap, and the teeth in the comb down in the wash-room would be reset and filled. Numerous changes would be made in the corps de ballet also. The large-handed chambermaid, with the cow-catcher teeth and the red Brazil-nut of hair on the back of her head, would be sent cown in the dining-room to recite that little rhetorical burst so often rendered by the elocutionist of the dining-room—the smart Aleckutionist, in the language of the poet, begining: "Bfsteakprkstk'ncoldts," with a falling inflection that sticks its head into the bosom of the earth and gives its tail a tremolo movement in the air.

On receipt of $5 from each one of the traveling men of the union new hinges would be put into the slippery-elm towels; the pink soap would be revarnished; the different kinds of meat on the table will have tags on them, stating in plain words what kinds of meat they are so that guests will not be forced to take the word of servant or to reply on their own judgement; fresh vinegar with a sour taste to it, and without microbes, will be put in the cruets; the old and useless cockroaches will be discharged; and the latest and most approved adjuncts of hotel life will be adopted.

Why, then, should the traveling man hesitate? Why should he doubt and draw back, falter and shrink? Why should he allow pessimism and other foreign substances to get into his system and change his whole life?

Let him remit $5 to the Roller Towel House, and if this should prove a success he may assist other hotels in the same manner. He would thus feel an interest in their growth and prosperity. Then, as he became more and more forehanded, he could assist the railroads, the 'bus lines, and the boot-blacks, barbers, laundries, &c., in the same manner. I would like to call upon the American people in the same way.

I would like very much to establish a nice, expensive home for inebriates. It would cost, properly fittted up, about $750,000 or $800,000. If those who read this article will lend $50, by express or draft, I will take it out of their bill the first time they will stop at my new and attractive inebriate asylum. Who will be the first to contribute?—*Boston Globe.*

An Innocent Man.

The trial of a man for murder had just commenced in a Dakota court when the attorney for the defense arose and said:

"If the court please, we have no fear as to the outcome of this trial. In the testimony we shall prove that the murder was committed four miles from town at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. We shall also establish the fact that there was a circus in town that day."

"Hold on," said the judge, excitedly; "you say there was a circus in town?"

"Yes, sir; the Anti-European Conglomeration showed there that day."

"Yes, I've seen it—two rings, a spotted grave-digging hyena, and seven lady bareback-riders. You say the man was killed about 2 o'clock?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Just the time of the ring parade?"

"The same time."

"While the elephant and double-humped camels were going around!"

"Yes, sir."

"The prisoner is discharged. Trying to prove that a man was four miles away from town on such an occasion is looked upon as a malicious persecution by this court."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

It Made a Difference.

"Madam," he said, after a long survey of a flower stand at the central market yesterday, "could you

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recommend me something to place on my wife's grave?"

"I think so," she answered, as she looked him over. "How long has she been dead?"

"Six years."

"Married again?"

"What is that to you?"

"Oh, you needn't be so cranky about it. I've dealt in cemetery flowers for the last fifteen years and I know about how things work. If you are still a widower you want about $4 worth of flowers and a border of moss. If you are married again you'll pick out a 25-cent rosebush, beat me down to 15 cents, and send it to the cemetery by a car-driver."

He pretended to be very indignant, and went to the other end of the market and bought two feeble-looking pinks for 7 cents apiece.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Great Sacrifice.

"You have bad news to tell me?" queried the wife of an Ohio plow manufacturer, as he came home the other night.

"Yes. The men have demanded an increase of pay. They want 95 cents a day or they will strike."

"You don't say! Why, what on earth can they be thinking of?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to give in to them, and you'll have to make a sacrifice. I won't ask you to give up those diamond bracelets, nor the new carriage, but I'm afraid you'll have to come down to $50 hats and $15 shoes."

Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Passes to Richmond.

A gentleman called upon President Lincoln before the fall of Richmond and solicited a pass for that place. "I should be very happy to oblige you," said the President, "if my passes were respected; but the fact is, I have, within the past two years, given passes to two hundred and fifty thousand men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet."

He Was on His Guard.

"My deah fellah, do you know I've been watching you with—aw—with great interwest of late? You pose on the corners with—aw—with pwincely dignity. Don't you evaw west?" "Naw, chummie, nevah. You know, demmit, there are so many of these—aw—these detective camewahs carried—aw—awound now, I am affwaid, don't you know,

some artist will take me picture, begad, when I'm not weady. So I'm always weady, don't you know."

HUNTING AN ICHTHYOSAURUS.

THE VICTIMS OF A PRACTICAL JOKE TRAMP FIVE DAYS ALONG BITTER CREEK IN SEARCH OF AN ANIMAL THAT HAD BEEN DEAD 5,000 YEARS.

BILL NYE.

Several years ago I had the pleasure of joining a party about to start out along the banks of Bitter creek on a hunting expedition. The leader of the party was a young man who had recently escaped from college with a large amount of knowledge which he desired to experiment with on the people of the far west. He had heard that there was an ichthyosaurus up somewhere along the west side of Bitter creek, and he wanted us to go along and help him to find it.

I had been in the west some eight or nine years then and I had never seen an ichthyosaurus myself, but I thought the young man must know his business, so I got out my Winchester and went along with the group.

We tramped over the pale, ashy, glaring, staring stretch of desolation, through burning, quivering

days of monotony and sage brush and alkali water and aching eyes and parched and bleeding lips and nostrils cut through and eaten by the sharp alkaline air, mentally depressed and physically worn out, but cheered on and braced up by the light and joyous manner of the ever-hopful James Trilobite Eton of Concord.

James Trilobite Eton of Concord never moaned, never gigged back or shed a hot, remorseful tear in this powdry, hungry waste of gray, parched ruin. No regret came forth from his lips in the midst of this mighty cemetery, this ghastly potter's field for all that nature had ever reared that was too poor to bear its own funeral expenses.

Now and then a lean, soiled gray coyote, without sufficient moral courage to look a dead mule in the hind foot, slipped across the horizon like a dirty phantom and faded into the hot and tremulous atmosphere. We scorned such game as that and trudged on, cheered by the hope that seemed to spring eternal in the breast of James Trilobite Eton of Concord.

Four days we wallowed through the unchanging desolation. Four nights we went through the motions of slumbering on the arid bosom of the wasted earth. On the fifth day James Trilobite Eton said we were now getting near the point where we would find what we sought. On we pressed through the

keen, rough blades of the seldom bunch-grass, over the shifting, yellow sand and the greenish gray of the bad-land soil which never does anything but sit around through the accumulating centuries and hold the world together, a kind of powdery poison that delights to creep into the nostrils of the pilgrim and steal away his brains, or when moistened by a little snow to accumulate around the feet of the pilgrim or on the feet of the pilgrim's mule till he has the most of an unsurveyed "forty" on each foot, and the casual observer is cheered by the novel sight of one homestead striving to jump another.

Toward evening James Trilobite Eton gave a wild shriek of joy and ran to us from the bed of an old creek, where he had found an ichthyosaurus. The animal was dead! Not only that, but it had been dead a long, long time!

James Milton Sherrod said that "if a college education was of no more use to a man than that he, for one, allowed that his boy would have to grope through life with an academical education, and very little of *it*."

I uncocked my gun and went back to camp a sadder and madder man, and, though years have come and gone, I am still irritable when I think of the five days we tramped along Bitter creek

searching for an animal that was no longer alive, and our guide knew it before he started.

I ventured to say to J. Trilobite Eton that night as we all sat together in the gloaming discussing whether he should be taken home with us in the capacity of a guide or as a remains, that it seemed to me a man ought to have better sense than to wear his young life away trying to have fun with his superiors in that way.

"Why, blame it all," says James, "what did you expect? You ought to know yourself that that animal is extinct!"

"Extinck!" says James Milton Sherrod, in shrill, angry tones. "I should say he was extinck. That's what we're kickin' about. What gallded me was that you should of waited till the old cuss was extinck before you come to us like a man and told us about it. You pull us through the sand for a week and blister our heels and condemb near kill us, and all the time you know that the blame brute is layin' there in the hot sun gittin' more and more extinck every minute. Fun is fun, and I like a little nonsense now and then just as well as you do, but I'll be eternally banished to Bitter creek if I think it's square or right or white to play it on your friends this kind of a way.

"You claim that the animal has been dead goin' on five thousand years, or some such thing as that,

and try to get out of it that way, but long as you knew it and we didn't it shows that you're a low cuss not to speak of it.

"What difference does it make to us, I say, whether this brute was or was not dead and swelled up like a pizen'd steer long before Nore got his zoologickle show together? We didn't know it. We haven't seen the Salt Lake papers for weeks. You use your edjecation to fool people with. My opinion is that the day is not far distant when you will wake up and find yourself in the bottom of an untimely grave.

"You bring us a hundred and fifty miles to look at an old bone pile all tramped into the ground and then say that the animal is extinck. That's a great way to talk to an old man like me, a man old enough to be your grandfather. Probly you cacklate that it is a rare treat for an old-timer like me to waller through from Green River to the Yallerstone and then hear a young kangaroo with a moth-eaten eyebrow under his nose burst forth into a rollicking laugh and say that the animal we've been trailin' for five days is extinck.

"I just want to say to you, James Trilobite Eton, and I say it for your good and I say it with no prejudice against you, for I want to see you succeed, that if this ever happens agin and you are the party to blame you will wake up with a wild start

on the follerin' day and find yourself a good deal extincker than this here old busted lizard is."

He Was Sympathetic.

"Maude," he said, tenderly putting his cane and gloves and hat down on the floor, "will you maiwy me?"

"No, sir," she answered, coldly, "I will not."

"Oh, Maude, think befoah you speak," he urged, as he adjusted his necktie. "Will you be my wife?"

"No, sir," she repeated, emphatically, "I won't."

"Maude," he murmured, "you have made me verwy, verwy happy. I only awsked you out of sympathy, don't you know."

The way he went out of the house reminded those who saw it of a sensational account of a western cyclone.

A Lincoln Story about Little Dan Webster's Soiled Hands!—How Dan Escaped a Flogging.

Mr. Lincoln, on one occasion narrated to Hon. Mr. Odell and others, with much zest, the following story about young Daniel Webster:

When quite young, at school, Daniel was one day guilty of a gross violation of the rules. He

was detected in the act, and called up by the teacher for punishment. This was to be the old-fashioned "feruling" of the hand. His hands happened to be very dirty. Knowing this, on his way to the teacher's desk, he *spit* upon the palm of his *right* hand, wiping it off upon the side of his pantaloons.

"Give me your hand, sir," said the teacher, very sternly.

Out went the right hand, partly cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment, and said:

"Daniel! if you will find another hand in this school-room as filthy as that, I will let you off this time!"

Instantly from behind his back came the *left* hand. "Here it is, sir," was the ready reply.

"That will do," said the teacher, "for this time; you can take your seat, sir."

His Reason.

A jury composed of eleven business men and an old fellow from across the creek retired to the jury room. The foreman, when selected, remarked that he thought the prisoner ought to be sent to the penitentiary for five years.

"That ain't long enough," said the old fellow. "Let's put it on him fur ten."

"O, no, that won't do."

"Wall, then," stretching himself out on a bench, "I'm with yer."

"What, you going to hang the jury?"

"That's about it."

"My dear sir, we are anxious to get back to our business."

"Then send him up fur ten."

"But that would be a great injustice."

"Then squat an' make yourselves comfortable."

"Have you any special reason why the prisoner should go up for ten years?"

"Think I have," throwing a quid of tobacco at the spittoon.

"Will you please name it?"

"Yes, fur it won't take me long. He is my son-in-law, an' I have been supportin' him ever since he was married."

He went up for ten years.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

How He Missed It.

"Dot brudder of mine in Chicago vhas no good," said Moses, as he dusted a pair of second-hand pants at the door. "He close his shtore der odder day und puts on a sign dot his wife was deadt, und he doan' keep open for two days."

"Wasn't that right?"

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"It vhas all right to shut oop, but why doan' he say on der sign: "On dis account I haf to dispose of dis mammoth shtock, und all goods shall be sold at 10 per cent. below cost?" Vhen a peesness man's wife dies it vhas a chance to advertise, dot doan' come once in twenty years."

Fun in the Bellow of the Blast.

[COON RAPIDS ENTERPRISE.]

One among the most amusing is told on old Father Minnich. He saw the cyclone approaching as it came over the hill, and, standing in the back door and being beside himself, waved his arms toward it and cried out: "Shoo, shoo; go'way go'-way, go'way." The storm didn't harm him, and no one can prove that his effort was in vain.

Another one is told of our industrious tailor. He made all possible haste to reach his dwelling and save his wife,but the cyclone overtook him, and he had to throw himself on the ground and hold to a fence post. He was terribly shaken up, and as soon as he reached his feet he was asked by Attorney Reid if he was hurt.

He replied: "I don't know, but I think I am. My head is awful soft right here; please examine it."

Reid did so, and found the soft place to be a huge piece of mud which was plastered behind his ear.

J. A. Miller also came in as a subject for a little fun by running away from his store, carefully carrying away an old clothing sign, which was worth more for what it had done than for any future service. J. A. knows the value of advertising, however, and hence his idea was not so laughable after all.

In the country, when Mrs. Titus was taken out of the wreck, apparently almost dead, one of her little boys, about four years old, exclaimed: "Why, papa, you'll have to get us a new mamma now—ours won't be good for anything any more."

The *Enterprise* quill, too, was a trifle out of his head, and was made fun of because he was inviting some of the homeless to his house for shelter when the roof was off his building and the rain dripping through the ceiling as through a seive.

They also say that Warren Garst insists that he was standing near the cyclone, watching it as it passed, when in fact he was in a cave with fifteen women and a preacher, and so badly frightened that, notwithstanding his proverbial gallantry, he could not be induced by a lady to run to her house and secure a valise which she seemed to be very anxious to save.

A New Biography of Galileo.

SOME HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED FACTS ABOUT THE QUEER OLD ITALIAN—HIS REMARKABLE INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES—HIS BOOKS.

BILL NYE.

Galilei, commonly called Galileo, was born at Pisa on the 14th day February, 1564. He was a man who discovered some of the fundamental principles underlying the movements, habits, and personal peculiarities of the earth. He discovered things with marvelous fluency. Born as he was, at a time when the rotary motion of the earth was still in its infancy and astronomy taught only in a crude way, Galileo started in to make a few discoveries and advance some theories of which he was very fond.

He was the son of a musician and learned to play several instruments himself, but not in such a way as to arouse the jealousy of the great musicians of his day. They came and heard him play a few selections and then they went home contented with their own music. Galileo played for several years in the band at Pisa, and people who heard him said that his manner of gazing out over the Pisan hills with a far-away look in his eye after playing a selection, while he gently upended his alto horn and

worked the mud-valve as it poured out about a pint of moist melody that had accumulated in the flues of the instrument, was simply grand.

At the age of 20 Galileo began to discover. His first discoveries were, of course, clumsy and poorly made, but very soon he began to turn out a neat and durable discovery that would stand for years.

It was at this time that Galileo noticed the swinging of a lamp in a church, and, observing that the oscillations were of equal duration, he inferred that this principle might be utilized in the exact measurement of time. From this little accident, years after, came the clock, one of the most useful of man's dumb friends. And yet there are people who will read this litttle incident and still hesitate about going to church.

Galileo also invented the thermometer, the microscope, and the proportional compass. He seemed to invent things, not for the money to be obtained in that way, but solely for the joy of being first on the ground. He was a man of infinite genius and perseverance. He was also very fair in his treatment of other inventors. Though he did not personally invent the rotary motion of the earth, he heartily indorsed it and said it was a good thing. He also came out in a card in which he said that he believed it to be a good thing, and that he hoped some day to see it applied to the other planets.

He was also the inventor of a telescope that had a magnifying power of thirty times. He presented this to the Venetian senate, and it was used in making appropriations for river and harbor improvements.

By telescopic investigation Galileo discovered the presence of microbes in the moon, but was unable to do anything for it. I have spoken of Mr. Galileo all the way through this article informally, calling him by his first name, but I feel so thoroughly acquainted with him, though there was such a striking difference in our ages, that I am almost justified in using his given name while talking of him.

Galileo also sat up nights and visited with Venus through a long telescope which he had made himself from an old bamboo fishing-rod.

But astronomy is a very enervating branch of science. Galileo frequently came down to breakfast with red, heavy eyes; eyes that were swollen full of unshed tears. Still he persevered. Day after day he worked and toiled. Year after year he went on with his task till he had worked out in his own mind the satellites of Jupiter and placed a small tin tag on each one, so that he would know it readily when he saw it again. Then he began to look up Saturn's rings and investigate the freckles on the sun. He did not stop at trifles, but went bravely on till everybody came for miles to look at him and

get him to write something funny in their albums. It was not an unusual thing for Galileo to get up in the morning, after a wearisome night with a fretful new-born star, to find his front yard full of autograph albums. Some of them were little red albums with floral decorations on them, while others were the large plush and alligator albums of the affluent. Some were new and had the price-mark still on them, while others were old, foundered albums, with a droop in the back and little flecks of egg and gravy on the title-page. All came with a request for Galileo "to write a little, witty, characteristic sentiment in them."

Galileo was the author of the hydrostatic paradox and other sketches. He was a great reader and a fluent penman. One time he was absent from home, lecturing in Venice for the benefit of the United Aggregation of Mutual Admirers, and did not return for two weeks, so that when he got back he found the front room full of autograph albums. It is said that he here demonstrated his great fluency and readiness as a thinker and writer. He waded through the entire lot in two days with only two men from West Pisa to assist him. Galileo came out of it fresh and youthful, and the following night he was closeted all night with another inventor, a wicker-covered microscope, and a bologna sausage. The investigations were carried on for two weeks,

after which Galileo went out to the inebriate asylum and discovered some new styles of reptiles.

Galileo was the author of a little work called "I Discarsi e Dimas-Trazioni Matematiche Intorus a Due Muove Scienze." It was a neat little book, of about the medium height, and sold well on the trains, for the Pisan newsboys on the cars were very affable, as they are now, and when they came and leaned an armful of these books on a passenger's leg and poured a long tale into his ear about the wonderful beauty of the work and then pulled in the name of the book from the rear of the last car, where it had been hanging on behind, the passenger would most always buy it and enough of the name to wrap it up in.

He also discovered the isochronism of the pendulum. He saw that the pendulum at certain seasons of the year looked yellow under the eyes, and that it drooped and did not enter into its work with the old zest. He began to study the case with the aid of his new bamboo telescope and wicker-covered microscope. As a result, in ten days he had the pendulum on its feet again.

Galileo was inclined to be liberal in his religious views, and more especially in the matter of the scriptures, claiming that there were passages in the bible which did not literally mean what the translator said they did. This was where Galileo missed it.

So long as he discovered stars and isochronisms and such things as that he succeeded, but when he began to fool with other peoples's religious beliefs he got into trouble. He was forced to fly from Pisa, we are told by the historian, and we are assured at the same time that Galileo, who had always been far, far ahead of all competitors in other things, was equally successful as a fleer.

Galileo received but 60 scudi per year for his salary at Pisa, and a part of that he took in town orders, worth only 60 cents on the scudi.

A Good Day's Work.

"I made a cool $2 bill yesterday besides my wages," said a new conductor of the 3d avenue line.

"Why do you call it a cool $2 bill!"

"Because I made it freezing to fares."

The Assessment Plan.

"No hoisting works; not if I know it. You can fool away a good deal of good, hard coin on hoisting works."

"How in thunder do you run your mine?"

"On the assessment plan, sir. That's the latest and most approved method. When we have a good map of the lower workings we don't need any

works to speak of. I keep a man in Virginia at $60 a month to superintend the location and write weekly letters; and I stay in San Francisco in my office on Pine street, and levy the assessments every sixty days—that's as often as the law allows. I am the President, Board of Trustees, Secretary, Treasurer, and everything—more especially the Treasurer. Of course I draw a salary for all the offices, and when I get through drawing salaries, I turn the rest over to the agent in Virginia to pay off the hands. By not employing any hands he saves enough to pay himself. This is what I call scientific mining, sir. You get the silver out of the pockets of the stockholders, and leave the vast argentiferous and auriferous deposits in your claim for your children, who can go right ahead and develop the mine just as soon as the public quit putting up, which isn't at all likely to happen. As long as people are being born in Nevada and California my mine will run on like a chronometer clock."

"But," said the Utah man, "my style of mining keeps lots of men at work."

"So does mine," quote the Golden Gate chap. "Thousands of men are working night and day to pay the assessments. It keeps the country as busy as a bee-hive," and the speaker sauntered to the telegraph office to order assessment No. 36.

A Vulgar Combination.

He (at Central park menagerie)—How brilliant those South American birds are in their gay plumage of red, yellow, and black!

She—Brilliant enough, but in wretched taste.

How Lincoln Illustrated What Might Be Done With Jeff. Davis.

One of the latest of Mr. Lincoln's stories, was told to a party of gentlemen, who, among the tumbling ruins of the Confederacy, anxiously asked "what he would do with Jeff. Davis?"

"There was a boy in Springfield," replied Mr. Lincoln, "who saved up his money and bought a 'coon,' which, after the novelty wore off, became a great nuisance.

"He was one day leading him through the streets, and had his hands full to keep clear of the little vixen, who had torn his clothes half off of him. At length he sat down on the curb-stone, completely fagged out. A man passing was stopped by the lad's disconsolate appearance, and asked the matter.

" 'Oh,' was the only reply, 'this coon is such a *trouble* to me.'

" 'Why don't you get rid of him, then?' said the gentleman.

" '*Hush!*' said the boy; 'don't you see he is gnawing his rope off? I am going to let him do it, and

A VULGAR COMBINATION. P. 368.

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then I will go home and tell the folks *that he got away from me!*' "

A THRILLING ROMANCE.

[A LA FRANCAISE.]

M. De Makeshift, when the file of soldiers left him found himself in a dungeon. Not a ray of light penetrated the dismal abode, but De Makeshift's eyes gradually became so accustomed to the darkness that he say a broom-straw lying in a corner. He caught up the broom-straw, uttered a stifled cry, and pressed it to his heaving bosom. Then, in his despair, he tickled his nose with the straw and laughed.

"Who laughs?" demanded a voice.

"I do."

"Who are you?"

"De Makeshift. Who are you?"

"The Abbe So-Long."

"Ah."

"Ah, hah."

"How long have you been here?"

"I have now, alas, no method of reckoning time, but I must have been here since sunrise this morning."

De Makeshift groaned. "Where are you now?" he asked.

"In a tunnel," the abbe replied.

"A tunnel?"

"Yes."

"You make my heart beat. Where did you get the tunnel?"

"Made it."

"You astonish me."

"Ah."

"Ah, hah. Where did you get your shovel?"

"Had none."

"Then how did you make the tunnel?"

"Listen."

"I will."

"I scooped it out with a shirt button. Have you a button on your shirt?"

"No."

"Alas, you are married."

"No."

"Then why have you no buttons?"

"A Chinaman does my washing."

"Ah."

"Ah, hah."

"Well, wait until I gouge my way through this rock and I will lend you my button."

"O, I thank you."

"Hist, the turnkey comes.

After a long silence: "Has the turnkey gone?" the abbe asked.

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A LONG, BONY ARM WAS THRUST INTO DE MAKESHIFT'S CELL. P. 371.

"Not yet."

"Well, when he goes tell me and I will resume my work."

"All right, he's gone now."

"I am at work."

Scoup, scoup, scoup. A long, bony arm was thrust into De Makeshift's cell. De Makeshift seized it and pressed the elbow to his lips. The abbe stepped into the cell. "We must escape from here," said the abbe.

"How?"

"By scaling the walls."

"How can we scale them without a knife?"

"Wait."

The abbe took off his shirt, tore it into shreds and, in a marvelous manner, made a ladder. "Got a couple of pins?"

"What do you want with them?"

"Make hooks to go on the end of the ladder."

"Here they are."

"Now," said the abbe, bending the pins and fastening them on the ladder, "follow me."

They passed out into the court-yard. De Makeshift uttered an exclamation. He saw the man who had poisoned his grandfather. The abbe threw the ladder. The pins caught hold; the two men escaped.

* * * * * *

The following is an extract from American realism:

"Samuel," said Miss Peterson, "have you taken the ashes out of the stove?"

"I guess I have."

"Did you fix the kindling?"

"I guess I have."

Samuel arose, stretched himself, blew his nose on a bordered handkerchief, took up a decorated shell, looked at it, put it down, looked at the clock, took up his hat and quietly left the house. His heart was heavy, much heavier than his brain. He walked with a slight limp. Why? The corn-doctor's experiment had not been successful. He blew his nose. Then he sneezed. When he reached the street corner he sneezed again. A girl passed, looked back at him and giggled. He despised giggling girls. His sister who married a man who possessed epileptic fits did not giggle. He followed the girl. He despised himself for doing it but he couldn't help it. It was the first time he had ever followed a girl. He overtook the girl.

"How are you?" he asked.

She giggled and said that she was able to get about.

"I know that," said he.

Then they both giggled. He turned and left the girl. His heart was full of sweet sadness. He

regretted having spoken to the girl for he had not been brought up with her, yet her bright image, as it hung before him in a neat black-walnut frame, smiled upon him and made his heart beat with joyous throbs. "I must not speak to her again," he said, but the next minute he ran after her. He overtook her and said:

"How are you by now?"

She smiled and said that she was still stirring. He turned and ran away. That night his sleep was not sound. He was in love. — *Arkansaw Traveler.*

Congressional Methods.

The clock had struck midnight in the residence of a Congressman, and still the young man in the parlor did not go. The young fellow had been away for two weeks, and the girl's father was willing that he should have a fair show; but this was too much, and at last he went to the head of the stairs and listened a minute.

"Mollie!" he called sharply.

"Yes, papa," came the silvery voice of his child, with a slightly smothered accent.

"It is after 12 o'clock."

"Yes, papa, and we are doing all we can to expedite the accumulated business. We will adjourn by-and-by, papa."

The helpless father, unable to answer the argument, returned to his bed in tears.

How Lincoln Won a Case from his Partner—Laughable Toilet Ignorance.

While Judge Logan, of Springfield, Ill., was Lincoln's partner, two farmers, who had a misunderstanding respecting a horse trade, went to law. By mutual consent the partners in law became antagonists in this case. On the day of the trial Mr. Logan, having bought a new shirt, open in the back, with a huge standing collar, dressed himself in extreme haste, and put on the shirt with the bosom at the back, a linen coat concealing the blunder. He dazed the jury with his knowledge of "horse points," and as the day was sultry, took off his coat and summed up in his shirt-sleeves.

Lincoln sitting behind him, took in the situation, and when his turn came, remarked to the jury:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Logan has been trying for over an hour to make you believe he knows more about a horse than these honest old farmers who are witnesses. He has quoted largely from his 'horse doctor,' and now, gentlemen, I submit to you, (here he lifted Logan out of his chair, and turned him with his back to the jury and the crowd, at the same time flipping up the enormous standing

collar) what dependence can you place in his horse knowledge when he *has not sense enough to put on his shirt?*"

The roars of laughter that greeted this exhibition, and the verdict that Lincoln got soon after, gave Logan a permanent prejudice against "bosom shirts."

CONTRADICTIONS.

The man that hath no music ear
  May grind an organ still;
The pugilist who takes no grain
  May run a handy mill.

The man who never struck a soul
  May yet a striker be;
The man who never trod a deck
  May yet go out to sea.

A man may be a labor knight,
  Yet not work after dark;
A man may never shoot a gun,
  Yet be a man of mark.

A woman may be married fast,
  And always be amiss;
A girl may be as rich as mud,
  But not be worth a kiss.

MAMIE.

"Mamie," said a grammar-school girl to a member of the graduating class, "have you finished your essay?"

"O, yes," gushed Mamie; "and it is too lovely for anything—a princess slip of white surah, the back cut off a little below the waist line, and full breadths of silk gathered in so as to hang gracefully over the tornure, and three bias ruffles on the——"

"Why, what are your talking about?" interrupted her friend. "I mean, have you finished writing your essay, you know?"

"Er—no," said Mamie, her enthusiasm rapidly diminishing; "but I have begun it, and I wish the awful thing was in Halifax!"

"What's the subject?"

" 'The Curse of Slang.' "

"Gracious! Isn't that a difficult subject to write up?"

"Difficult! Well, I should giggle! I'll have to hump myself to get it finished in time for the commencement, and I've a good notion to let it slide. I might shut up the Professor's optic by pleading illness, but I'm not that sort of a hairpin. But come, waltz up into my room and look at my stunning graduating harness. It'll paralyze you.—*Norristown Herald.*

Floored On Russian.

He had studied every lexicon from Ancient Mede
to Mexican,
Knew Assyrian, Sanscrit, Greek;
Knew the shape of sword and sandal of the Visigoth
and Vandal,
And the old Etruscan features and physique.

He could write a song or sermon in old Celt or
ancient German,
And sing Italian songs and roundelays,
Describe Tiglath-Pilezer, the herbivorous Neb'chad-
nezzar,
And all the kings and queens of olden days;

He knew Nimrod, Noah, Cyrus and the monarchs
of Epirus,
And gave scholarly descriptions of their deeds.
He could lend an added splendor to the ancient
witch of Endor,
And describe the early monarchs of the Swedes.

But when he turned to Russian, he reeled with the
concussion
Of a word that parched and paralyzed and stung,
For Ivan-Adamowski-Shanki-Ranoff-Peter-Squosh-
kie
Completely tied and tangled up his tongue.

—*Tid-Bits.*

A Safe Place.

May to Flora (both daughters of lawyers)—Oh, Flora! I have just received a love-letter from my Charlie, and papa forbids the correspondence, and I do want so much to keep his letter, so what shall I do to keep papa from getting it?

Flora—Why, May, I find it the safest to put such secrets in my father's law books. They are never disturbed there.

The Summer Girl.

[BOSTON COURIER.]

Though her hair be black or her hair be red,
Or her eyes be hazel or brown,
She's fairer by far than the lily or rose,
The girl with the muslin gown.

The haughty queen, in her royal robes,
With her scepter and golden crown,
Is not so fair in the month of June
As the girl with the muslin gown.

On nothing fairer upon the earth
The sun or the moon looks down;
She's as sweet and fresh as the morning breeze,
The girl in the muslin gown.

THE GIRL WITH THE MUSLIN GOWN. P. 378.

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Brief Comicalities.

"Papa, why do women use yeast in making bread?"

"To make it rise, my son."

"But why do they want to make it rise, papa?"

"So that it will be high bread, my son."

A lad was sent to one of our grocery stores for some barley for soup, but he forgot what he was after, and said he thought they wanted something for soap, and so the obliging proprietor put him up five cents' worth of potash.

Judson—Got behind with your rent, you say?

Timpkins—Yes.

Judson—What is it owing to?

Timpkins—My landlord.

At the Horticultural exhibition—He—This is a lime tree, Clara. But you are not looking.

She—Yes, Charles, I see it; but I was wondering how they extract the mortar from it.

"The circus is one of the oldest diversions known to man," says an exchange. So is the circus joke.

"This is a very healthy place," observed a boarding mistress.

"Yes—for chickens," said the boarder. "I have been here two years and haven't seen a dead one yet."

She took the hint.

It was perfectly natural that "Songs Without Words" should have been written by Mendelssohn. If they had been composed by Mendelsdaughter they would have had words.

It is easy enough to be agreeable in society. All you have to do is to listen while the other man talks. If the other man is a woman you've got to listen anyway.

People who always mind their own business in this world get rich faster than people of the other kind do, but they lose lots of fun.

People going on excursions are so happy to get home that they are glad they went.

The red flag of the Anarchist, like that of the auctioneer, should be a signal that everything under it is to be knocked down.

The "famous green-corn dance of the Seminoles" is described by a witness as a "wild, grotesque series of leaps and contortions to the wierd music of a dirge-like, mournful chant." Then, so far as we can grasp it, it seems to have been a weak imitation of the common green-apple dance of the pale face, with the painkiller left out.

The Anarchists are claiming that they still "hold their own." Nobody will object to this. It is only

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A NEW MATERIAL FOR BONNETS. P. 381.

when they attempt to hold some other fellow's own that we rise to expostulate.

A New Material for Bonnets.

"Miranda, my love (hic), there's a new material been found (hic) for bonnets."

"What is it, pray?"

"Leathery fungoid. You (hic) soak it in water and it takes any (hic) shape. A great saving, don't you see?"

"Yes. I've a suspicion your head is made out of it. Go soak it in water. It may not alter the shape, but will be likely to sober you up a little. Hold it under the hydrant for an hour and a half, dear."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A Narrow Escape.

"Are we all here?" inquired Mr. Brutal Jones of his landlady the other morning at the breakfast table.

"I think so; one, two, three, four; yes, you are all here, I believe," and she smiled sweetly; "why?"

"Nothing much, only I see by the morning paper that a human skeleton was picked up just outside the city limits."

The smile vanished.—*Merchant Traveler.*

INCONSISTENCY.

Sitting with charming Mabel at the play,
I heard a valorous wooer vainly speak,
And saw a pearly teardrop course its way
Adown the pale pink velvet of her cheek.

"Alas! thou inconsistent maid," thought I,
"Thou weepest on beholding him forlorn,
But, when before thy feet I sue and sigh,
Thou laughest all my ardent vows to scorn!"

—*Clinton Scollard in Life.*

THE WANTS OF A MODERATE MAN.

He said he had no wish to be opulent, with a bank-book rotund, and distended, and corpulent; but he didn't wish to live like the primitive Quakers, or butchers, or bakers, or candle-stick-makers, but in a fine brown-stone surrounded by statues, and set in a lawn of some forty-seven acres.

Applause for dear clothing was not worth the winning, he desired no wardrobe of purple and linen; but he didn't wish to go attired like a sailor, or dress in a uniform suit like a jailer; and all that he wished was some two dozen changes made up in good style by a fashionable tailor.

He wished no rich viands to gladden his peptics, or to coddle his stomach like chronic dyspeptics; but he wished a cuisine and a French cook to cater, a professional expert, no commonplace waiter, no statuesque, boarding-house, imbecile bungler to scatter his chaos of pie and potato.

He wished no small army of liveried dependents, no uniformed lackeys and cringing attendants; but he didn't wish to live like a hermit or miser, but in plentiful leisure as better and wiser; and some twenty servants and forty good waiters would make life worth living for him and Eliza.—*Lynn Union.*

Fixing It Up.

The next day after a man moved into a town in western Dakota, the mayor called on him and said:

"Just arrived from the east, I hear?"

"Yes."

"Believe your name is Jones?"

"That's it."

"No title, I suppose?"

"None."

"Of course you will want one now, but I'll tell you just how it is; we haven't got much left to select from. We limited each title to five persons,

and we already have five colonels, five senators, five governors, five judges, and so on. We aren't quite full on majors and commodores, however, and you can take your choice."

"Well, if it's customary I believe I'll take major."

"All right, major. Come on down to Judge Pott's poker parlors and I'll introduce you to Senator Blow, Gen. McGore, and other of our leading citizens."—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

A Narrow Escape.

"Ah!" she said, "I loved once."

"Did you?"

"Yes, I thought he was a god, a kind of superior creation. My parents would not hear of the match. The more they objected the more I loved him. We kept up a correspondence secretly. We had arranged to be married. My parents were stern and cruel, but I had a bosom friend, who was married, and she had arranged that the ceremony should take place at her house, unknown to any of my family. Three days before I heard strange stories about my beloved. I broke off the engagement. He came to the house; he groveled on his knees before me. He swore by all the old and several new gods that he loved me, and me alone. I relented,

and the wedding was to come off at the home of my bosom friend."

"Well?"

"The day before the wedding my bosom friend's husband got into a convivial crowd and drank a little too much. In a burst of good humor he invited my brother to the wedding, and I was securely locked up until I was brought to terms."

"And now——"

"And now I'm awfully glad of it."

HER CREDIT WAS GOOD.

A 4-year-old miss who has been in the habit of making a daily visit to her music teacher via the High street car line found herself on a recent morning minus the customary ticket or the necessary three-cent fare. Nothing daunted, she stopped the car at the usual corner, took her seat and quietly awaited events. The rest of the story is best told in her own words:

"The conductor, he came, and said 'Tickets, please.' 'I haven' any this morning.' 'Then I must have three cents.' 'But I haven't any money, either.' 'Where are you going?' 'O, I'm going to 'Cademy of Music, and I want to stop at Dorrance street.' 'But did you think you could ride without

a ticket or money?' O, yes, 'cause I always pay when I have any money.' "

Her credit was good and she got there.—*Providence Journal.*

Picnics Supplied.

There is a down-town grocery, which, among other legends in the window, displays this sign: "Picnics Supplied."

A meek-faced young man went into this store the other day, and, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at this picnic sign, he remarked to a salesman:

"I'll take one with about one girl, please, with the requisite allowance of champagne, a few tongue sandwiches, and a box of sardines, and no bugs, no flies, no grasshoppers. Remember—one girl will do."

"Wh-what is it you want, sir?"

"Why, a picnic, to be sure. Don't you advertise 'Picnics supplied' in the window?"

Force of Habit at the Theatre.

"That gentleman seems to have a hard time finding his seat; must be near-sighted."

"Not at all. Only another proof of the force of habit."

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GETTING AT THE PASS-WORD. P. 387.

"How so?"

"He used to be an usher."

GETTING AT THE PASS-WORD.

An amusing story is attributed to the late President Lincoln about the Iowa First, and the changes which a certain pass-word underwent about the time of the battle of Springfield. One of the Dubuque officers, whose duty it was to furnish the guards with a pass-word for the night, gave the word "Potomac." A German on guard, not comprehending distinctly the difference between B's and P's, understood it to be "Bottomic," and this, on being transferred to another, was corrupted into "Buttermilk." Soon afterwards the officer who had given the word wished to return through the lines, and on approaching a sentinel was ordered to halt, and the word demanded. He gave the word "Potomac."

"Nicht right; you don't pass mit me dis way."

"But this is the word, and I will pass."

"No, you stan'," at the same time placing a bayonet at his breast, in a manner that told the officer that "Potomac" didn't pass in Missouri.

"What is the word, then?"

"Buttermilk."

"Well, then, buttermilk."

"Dat is right; now you pass mit yourself all about your pisiness."

There was then a general overhauling of the pass-word, and the difference between Potomac and Buttermilk being understood, the joke became one of the laughable incidents of the campaign.

She Pitied the Clerk.

Lawyer's Wife—How is it, Mr. De Puyster? I understand Mr. Bond is terribly severe with you at times?

Lawyer's Clerk (who is a short-hand writer)—That doesn't begin to express it, Mrs. Bond. Some days when he has lots of work on hand he dictates to me all day. It's terrible.

Lawyer's Wife—Well, I'm sorry, Mr. De Puyster. I see I shall have to be less severe with him at home.

Certainly Not.

Uncle Jake—Peter, I hears you pays your 'specs to my darter. Now ef you means bizness, wot is your bizness?

Peter—I'se keepin' books for Dobson & Co.

Uncle Jake—Um! Ah! Does you keep 'em in single or double entry, Peter?

"TINK I'D KEEP WALYBLES IN THE ENTRY?" P. 388.

Peter—Ain't no sich fool chile as dat. I puts 'em in de safe down cellah ebry night. Tink I'd keep walybles in de entry?

A Marked Difference.

A member in a silver speech slapped at the national banks, and in a loud voice exclaimed:

"What is the difference between my note and a national bank note?"

"You can buy something with a bank note," chipped in an opponent, before the Texan could answer his own question.

The Tender Language.

Buxom Widow (at evening party)—Do you understand the language of flowers, Dr. Crusty?

Dr. Crusty (an old bachelor)—No, ma'am.

Widow—You don't know if yellow means jealousy?

Dr. Crusty—No, ma'am. Yellow means billiousness.

You Can't Dodge It.

"You can't avoid a stroke of lightning by dodging," says a newspaper item. This is a very long-headed statement and will probably cause a

sensation when it gets out. It is equally impossible to avoid a stroke of lightning by going out the back door and telling the office boy to say you are off on a fishing trip and won't be back for two weeks.—*Estelline (D. T.) Bell.*

He Might Find Some Remedy.

"General Henderson, I see by the paper, is one of the few congressmen who have sonorous voices."

"Indeed! Why don't he take something for it!"—*Tid-Bits.*

Theodore Thomas Artistically Considered.

"What nonsense! Herr Musickwitz says Theodore Thomas is not regarded as a musician in Cincinnati."

"There may be something in that. Thomas never was a beer-drinking man, you know."

Peculiarities of English Law.

Clara—What awfully queer people those English are. They won't let people marry after a certain hour in the morning, and a woman can't marry her brother-in-law, and dear knows what all.

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THE CHEMISTRY OF FOOD. P. 391.

Dora—Yes, and that reminds me they've been trying to regulate the fashions lately.

"I shouldn't wonder a bit. In what way?"

"I don't know exactly, but the paper says if Mr. Gladstone's bill had gone through they would have had trouble with the Ulsters."

The Chemistry of Food.

Mr. Klinks—I don't see why you eat so much of that stuff. It will ruin your health.

Mrs. Klinks—It is the very best confectionery in the city, dear.

"It's more than half glucose."

"What's that?"

"It's made out of corn."

"Is it very unwholesome?"

"Rank poison."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder. That bottle you brought home last night had the word "corn" on it."

Upper Tendom Losing Its Sinews.

Mrs. Societie—This fashion magazine says the male domestic servant is rapidly disappearing from the best houses.

Mr. Societie—Yes, and the worst of it is, the daughters are disappearing with them.

She Forgot That Dress Coats Were Outre.

"Mrs. Uppercrust, I am ashamed of you!"

"Why, George, dear, what have I been doing?"

"The idea of talking before all the company in that effusive, flirty way with that young, bald-headed ——"

"Hush, dear, that is Lord Lion."

"No, it isn't; that is the head waiter."

Some Cause for Alarm.

First Socialist—I hobe effry labor men in de gundry vill speag oud aginsed dot labor in prisons.

Second Socialist—I speag aginsed dose brison labor at effry meedings. It is pad enough to pud a man in jail. He should haf no vork.

"Yah. How you dink dose Chicago trials come oud?"

Chicago Still in the Lead.

Eastern Miss—My ma is in Europe and my pa is in New York, and they do all their corresponding by cable.

Chicago Miss—Pooh, that's nothing. Why, we do all our marketing by cable.

SHE FORGOT THAT DRESS-COATS WERE OUTRE. P. 392.

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An Opportune Moment.

Mr. Faintheart—Do you think it would be safe for me to approach your pa on the subject?

Miss Fair Lady—Oh, perfectly, he has the gout again.

Appreciating the Why and Wherefore.

Great Actor—I see that the noted artist, Alma Tadema, is to paint Mary Anderson.

Great Actress—Indeed; for what performance?

Explaining Equivocal Utterances.

Brother Jonathan—I can't understand what you say. What have you got in your mouth?

Canuck—Wo'ms fo' bait.

Unappreciated Gallantry.

Ben: Perley Poore in Boston *Budget:* Tom Corwin asserted one day in his committee-room that it was never safe to interfere between husband and wife, and in support of his declaration narrated an instance which occurred when he was animated by the ardor and chivalry of youth. Traveling in a little-frequented rural district he came upon a cabin from behind which he heard the angry voice

of a man mingled with the screams of a woman and at regular intervals a hickory singing through the air as if well laid on. He rode round to get sight of the cause of all this clamor, when he saw a burly-looking fellow thrashing his wife like fury with a stick too formidable to be within the meaning of the statute. On seeing our friend the belligerent suspended, the "shower of timber" ceased to fall, and there was a great calm of a few moments' duration. The young man, whose wrath had suddenly waxed hot against the cruel husband, cried out: "You brute! you rascal! throw down that whip, and don't touch that woman again, or I'll wear it out over your own ugly carcass! you savage, you!" Who should respond to this valiant defiance but the injured lady herself. Turning her blowzed hair out of her face, and giving her fist a portentous shake, she squalled out: "He's as good as you are, you gawky, good-for-nothing creeter, you!"

Why She Ought to Wear Glasses.

"How old would you take me to be, Mr. Snooks?" she lisped, looking unutterable things at him.

"I dunno," he replied, twisting nervously about in his chair.

"I'm awfully old, I assure you. I've seen twenty-three summers!"

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. P. 395.

"Then you ought to wear glasses," he replied, earnestly.

"Why, Mr. Snooks! glasses at twenty-three?"

"Yes; your eyesight must be bad."

"I'm sure I don't know why you should think so," she pouted.

"Because I'm afraid about twenty summers have gone by you that you haven't seen."

Business Is Business.

Mr. Rosenschweizer (entering a country store)—Ah, how do you do, Mr. Jayhawk? How vas drade? Dake a cigar. Peautiful vether, ain't it? Vant any goots in our line, Mr. Jayhawk?

Mr. J.—No, reckon not. Store is all stocked up.

Mr. R.—Is dot so? I'm very sorry. May I drouble you to give me dot cigar? I got to gif it to Mr. Gawk agross der vay.—*The Rambler.*

Four of Them.

Gen. Sherwin was examining men for the police force a few days since under the new civil service rules. One candidate was asked what four penal institutions there were in Boston. He replied promptly: "The jail, state's prison, the House of Industry, and the Institute of Technology!"

No Relief in Sight.

Smith—That dog of yours keeps me awake nights, howling.

Jones—Why, I have no dog. It must be my daughter singing.

Smith—Is that so? Excuse me. I am sorry. I don't suppose she can be shot, eh?—*Judge.*

A Joke on Mr. Chase.

One day, while the American war was going on, and Secretary Chase was issuing the paper money, know as "greenbacks," in large quantities, he found upon a desk in his office a drawing of an ingenious invention for turning gold eagles into "greenbacks," with a portrait of himself feeding it with "yeller boys," at one end, while the government currency came out at the other end, flying about like leaves of Autum. While he was examining the drawing, President Lincoln came in, and, recognizing the likeness of the secretary, exclaimed:

"Capital joke, isn't it, Mr. Chase?"

"A joke," said the irate financier, "I'd give a thousand dollars to know who left that here."

"Would you, indeed?" said the President, "and which end would you pay from?"

The answer is not "recorded."

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THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE. P. 397.

A Necessary Precaution.

Small boy (to policeman in front of a saloon)—"Hey! Hold yer breath; here comes der roundsman."—*The Judge.*

The Sweet Girl-Graduate.

When the merry month of May,
With its flowers, is over,
And the thrush's roundelay
Echoes from the clover;
When all Nature is atune,
And each bird discloses
That it is the month of June,
Garlanded with roses—
Then it is we fondly wait,
For the sweet girl-graduate.

With her essay ribbon-bound,
Manner shy but winning,
Blushingly she looks around,
Ere she reads, beginning:
"Out upon the sea of life"——
Don't you recognize it!
Hackneyed from its years of strife,
Just the same we prize it.
Heaven send a kindly fate
To the sweet girl-graduate!—*Tid-Bits.*

A Pleasant Reception.

Employer (to collector)—See Mr. Smith?

Collector—Oh, yes.

Employer—Was he annoyed at your calling upon him.

Collector—Not a bit. He asked me to call again.

Great Times on the River.

"Low water?" observed an old river man. "Why, the present stage isn't a marker to what it was in the summer of 1863. Then it was low water. I was on the old Savannah, a stern-wheel boat that used to run between St. Louis and St. Paul. It got too low for us and the old boat was tied up here in St. Paul after being fifteen days making the trip up the river. Why, it was so blamed low that the old wheel was kept going backward half the time trying to throw water under the boat so as to float her."

The Soil Was Very Thin.

There was living in the edge of Wayland a few years ago, a quaint and somewhat original old gentleman of the name of Adams, known to all the neighborhood for miles around by his harmless but

sometimes amusing peculiarities. "Gus" Somerby, whose early death a few months ago deprived the Middlesex bar of one of its brightest lawyers and society of one of the best of good fellows, used to tell a story about the old gentleman which will bear repeating.

The Squire was driving towards Wayland early one summer morning when he discovered Mr. Adams making his way afield with the necessary haying-tools—a jug and a scythe—and stopped to have a chat with him. The soil in that part of the country is very thin and sandy, and the hay crop always light, and the good-humored lawyer took occasion to remark upon the fact and to pity the farmers who were obliged to wring a scanty living from such barren acres. The old gentleman heard him patiently for a time, but at length broke out:

"Look here, Squire, you're wasting your sympathy; I ain't so cussed poor as you think I am—I don't own this farm."

Returning towards evening "Gus" looked out again for the old man, and at length discovered him crawling on all fours between the scattered haycocks towards home—a method of locomotion rendered necessary by the faithfulness with which he had attended to the jug part of his outfit during the day. Stopping his horse the lawyer hailed the old gentleman and offered to come over and assist

him to his feet. With as much dignity as his attitude and general situation would permit the fallen agriculturist waved him away and shouted back:

"Keep off o' here! 'tain't safe! The soil's so thin here, now the crop's off, that it won't bear a man endways; much as ever it'll keep me up flatways!"

SHY GIRL SURPRISED THEM.

"Yes," said the parson at the tea-table, "young Jordan was out driving with Miss Popinjoy the other evening and his horse ran away. They were both thrown out and the buggy was smashed to pieces. It was a providential escape for both of them; but I can't understand how the young man came to lose control of his horse."

"He must have been driving with one hand," flippantly suggested the minister's eldest son—a wild rake of a boy.

"Or perhaps he had the reins around his neck," said Edith, a shy young beauty of 16, with a charmingly modest mein. And then everybody exclaimed in chorus:

"Why, Edith!"

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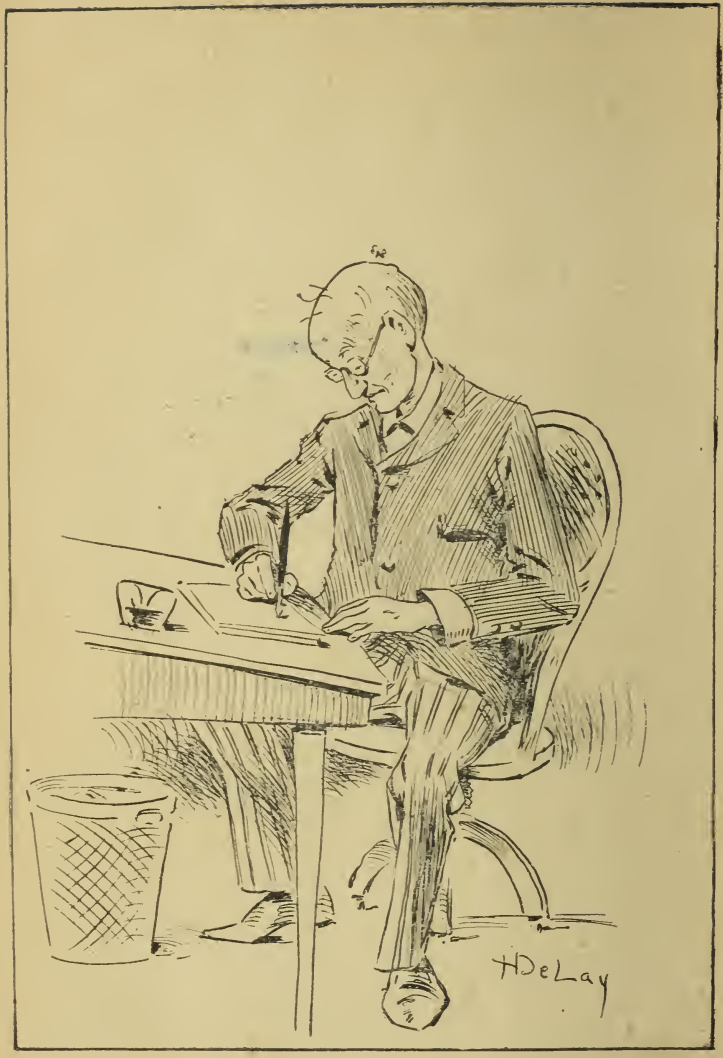

BILL NYE CONDOLES WITH CLEVELAND. P. 401.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

BILL NYE CONDOLES WITH CLEVELAND.

SURPRISE EXPRESSED THAT THE PRESIDENT SHOULD TAKE A MOTHER-IN-LAW INTO HIS CABINET AND ADD HOUSEKEEPING TO HIS OTHER AGONY.

HUDSON, WIS., June 3, 1886.

The Hon. Grover Cleveland, Washington, D. C.:

MY DEAR SIR: You have now assumed a new duty and taken upon yourself an additional responsibility. Not content with the great weight of national affairs, sufficient to crush any other pachyderm, you have cheerfully and almost gleefully become a married man. While I cannot agree with you politically, Grover, I am forced to admire your courage.

This morning a new life opens out to you—the life of a married man. It is indeed a humiliating situation. To be a president of the United States, the roustabout of a free people, is a trying situa-

tion; but to be a newly married president, married in the full glare of official life, with the eye of a divided constituency upon you, is to place yourself where nerve is absolutely essential.

I, too, am married, but not under such trying circumstances. Others have been married and still lived, but it has remained for you, Mr. President, young as you are, to pose as a newly wedded president and to take your new mother-in-law into the cabinet with you. For this reason, I say freely that to walk a slack rope across the moist brow of Niagara and carry a nervous man in a wheelbarrow sinks into a mere commonplace. Daniel playing "tag" with a denful of half-starved lions becomes a historic cipher, and the Hebrew children, sitting on a rosy bed of red-hot clinkers in the fiery furnace, are almost forgotten.

With a large wad of civil service wedged in among your back teeth, a larger fragment, perhaps, than you were prepared to masticate when you bit it off; with an agonized southern democracy and a clamorous northern constituency; with disappointment poorly concealed among your friends and hilarity openly expressed by your enemies; with the snarl of the vanquished Mr. Davis, who was at one time a sort of president himself, as he rolls up future majorities for your foes; with a lot of sharp-witted journalists walking all over you every twen-

ty-four hours and climbing up your stalwart frame with their telegraph repair boots on, I am surprised, Grover, honestly, as between man and man, that you should have tried to add housekeeping to all this other agony. Had you been young and tender under the wings I might have understood it, but you must admit, in the quiet and sanctity of your own home, Grover, that you are no gosling. You have arrived at man's estate. You have climbed the barbed-wire fence which separates the fluff and bloom and blossom and bumble-bees of impetuous youth from the yellow fields and shadowy orchards of middle life. You now stand in the full glare of life's meridian. You are entering upon a new experience. Possibly you think that because you are president the annoyances peculiar to the life of a new, green groom will not reach you. Do not fool yourself in this manner. Others have made the same mistake. Position, wealth and fame cannot shut out the awkward and trying circumstances which attend the married man even as the sparks are prone to fly upward.

It will seem odd to you at first, Mr. President, after the affairs of the nation have been put aside for the day and the government fire proof safe locked up for the night, to go up to your boudoir and converse with a bride, with one corner of her mouth full of pins. A man may write a pretty fair mes-

sage to congress, one that will be accepted and printed all over the country, and yet he may not be fitted to hold a conversation with one corner of a woman's mouth while the other is filled with pins. To some men it is given to be great as statesmen, while to others it is given to be fluent conversationalists under these circumstances.

Mr. President, I may be taking a great liberty in writing to you and touching upon your private affairs, but I noticed that everybody else was doing it and so I have nerved myself up to write you, having once been a married man myself, though not, as I said, under the same circumstances. When I was married I was only a plain justice of the peace, plodding quietly along and striving to do my duty. You was then sheriff of your county. Little did we think in those days that now you would be a freshly married president and I the author of several pieces which have been printed in the papers. Little did we think then, when I was a justice of the peace in Wyoming and you a sheriff in New York, that to-day your timothy lawn would be kicked all to pieces by your admiring constituents, while I would be known and loved wherever the English language is tampered with.

So we have risen together, you to a point from which you may be easily observed and flayed alive by the newspapers, while I am the same pleasant,

unassuming, gentlemanly friend of the poor that I was when only a justice of the peace and comparatively unknown.

I cannot close this letter without expressing a wish that your married life may be a joyous one, as the paper at Laramie has said, "and that no cloud may ever come to mar the horizon of your wedded bliss." (This sentence is not my own. I copy it verbatim from a wedding notice of my own written by a western journalist who is now at the Old Woman's Home.)

Mr. President, I hope you will not feel that I have been too forward in writing to you personally over my own name. I mean to do what is best for you. You can truly say that all I have ever done in this way has been for your good. I speak in a plain way sometimes, but I don't beat about the bush. I see that you do not want to have any engrossed bills sent to you for a couple of weeks.

That's the way I was. I told all my creditors to withhold their engrossed bills during my honeymoon, as I was otherwise engrossed. This remark made me a great many friends and added to my large circle of creditors. It was afterward printed in a foreign paper and explained in a supplement of eight pages.

We are all pretty well here at home. I may go to Washington this fall if I can sell a block of stock

in the Pauper's Dream, a rich gold claim of mine on Elk mountain. It is a very rich claim, but needs capital to develop it. (This remark is not original with me. I quote from an exchange.)

If I do come over to Washington do not let that make any difference in your plans. If I thought your wife would send out to the neighbors and borrow dishes and such things on my account I would not go a step.

Just stick your head out of the window and whistle as soon as the cabinet is gone and I will come up there and spend the evening.

Remember that I have not grown cold toward you just because you have married. You will find me the kind of a friend who will not desert you just when you are in trouble. Yours, as heretofore,

Bill Nye.

P. S.—I send you to-day a card-receiver. It looks like silver. Do not let your wife bear on too hard when she polishes it. I was afraid you might try to start into keeping house without a card-receiver, so I bought this yesterday. When I got married I forgot to buy a card-receiver, and I guess we would have frozen to death before we could have purchased one, but friends were more thoughtful, and there were nine of them among the gifts. If you decide that it would not be proper for you to receive presents, you may return the card re-

ceiver to me or put it in the cellar-way till I come over there this fall. *B. N.*

MRS. CLEVELAND'S TITLE.

A pretty story, if one could believe it, is told by the Paris correspondent of a Vienna paper. A short time ago a matinee musicale was given by the Duchess Lamotte, and among the guests was the charming bride-elect of President Cleveland, then in Paris completing her trousseau. The young lady was the object of many marks of distinction, the high aristocracy surrounded her, and there was much talk of her position. One lady, the daughter-in-law of the Duchess de Persigny, condoled with Miss Folsom because she would have no title as the wife of a republican president.

"All would be well, only you will have no title," said she; "you will only be called Mrs. Cleveland."

"But that name is only for strangers," was the answer of the fair American; "the president has for intimacy conferred upon me a very particular title."

Everybody looked up curiously, and, blushing deeply, Miss Folsom added: "He calls me—his darling. Can a wife desire a better title?"

The hostess embraced her amiable guest, remarking: "You are right, and you appear to me as if you would keep the title to the end of your life."

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The "Hard-of-Hearing" Speechless Children in our Schools for the Deaf.

Paper Read by R. S. Rhodes, of Chicago, at the Fourteenth Convention of American Teachers of the Deaf, at Flint, Michigan.

"In what manner can we best serve the interests of those pupils in our institutions, who have a good degree of hearing?" I find this question asked in the reports of the superintendent of one of our large institutions, issued June 30, 1894. I also find in this report a statement that of "384 children whose hearing was accurately tested, 60 had a record of hearing varying in degrees up to ten per cent.; 35 a record varying between ten and twenty per cent.; 47 between twenty and thirty per cent.; 18 between thirty and forty per cent.; 7 between forty and fifty per cent.; and 16 of fifty per cent. and over"—in all, 183, or nearly fifty per cent. of all children tested, are not totally deaf, but are simply hard-of-hearing people.

In 1879, I visited many schools for the deaf in this country, and tested the hearing of many deaf children, and in 1880, I visited many institutions and schools in Europe, and have made accurate tests of the hearing of the deaf children wherever I have been; and I find that

forty per cent. of the children in the institutions and schools throughout the world possess ten per cent. and over of hearing, and are capable of being educated to speak through the sense of hearing with mechanical aid. This being the case, and this question being asked by the superintendents of several of our institutions, showing a willingness on the part of the superintendents of these institutions to utilize this hearing and teach aurally to speak, well, then, may this convention pause to consider this question, affecting the interests of half of the children in the institutions represented by you gentlemen present. And let me say that it not only affects the interests of those children in these schools at the present day, but will affect the interests of those in all time to come, not only in this country, but other countries throughout the world. Most of you have up to the present time ignored the fact that these children could hear, and have treated them as totally deaf children, and they have been graduated as such, and in most institutions in the world to-day are being graduated as such. Well, I say, may we consider "in what manner we can best serve the interests of those children who have a good degree of hearing," and well may this convention give much of its time to this important question, and let us answer wisely. God has bestowed upon half the children whose welfare is in your charge ten per cent. and over of nature's own means of learning to speak. This being known, shall we longer ignore the fact? We see adults on every hand, more deaf than many of the children in your schools, using

mechanical aids to hearing, and enjoying the use of their own voices, and understanding others well. What they can do with mechanical aids, you can teach these children, with an equal degree of hearing, to do. Forty per cent. of the children in your schools hear better than I can. My degree of hearing in the left ear is about seven per cent., and nothing in the right, and I can hear with the audiphone, at conversational distances, almost perfectly, and can hear my own voice, when speaking against it, quite perfectly. You will allow that if the deaf can hear others and can hear themselves, there is no reason why they cannot be educated aurally, if they have mental capacity. No, there is no reason why they *cannot*, but there is a reason, and a potent reason, why they *are* not, and that reason lies with you, the teachers of the deaf. But you cannot be wholly blamed for this, because I allow that even with this instrument which I carry, you, with perfect hearing, find no improvement. But those with imperfect hearing will find great improvement. You hand the instrument to one who has never enjoyed the benefit of hearing, in learning articulation, and you find he answers you that he can hear but little, and you use his judgment and say that he cannot hear sufficiently with it to learn to speak, when you should know that they who have never learned to speak know nothing of the value of sound, and are perfectly ignorant as to how well they should hear to enable them to learn. You know you are succeeding in some degree in teaching them to speak when they hear nothing; if, then, they may by any means acquire simply the vowel sounds of our language, by hearing them, what a great advantage would this be to them in learning to speak! And I assert that

where a person enjoys one per cent. only of natural hearing, this instrument will improve his hearing to a degree that will enable him to acquire a knowledge aurally of the vowel sounds, and thus enable you to teach him to speak. Sixteen years ago when I visited the institutions in this country and Europe, for the purpose of urging that the hearing be appealed to, and carried with me this device, and selected classes that could hear, and freely presented this instrument for their use, every child was being instructed as though it were totally deaf, and in some instances I was told that a slight degree of hearing rendered a child more difficult to teach by "our" method. That may be very true, for some of these children possessed twenty or thirty or even fifty per cent. of hearing, and I should suppose that it would be natural for them in such cases to be at first inclined to listen, and it would be some trouble to overcome this inclination. As for me, I believe that ten per cent. of nature's means, ten per cent. of natural hearing power, is worth more in learning valuable speech than one hundred per cent. of substituted methods. I could teach to speak two languages to a bright student, with ten per cent. of hearing, before you could teach him to speak one with all methods ever used, without the hearing. Yes, ten per cent. of a sense that God has endowed us with is too valuable to throw away, and we have no right to ignore even one per cent., when we have a device which will improve it and make it valuable to us, as in this sense of hearing we certainly have. I am sure the audiphone will improve thirty per cent., and bring one per cent. within the scope of the human voice, and valuable speech may be taught. With the audiphone one may speak to

a dozen or two dozen, or three dozen, at one time; and the sounds that reach the listener with the audiphone, according to my judgment, are far more natural than those reaching the listener by any other instrument. Music itself is perfectly enjoyed with the audiphone, whereas, there is no other instrument that will reveal the harmonies of music in their perfection, and therefore, I say, it is the preferable instrument for teaching, but it is not the only instrument.

Each child carries an instrument of value, which I believe has never before been spoken of or used, and which I would like to explain to this convention. You may simply allow a deaf child to close his teeth firmly; this brings the upper jaw in tension, and when his teeth are firmly closed, he may speak and hear his own voice more distinctly. You will not hear him so well, but he will hear himself better, and he may study in this manner, with his teeth firmly pressed together, until he can acquire the knowledge of every sound in the English language, and one must be exceedingly deaf—I would say totally deaf—if he cannot hear himself speak with his teeth firmly closed together. Now, you gentlemen of perfect hearing may try this; you will find it gives you no results, but do not decide at once that what I have said is not true. Let those who are deaf try it, and they will find that they can hear. Thus, the deaf have some advantages; it requires a deaf person to hear through his teeth. This may be one reason why some teachers decide that the audiphone is not of value to the deaf, simply because they of perfect hearing cannot hear with it. With the double audiphone you speak between the discs, and you get back to yourself the double power

of your voice—that is, the deaf will get it back. One with perfect hearing will see no results, because the same result will be attained through the natural organ first, but one with defective hearing will receive the results. I would place the audiphone in the hands of each child with any degree of hearing remaining, and have him study his own voice at his seat, while speaking against it. He would have to study aloud, as it is *his* voice we wish to cultivate. It is more important that the child should hear himself speak than that it should hear others, and when the child comes to recite, its articulation of mispronounced words may be corrected. Very slow progress would be made if it was required to speak aloud only at recitations, and very hard work on the part of the teacher could be avoided by having the child study the sounds it produced at its seat, and while studying its lesson. I would advise that where many are being taught, the class should pass into a quiet recitation-room. It has been my experience in institutions I have visited that I have been able to teach classes of a dozen children to speak plainly thirty to one hundred words in two or three days, whether they have received previous instruction in articulation or not, and at this rate it would require but a very short time to give them a vocabulary that would be of practical value to them. I have, however, selected those possessing the most hearing, and that would be faster than the average could be taught; but all intelligent children, with five per cent. of hearing can be taught as valuable speech as I possess. My articulation may be defective, but I think you have been able to understand what I have said, and, poor as it is, I would not part with it for all the possessions any

one of you may have. And here, gentlemen, you are depriving half of the children in the institutions that you teach of an articulation that might be as valuable to them as mine is to me, or as yours is to you.

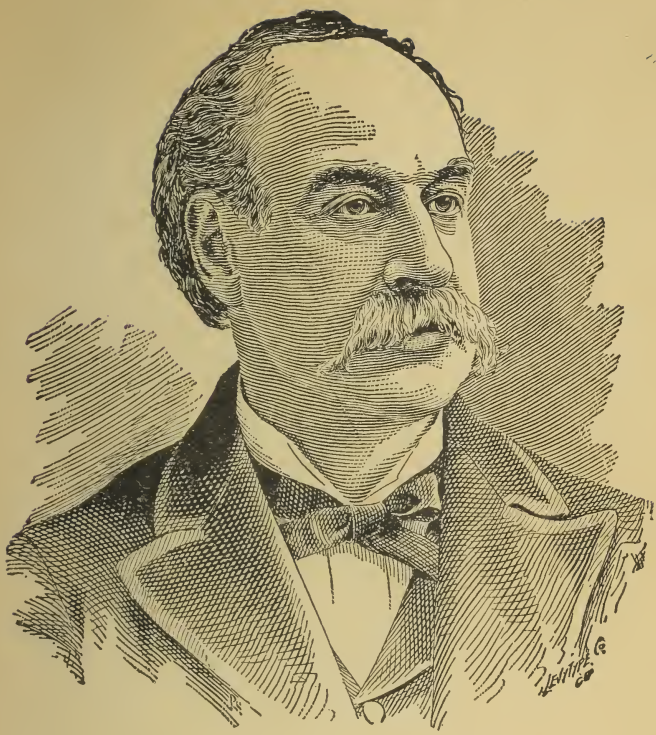
I have known institutions where the teachers themselves have used this audiphone, and have taught children who could hear naturally better than themselves, and did not allow them to use it. By what line of reasoning they can justify this I do not know; or why they should deprive the innocent child of the blessings they appropriate to themselves. And these poor children, ignorant of the value of the slight degree of hearing God has conferred upon them, are sent to the schools for the deaf for instruction, and thousands are being sent forth from these institutions ignorant still of the great value the hearing they have would have been to them had it been utilized in teaching them to speak. Teachers, will you continue to do this? Will you continue to graduate this large class of hard-of-hearing children as children perfectly deaf? If you do, you commit a grievous offense and an offense which will not be forgotten or forgiven. You will deprive fifty per cent. of the afflicted children given to your care of valuable speech and an education to articulate sounds. You deprive them of the enjoyment of God's most valuable gifts, speech and hearing. You in a great measure deprive them of the means of making a livelihood. The hard-of-hearing, speaking person will succeed well in most callings. The responsibility for the present rests with you; in the future this will all be done. Are you prepared to say, "We will not do it; we will leave it to the future; we will continue in our old methods," or will you rise equal to the occa-

sion and deserve the blessings of future generations? As for me, I would rather be the inventor of this little device I hold in my hands, and the author of these few words I have addressed to you, knowing them to be true, and feel the satisfaction I feel in having devoted the past sixteen years of my life to this cause, than to be the inventor of any device that merely serves commercial purposes. Commerce may be benefited in a thousand ways, whereas an affliction may be alleviated in but few.

A Vote of Thanks.

On motion it was

Resolved, That the thanks of this convention are due to Mr. R. S. Rhodes for his valuable paper.



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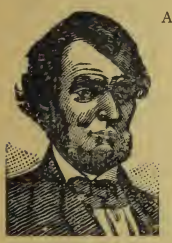

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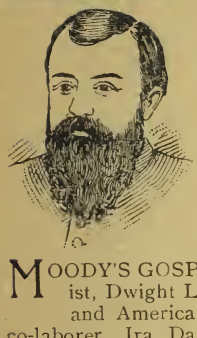

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